June 17, 1964

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The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 800,000 Copies Sold Every Week

PRICE 1/-

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See pages 10, 11

8-page pull-out DECORATOR'S DICTIONARY • **CHANEL'S NEW SPRING LOOK** • **8-page lift-out WELCOME TO THE BEATLES**

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The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● We hope art enthusiasts among our readers will enjoy Boothroyd's witty illustration *a la* Gauguin for the short story "A Craving for Innocence" (see page 23).

BOOTHROYD told us he pinned Gauguin prints all round his studio while he worked on the illustration.

He wondered, though, if Gauguin would have approved of his using a European model — while he lived in Tahiti, the famous French artist mostly painted native girls. But Boothroyd (in Australia) had no such guide!

★ ★ ★

AFTER seeing our pictured display on page 59, camellia enthusiasts can see the real thing in Sydney on the following dates.

● July 15 to July 17 — Camellia Grove Camellia Show at David Jones.

● July 27 to July 29 — Camellia Research Society Show at Farmers.

★ ★ ★

"YOUR magazine certainly gets around!" said Mrs. James Turner, of Box Hill, Victoria.

She rang to tell us about letters from all over the world which have flooded in since we published a story (November 6 issue) about her husband and the small pastel zinnias he has cultivated.

"One of America's biggest seed companies—Burpees—wrote asking if they could exchange seeds of some of their super marigolds for a packet of our pastel zinnias.

"We got four different varieties. In bloom they are like enormous golden balls, more like chrysanthemums than marigolds. Each flower must be at least six inches in diameter.

"My husband said he might experiment with the seeds to see if he can make the marigolds larger, or even perfect a new color.

"It was a very happy event for us both to have that story in the Weekly.

"The interest people have shown in the zinnias has been like a shot in the arm to my husband."

(Mr. Turner, 71, is crippled, and can walk only with the aid of sticks.)

Our Cover

● Mr. and Mrs. Adi Zimmerebner cut the cake after their wedding at the Church of St. John the Apostle, Perisher Valley, Mt. Kosciusko, N.S.W. Mrs. Zimmerebner, formerly Gloria Strachan, of Chatswood, N.S.W., explained the skiing figures zooming down the white fondant icing: "That's me in front, and that's Adi behind." (See story opposite.) Picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

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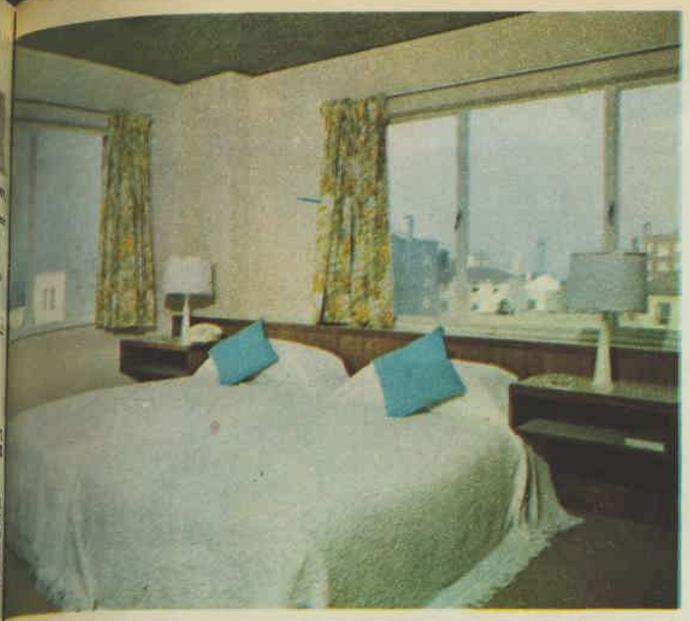

SHERATON PENTHOUSE double bedroom with panoramic Harbor views will doss down two sleepy Beatles. Manager Mrs. M. Walpole said service will be normal—"But all our guests are V.I.P.s."

BEATLES' lounge-room in the penthouse. Views include both the Harbor Bridge and Rushcutters Bay. Guests will be asked to carry keys as identification during the boys' stay to help keep out the stickybeaks.

Beatles will sleep here

● Tiny Scots housemaid Mary Taylor (below) has the job of bringing breakfast to The Beatles during their stay at the Sheraton Hotel, Sydney, where four bodyguards will be on duty day and night.

THE whole of the eighth floor of the Sheraton is reserved for The Beatles for a stopover on June 11, a three-day stay, June 18-21, and overnight on June 28 before they go home.

Three Beatles will occupy the Sheraton's penthouse — a £21-a-day luxury suite comprising double bedroom, single bedroom, living-room, bathroom, and large, all mod cons kitchen.

The fourth Beatle will have a spacious bedroom next door with two divan beds, his own refrigerator, cocktail bar, bathroom.

But nobody knows which Beatle will sleep where till they arrive, and plans could change for John's wife, Cynthia.

There'll be some 30 people in the party, including two plainclothes detectives.

Mary isn't overawed at the thought of bringing The Beatles bacon and eggs — "I'm not really a pop fan."

But her calmness is not shared by the Sheraton's 19-year-old receptionists, Sue Hope and Felicity Maling.

"Wait till I tell Felicity," beamed Sue when she found The Beatles were coming. "Felicity even goes to Beatle Village!"

(If you don't know what that is, it's a coffee lounge where teenagers gather to listen to and generally hero-worship their idols.)

ABOVE: Eighth-floor bedroom (next door to the penthouse) which will sleep a Beatle. It's decorated in deep pink tonings. BELOW is the penthouse single bedroom for Beatle No. 4. A whole floor of the hotel's two-floor car-park is reserved for the Beatle party's cars.

Pictures by staff photographer Don Cameron.

MARY TAYLOR, who will serve The Beatles breakfast. LEFT: A street view of the lower floors of the Sheraton.

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NEXT WEEK
COOKERY IN PICTURES

You may think that cream horns . . .

. . . are too hard to make . . .

but NO!

With our step-by-step recipes, cream horns are *easy* to make — so are the seven other dishes (sweet and savory) in the three-page "Cookery in Pictures" feature.

AND . . .

TO ICE: Beautiful floral greeting cake

The cake was designed and made by a champion cake-icer, who tells you exactly how it's iced — and how to mould the multi-colored flowers in fondant, too.

AND . . .

The formal wedding is again in fashion — and Betty Keep shows some dreamy bridal gowns.

AND . . .

THE BEATLES' FAMILY ALBUM

In Teenagers' Weekly, you'll see George as a baby, Paul at six — and little Ringo and John.

The "You Beaut" artist

● John Olsen seems too unassuming to be one of Australia's best-known artists and the object of world-wide acclaim.

ARTIST John Olsen on the beach at Watson's Bay, N.S.W.

HE'S realistic and earthy — keenly appreciative of all kinds of experience, from Walt Whitman's poetry to the lavender color of an old dory beached on the sand to mussels-in-garlic.

And he's not too self-conscious to pick up a bit of grilled bream in his fingers.

As we talked away an afternoon, John Olsen stressed that the important thing in one's life was "experiencing a sense of poetry."

An exuberant 36, the artist has direct grey-green eyes under straight brows, a long jaw, and flopping fawn-colored hair in a sort of pixie cut.

He is quite likely to express definite views on everything from fishing boats to education: "My daughter's not going to university — she's going to France to learn to REALLY cook!"

He and his wife live in Sydney at Watson's Bay with their children, Timothy, aged 3, and Louise, four months.

He paints in two studios: one at home and another at an Edgecliff art school, where he teaches "the language of form" at two classes a week.

Olsen paints spontaneously and exuberantly, with untraditional Australia as both his subject and his audience.

"Classical painting as such? I don't think it has any place in Australia," he said. "While in Europe the presence of the past is so really immediate, in Australia it's not.

"Australians are wonderful, innocent barbarians!

"Here we have a new sense of beauty, which is different from the European's. Ours is wonderful, absurd, ridiculous.

"That's what fascinates me most and what I paint about — the irrationality and wonder of living as an Australian."

Work abroad

Olsen thinks that the outback is no longer valid as THE "Australian Image," and that it is unrealistic to cling to this vision when the average Australian is more concerned with taxes and parking problems.

So his paintings are direct impressions of "what it **feels** like to be in Australia—not just gum trees and kangaroos."

When Olsen returned to Sydney after four years of painting in Europe, mostly in Spain, his first reactions sparked the beginning of his series of "You Beaut" paintings.

On pages 26 and 27 of this issue is a color reproduction of his oil painting "Summer in the You Beaut Country," commissioned by Godfrey Phillips International Pty. Ltd. for the Viscount Collection of Paintings of Australian life.

To send for a color print of the painting, ready for framing, see the instructions given with the reproduction.

Such an unusual title makes a viewer curious to know just where this "You Beaut Country" is located.

For Olsen, after four years away, the Australian scene had a fresh impact — "a sense of things waiting to be done, of bursting vitality and energy." But the "You Beaut" tag came when he noticed how freely Australians use the term.

"Fish and chips can be 'you beaut,' so can a glass of wine, or a sunset," he said.

For Olsen himself, it's the "certain elan and vitality to Australian life" that are "you beaut."

By JUDE AINSWORTH

"Summer in the You Beaut Country" is painted in sun and earth colors: oranges, russets, browns, and golds. Without the "third dimension" of depth, it presents a highly enriched shallow surface, busy with shape, color, and line.

"It is quite a different thing to see the sun and to experience the warmth of the sun," Olsen reflected.

In this painting no sun appears, but the sun's effects are apparent, for Olsen has evoked the warmth and sensuality of a semi-tropical summer.

Of the seven paintings in the Viscount Collection, Olsen's appears closest to the abstract or non-representational style.

"My painting is representational in my own manner," he said. "I'm interested in objects, but I'm more interested in the feelings the objects give us. I'm not didactic about stories or meanings."

For an artist, he said, "to be human is the most important thing; to sort of make marks of how you feel at a certain time."

In October the Olsens will go to Portugal, where he will supervise the weaving of a 6ft. by 7ft. tapestry, "Joie de Vivre," which he designed as a commission from Gobelin. Olsen believes he will be the first Australian to see his design woven into a tapestry.

"It's a nuisance, in a way, to go overseas after having been away from Australia for so long before," he said.

But besides the work in Portugal, he will need to be in London to make final arrangements for his third show there — his first one-man London show.

The seven-painting Viscount Collection is being shown in all capital cities, and "Summer in the You Beaut Country" is the fourth to be presented in a double-spread display in The Australian Women's Weekly.

The next in the series is "Gippsland Explorer," by Albert Tucker, which will appear in the July 22 issue.

£11,000 Baking Quest

● One of your own recipes could win you a luxury cruise for two to the Olympic Games in Tokyo and £500 in cash.

THIS is the Baking Queen's prize in the fourth National Baking Quest conducted by an Australian margarine company and a flour company.

Total value of prizes in the Quest exceeds £11,000, including six cars for State winners.

The first of eight progress-prize winning recipes will appear in our July 8 issue.

The contest closes on July 31.

The six State winners will compete in the National Bake-off in Melbourne in September.

Full details of the contest, a full list of prizes, and an entry coupon are in an advertisement on page 62.

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Model who turned her back on "dishes and dusters"

DANIELE LIKES TO WANDER THE WORLD

(MAIS WITH ALWAYS THE ELEGANCE)

● French model Daniele Maleval says winning the title of "Miss Paris" was NOT an advantage when she made her working debut eight years ago. The ritzy Couture designers take an icy view of beauty contestants. They believe women's beauty is a subtle thing, not to be flaunted.

***PUSSY-CAT BOW** is part of the new "Schoolgirl Look" in Paris, and is favored for evening wear by Daniele Maleval, who recently arrived in Sydney to live.*

DANIELE, who recently arrived in Sydney to live, speaks little English as yet.

But with the aid of the smallest French-English dictionary imaginable (a friend's going-away present, it measures half an inch by an inch, and is never out of reach) she described the zany, busy year she reigned as beauty queen.

During Daniele's "whirl" she —

- Celebrated her eighteenth birthday.
- Went on a tour of the Middle East.
- Shot big game in the wilds of Central Africa.
- Fell in love and married.
- Refused a tempting Italian film contract on the grounds that she had "too much washing-up to do."

It was not long before those dishes lost their gleam for the Paris glamor queen.

"*Alors*, I find out that I am not suited to this life of dishes and dusters," she said.

Daniele turned her back on them and, with her beauty title as her only reference, resolved to make a career for herself in the sleek world of high-fashion modelling.

"It is *tres difficile*," she explained, frantically leafing through her dictionary, "until I learn that the elegance is more — ah — *important* than the silhouette."

So Daniele planned her attack on the fashion capital with what she terms "discretion" as her best weapon. She believes it is the secret key to every form of true elegance, and this includes "the make-up, the coiffure, the clothes — and, of most importance, the woman herself."

In Daniele's opinion, the really smart woman avoids a "striking" look. She quietly arrests attention, NEVER "hits" with her looks or personality.

And, quietly, Daniele did arrest the attention of the designers she met. Before long nearly every important designer forgot she had been "Miss Paris" — or forgave her for it.

She was in regular demand with exclusive Paris designers from Dior's Marc Bohan to Pierre Balmain.

In Paris, she says, free-lance models are paid up to £30 a day for parading collections, and £10 an hour for photographic work.

"Working for a Couture house is best," said Daniele. "They treat one well, and if a model falls in love with a gown she has shown she is permitted to borrow it for the rendezvous in the evening."

***DANIELE'S** treasured glamor coat (ABOVE) is made of Chinese civet cat, with a mink collar. Her brown suede coat (RIGHT), with detachable fox collar, is for everyday.*

***COCKTAIL** frock was modelled by Daniele aboard the liner Canberra, on which she travelled to Australia. She likes glowing greens and blues.*

By
MARY ELLEN JOHNSON

For "the rendezvous" Daniele is strictly a black-and-white girl.

"All the Paris girls think it is a smart night look—and especially because the men love it," she exclaimed. "The dresses are mostly black and simple, with a splash of white to gleam on a collar, or perhaps a cuff."

Daniele says the schoolgirl look—with panama hats, pleated tunic-type dresses, and outsize pussy-cat bows—is all the rage in Paris this year.

"Every woman has come to childhood again with these bows. They are very much fun."

Also playing a star role in the new "young" Paris this season is a subtle froth of femininity.

"It is a year for the *jeune fille* — and she is sweeter than ever before," said Daniele, whose favorite designer is a young French girl named Marie Martin.

"She is not what you would say 'big' in Paris, but she is making a name for herself as a designer of all the clothes of film stars Brigitte Bardot and Catherine Deneuve.

"Catherine is a friend of mine, and since she has told me about Marie two years ago I, too, have nearly all my clothes made at her boutique."

The daughter of an engineer, Daniele was born in Marseilles. A trip to Africa with her parents when she was quite young gave her an endless thirst for travel.

In the eight years since she began modelling she has worked in the United States, South Africa, Britain, South America, and most parts of Europe.

To help her as a "wandering model," Daniele now holds an influential reference in the fashion world—a recommendation from the Syndicale de l'Haute Couture, an association of the leading French fashion houses.

Models in possession of a reference must have worked at some time for all members of the association.

"So you can imagine what a help it is in my travelling," said Daniele. "I like to choose a country I have not before visited, save my fare and a little more, then go and seek work there.

"After a while, when I know the country a little, I try another, or return to Paris for some months with my family.

"And now Australia is the last corner to which I have not been. So here I am."

Daniele said she had read much about Australia, and its comparative lack of sophistication appealed to her. She finds Parisian life wearing and prefers a more relaxed environment.

Writer, too

"I am an outdoor girl really," she said, "and Australia is full of the things I love — skiing in winter, swimming in summer, and sun all the year round."

Apart from her work here as a model she will write articles about Australian women for the French magazine "Elle."

And what does Daniele think of Australian women?

"When I first come, I thought, 'Where are these Australian women?' The first three models I met at an agency were as international as myself — one was from Hungary, another from Finland, and a third from Czechoslovakia," she said.

"But now I have met and worked with many Australian girls."

Daniele shrugged. "Well, I have always thought them to be among the prettiest in the world—and the friendliest. But I also then think of them as unsophisticated. Instead, I find them to be as *soignee* as Parisiennes."

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New Le Gay Hair Spray highlights hair beauty...holds so gently...

Le Gay hair spray is truly a hair spray with a touch of genius. Le Gay hair spray highlights the natural loveliness of your hair. Whether your hair is easy-to-manage or hard-to-hold Le Gay hair spray will gently hold it just the way you like it . . . Le Gay hair spray keeps your hair-style as poised and perfect as it is when you leave your mirror! There is no risk of filmy "build-up" no matter how often you re-spray and re-style with Le Gay! When you brush out Le Gay hair spray you will find your hair shining-clean, beautifully conditioned. Le Gay . . . the new holding hair spray with the Brush-away formula.

SPECIAL JUNE OFFER FROM YOUR CHEMIST
LARGE 14/6 SIZE LE GAY ONLY 10/– ... SAVE 4/6

The New Holding Hair Spray with the Brush-away Formula

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An experienced victim tells the girls, in 12 easy lessons—

HOW TO SHAKE OFF AN ADMIRER

By GREG STANMORE

● There are times in the life of any girl when she has to face the problem of how to get rid of an admirer — and I think I can help her.

I should be well equipped to advise on such problems, as I spent many years helping to create them. Recently I married, so, before my memories of the years of bachelorhood — all 37 of them — become too blurred, I feel there are some things that ought to be recorded.

After all, an eligible and reasonably presentable bachelor with such long experience, both at home and overseas, does acquire valuable knowledge. It should not be wasted.

I am not interested in passing on tips to currently reigning bachelors — let them find things out for themselves. I owe them nothing except possibly the stimulus of competition I could well have done without. No, my wisdom is for the single girl, designed to help her overcome at least some of the problems along the precarious and fascinating path between leaving school and getting married.

THE admirer in question could be a boy-friend who has simply been around too long and whose somewhat dreary presence is blocking your view of the field, as well as giving an erroneous impression of your availability.

He could be one who, in the face of a more recent attachment, has suddenly become completely redundant—and there is little that is more exasperating than a redundant boy-friend.

Or the admirer may be one who has never been given any encouragement whatever but who will persist nevertheless in pressing invitations on you.

This last is sometimes extremely difficult to shake off because he simply will not allow his illusions to be shattered by your indifference. You can, in extreme cases, tell an established boy-friend to get lost or possibly fry his face, but your relationship with the trier is not close enough to permit you to indulge in such satisfying verbal encounters.

My own experience has shown that the normal well-bred girl is embarrassed by an unwelcome invitation and often seeks temporary refuge in evasions. ("I'm out every night next week" or "I always wash my hair on Mondays, I'm afraid.") These evasions are no good, because the persistent suitor will simply keep persisting and the moment of truth is merely delayed.

When I was keen they never put me off. I knew that eventually "her" instinct for fair play would make her give in.

If your suitor refuses to allow his illusions to be shattered by your passive indifference, it is up to you to take more active steps to shatter them. The tactics outlined below are virtually guaranteed.

In my long career as a bachelor I have experienced them all. They have been used on me either intentionally or unintentionally, singly or in every possible combination, and they have never failed.

Got your pencils and paper ready? Right. Do smoke if you wish. Here is Stanmore's 12-point plan, given free and without obligation to all readers of this paper:

Accept invitations offhandedly

Don't refuse them. That way you only intrigue him and have him sometimes philosophising along the lines: "Well, anything worth while is always hard to get" — and he'll just try harder.

In reply to his suggestion of dinner and a show next Saturday say, preferably in a flat voice: *"Oh, all right. I don't mind. I'm not doing anything"* — or *"Well, I suppose so. I want to see that show"* (implying that you would go with anyone, even the office-boy if necessary).

This is a particularly effective technique also in shedding an established boy-friend. The poor boobs think they are being taken for granted and don't like it.

Even if you use only this one point in the 12-point Stanmore Plan you shouldn't get more than three more invitations. Some poor girl, less fortunate than yourself perhaps, will accept his invitations enthusiastically, and then you'll be left for dead. Congratulations!

Be unenthusiastic

What about? The show. The dinner. The service. The band. The supper.

Most men feel personally responsible for your entertainment. It's not his fault if the show is poor or if the food is not up to standard, yet he feels that it is — just as he feels a warm glow when you obviously enjoy what he planned for you.

Capitalise on the feeling. Make him feel even worse! After a few evenings which have obviously bored you stiff he'll soon become bored with *you* and look around for a more appreciative and vivacious type (of which there are plenty).

Date unevenly

Most people unconsciously and instinctively put rhythm into their lives—anything without a pattern is repellent. So, if you wish to repel, don't let him date you with any kind of regularity.

In this way you will make it impossible for him to organise his life on any sort of orderly basis. He will also develop a feeling of insecurity which he will subconsciously associate with you. Farewell, boy-friend!

So no more of the *"See you next Wednesday as usual"* caper, please. You might end up marrying the guy instead of losing him.

Be selective

YOU pick the show, the restaurant, or the ballroom. In this way you will quickly destroy the illusion of masculine superiority — a sure way to make him look for something a little more feminine.

Where possible, pick the show you know he has already seen, or the restaurant he doesn't like because he once had a row with the waiter.

If he doesn't care for dancing (and most men don't) insist that you go at least once a week — and remark about the excellence of other dancers on the floor.

Make it expensive

Select the most expensive item on the menu. If he has already booked seats which are not in the best part of the theatre pretend that you don't know and walk in the other direction. Sniff slightly when he enlightens you, and wave to fictitious friends in the front stalls.

Every time he takes you out you will, of course, suggest that he buys a box of chocolates (which you will not open), plus ice-cream and drinks. Do not ask for them immediately the interval starts; wait until a crush has developed around the counter.

Even if his enthusiasm remains high, his financial ability to entertain will decline rapidly. One redhead managed to demolish my savings of three years in as many months before I realised that I didn't have the money even to phone her any more.

Remember, the girl who watches her boy-friend's pennies wins his heart. And you only want his absence.

Give advice

For instance, tell him what's wrong mechanically with his car.

If you are completely unfamiliar with their innards just say the engine sounds funny or that it's a bit bumpy. Better still, memorise a few terms such as "You seem to have a diff whine" and "That rumble spells trouble for your universal."

If he has already bought a new suit (no doubt to impress you), don't notice it. If he points it out to you, suggest that next time he buys one he visits your brother's tailor because your brother always looks so well-dressed.

If you catch him one evening depressed because he's had a bad day at work, tell him that it's no good feeling depressed and that a good man rises above trifles.

Sympathy and understanding are strictly for the altar-bound.

Admire other men

Comment (half-jokingly) on the handsome chap driving the Jaguar sports car pulled up alongside at the lights.

Mention now and again that all the best men are already married (but make sure *he's* not before you say this). Say that if you could meet any man with but half the qualities of your sister's husband you would grab him like a shot.

Admire actors in shows and waiters in restaurants. Bring Cary Grant and the Duke of Edinburgh into the conversation at least once during the evening.

Say that the best thing about Liz Taylor is Richard Burton.

Complain about your boss and your work

Constantly. This is easy and interesting — especially if you don't like your boss or your work.

Alternatively you could praise your boss (see previous point).

Disparage things that interest him

If, for instance, you know that he is interested in music, say that The Beatles are the highest form of music and that all the rest is stupid.

If he is fond of bee-keeping say that you can think of nothing more asinine.

If he starts talking with some knowledge about world affairs, cut him short by saying that you have better things to do than read papers or magazines and that the only thing you watch on TV is Westerns (provided he doesn't like Westerns).

But beware! Differing points of view can be exciting and challenging. What you are aiming for here is intolerance and rudeness — not a different viewpoint.

Talk about yourself

Your ambitions, your troubles, your pet hates, your views. It's a fascinating subject, anyway, and as everyone likes doing it the erstwhile admirer will quickly find someone who at least pretends that she would rather talk about HIM. *Mission accomplished.*

Talk about going overseas

Constantly! Mention how much you have saved (and give the impression that he's helping you by providing free entertainment). Produce colorful travel brochures.

Now and again he may try to talk you out of it — or at least change the subject. Don't let him. Lightly say that you have no ties and you want to enjoy yourself while you're still young.

That'll fix him. He'll soon find someone who thinks that life is wonderful just being with him and he'll never bother you again.

I can think of at least four former girl-friends who got rid of me by this technique. Only two of them actually went overseas.

In the last resort, of course — *go overseas.*

Introduce him to a friend

But first try any of the above techniques for six or seven weeks. *Then* introduce him to one of your unattached girl-friends. A money-back guarantee says he won't ring you again (and you'll see less of your girl-friend).

● Well, there it is. Many girls shake off their admirers quite unwittingly, and even when they don't want to, by using these tried and tested techniques. Make them yours, build them into your personality, and you'll abolish admirers altogether. And jolly good luck to you.

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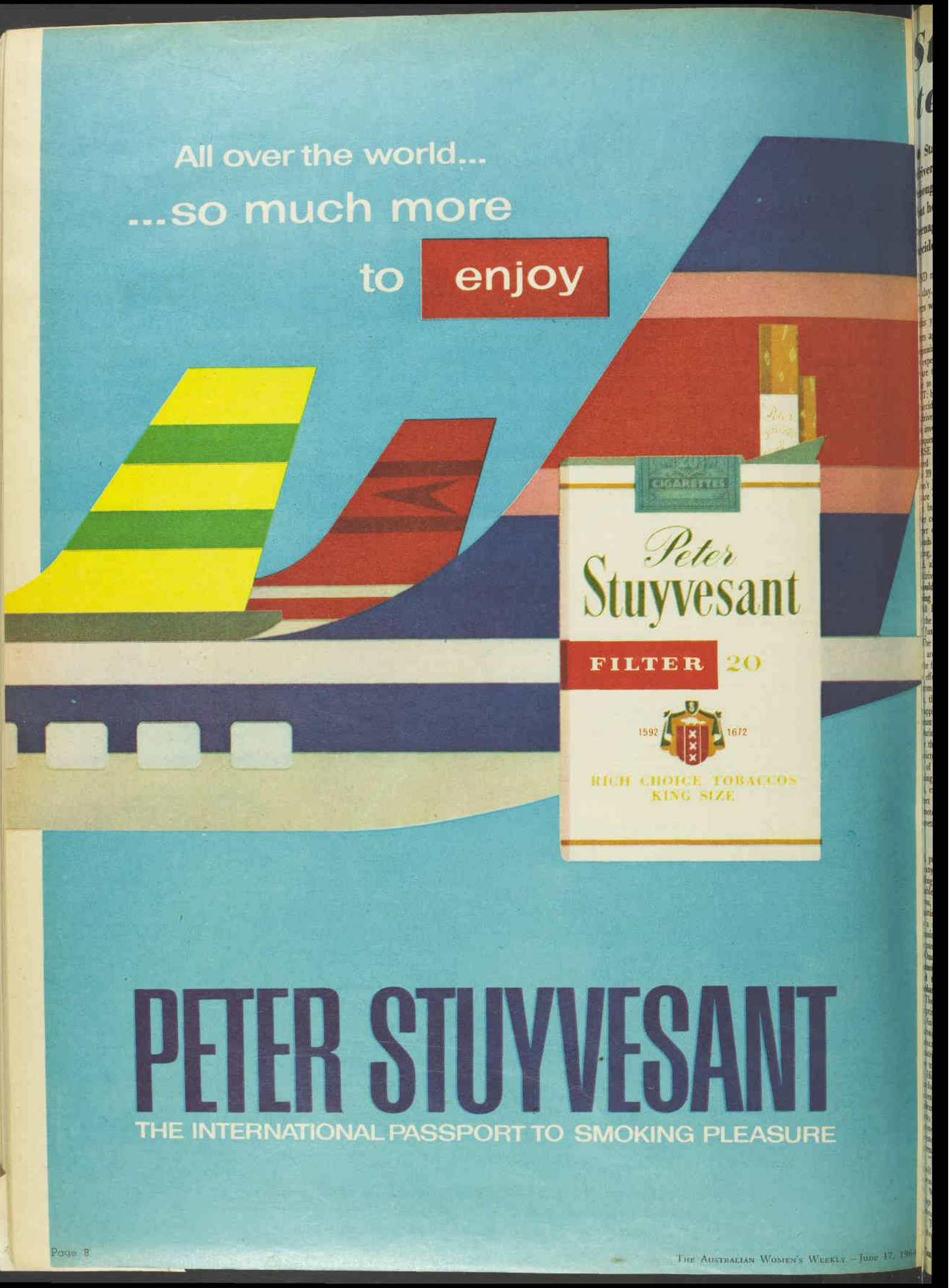

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Stricter rules for teenage drivers?

● Statistics on road deaths and the drivers responsible are complicated enough to confuse a computer — but however you look at the figures teenagers show up as the most accident-prone group on wheels.

AND more teenagers get behind the wheel every day. In 1963, only 7.4 per cent. of all N.S.W. drivers were in their teens, but in the first quarter of this year nearly half the new licences went to drivers aged 17 to 20.

Beginning drivers consistently tote up more accidents than experienced motorists. When nearly half the beginners are teenagers, it's hard to say whether the bad rate is due to inexperience or teenage immaturity.

BUT: between six and seven of every 100 teenage drivers had accidents last year—so did more than four of every 100 drivers aged 21 to 24. In all other age groups, accidents involved 1.9 to 2.9 of every 100 drivers.

Frequency isn't the only worry—teen drivers get into WORSE accidents: 135 N.S.W. highway deaths last year resulted from 7571 teen crashes, while drivers in the 30 to 39 age group had 8190 accidents with 84 deaths.

Don't jump to the conclusion that these 30- to 39-year-olds are worse drivers—they may have had 619 more accidents, but proportionately they accounted for more than 26 per cent. of all N.S.W. drivers during 1963, while only 7.4 per cent. were teenagers.

Roads inadequate for all the new cars, bad signs and lighting, lack of traffic police, a too-simple licensing test, speed, alcohol, insufficient road training for new drivers, bad driver attitude may all share the blame.

Would stricter law enforcement with more traffic police cruising the roads solve the problem?

"All I know is that the laws are not doing the job," was the firm statement of a distinguished N.S.W. jurist, Mr. Justice Hardie, of the Supreme Court.

"The basic assumption has been that the laws as they exist are all right. They're not—they're out of date."

The first full-scale revision of motoring laws is just going into effect in Victoria.

From June 15 in that State all new drivers will receive pink, three-year probationary licences, with an exception for applicants who have held a valid licence elsewhere for at least three years.

During the probation period, drivers will automatically have their licences suspended for at least three months if convicted of any one of these offences: larceny or illegal use of a motor vehicle; careless, reckless, or dangerous driving; driving under the influence of alcohol; failure to stop, exchange names and addresses, render assistance, or report to police after an accident; any offence relating to motor-cycles, pillion passengers, side-cars, and protective helmets; forgery or alteration of a licence or number plate.

Must pass second test

A probationary licence may be cancelled for conviction of any of these offences: Failing to obey a traffic signal; failing to keep to the left; overtaking incorrectly; crossing double lines; failing to give way at intersections, during turns, or when entering or leaving a highway from land abutting on to a highway; offences relating to a pedestrian- or a school-crossing; any offence connected with a level-crossing; failing to observe the speed limit; offences relating to passing a stationary tram, or a safety zone.

Once a licence has been cancelled, the probationer cannot apply for another licence for at least three months and the driver must pass another test to get another probationary licence.

The new Victorian legislation increased the periods of imprisonment and penalties for certain breaches.

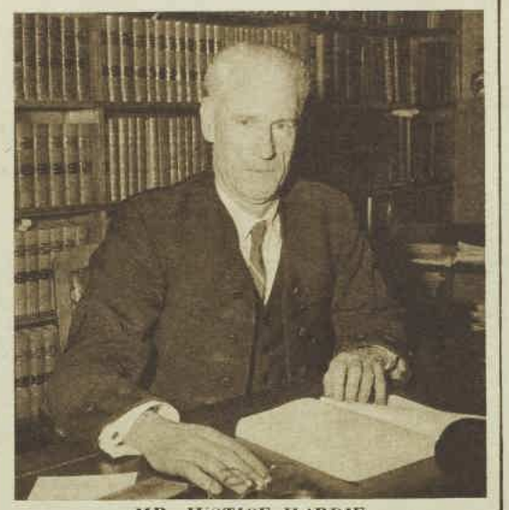
An equally revolutionary programme for N.S.W. is strongly advocated by Mr. Justice Hardie. "We must educate the people to the need for modern legislation; ultimately public opinion will reach the people in Parliament," he told me in his Sydney chambers.

His wide-ranging suggestions for reducing the road toll include: Toughening up the licensing test; requiring licence applicants to present birth certificates for positive identification; driver education in the schools; research into the effect of alcohol on driving; a point or demerit system for licence suspension or cancellation; a probation system for all beginning drivers, with special provision for teenage beginners.

"Teenagers are killing themselves off so fast—and they will continue to do it—because the bulk of them have no sense of responsibility," Mr. Justice Hardie said.

While he thinks it is impracticable to lift the driving age by more than a year, the judge thinks teenage drivers should carry a "P" (for provisional) plate on their cars.

The judge feels that these provisional teenage drivers should drive in daylight at a reduced speed limit, perhaps



MR. JUSTICE HARDIE

30 m.p.h. in built-up areas and 40 in the country. After dark, they should not be allowed to drive without an adult at least 25 years old in the car, he said.

New adult drivers should have a year's probation, Mr. Justice Hardie suggested, and teenagers should remain on probation until they turn 21 or for at least a year if they turn 21 in less than a year after getting their "P."

But frightening new drivers into submission through a constant threat to their licences wasn't the final answer, Mr. Justice Hardie said. "I'm satisfied that what we'll

By JUDE AINSWORTH

have to do eventually is require a course in driving theory with written examinations."

A comprehensive driver-education programme was begun last year in Newcastle, N.S.W., by the local police department, and is now being carried on by the Road Safety Council. Preference is given to younger applicants.

These Newcastle-trained drivers were "appreciably better" than the usual licence candidates, I was told.

The closest thing to driver training in Sydney is a Road Safety Council school run at Christmas time each year. It can accommodate 60 drivers, council secretary Warwick Harrison told me.

"The teenager has proved his skill at the wheel, so we couldn't suggest that the licensing age be raised on a basis of lack of skill," he said.

"The reason for their high accident rate lies in the area of their maturity and sense of responsibility."

An American psychiatrist, J. M. Murray, was recently quoted as saying that while a 17-year-old boy is in some respects equal to a full-grown man, American society does not allow him an adult's responsibilities and privileges — he is restricted by parental authority.

He may drive dangerously to demonstrate that he is competent, mature, and in control.

Another view is that children imitate their parents. If parents take open pleasure in outwitting police, a child is likely to feel contempt for the law.

"Parents are often too busy enjoying themselves to exercise parental control," Mr. Harrison said.

"Education should be introduced at the high-school level before school leaving age as a formal lecture course in the elements of roadway engineering technique, stopping distances, reasons for traffic laws, principles and practice of road safety, and courtesy," he said.

The Road Safety Council supports the idea of a "P" licence and strong enforcement of its regulations, particularly in judicial appeals, Mr. Harrison said.

"How often do the penalties actually imposed even approximate those cited as maximum penalties?"

Appeal courts also cause Mr. Justice Hardie concern. He believes that some judges don't adequately back up police law enforcement.

Teenagers can begin driving at 17, but when they commit breaches of the law they can't be brought before the ordinary courts of the land until they are 18.

"In the juvenile courts they're treated legally as children, and that is too silly for words," the judge said.

Mr. Harrison said: "The police should be backed up by a positive atmosphere, with sufficiently severe penalties to form a deterrent to reckless driving instead of the general feeling that there are so few police on the road that motorists don't have to worry."

Drinking is a big factor in teenage accidents, Mr. Harrison says—bigger than the statistics show.

Mr. Justice Hardie and Mr. Harrison agree that better methods for judging intoxication must be established.

The judge also said that jurymen often see themselves as the fellow in the dock and are lenient.

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HAPPY IS THE BRIDE...

WAVE FROM THE GROOM as his best man, Mr. Fritz Feiersinger, of Marritz lodge, Perisher Valley, drives him and his bride to the reception. The romantic sleigh-ride to and from the church was Fritz's wedding-day present to the couple. He imported the sleigh from his home village in Austria four years ago, and the horse, Dime, from Jindabyne specially for the occasion. He had the kangaroo-skin rugs made at Tumut.

BRIDAL COUPLE (above). Over her white ski pants and jerkin, Gloria wore a parka she bought in Greece while abroad recently.

The bride wore ski pants and had no bouquet . . . in the unfinished church, snow was ready-made confetti. It was the first wedding in Perisher Valley, N.S.W.

By PATRICIA JOHNSON

IT sometimes happens that a tardy dressmaker is finishing the wedding dress just before the bride walks down the aisle — but for builders to be finishing the church?

This happened at Perisher Valley, N.S.W., on May 30, when Sydney girl Gloria Strachan married Austrian Adi Zimmerebner in one of Australia's most unusual weddings.

Not only was the Roman Catholic Church of St. John the Apostle (highest in Australia) unfinished but —

- The wedding was the first celebrated in Perisher Valley.
- The bride, groom, and guests all wore ski clothes.
- The ceremony was delayed an hour when the pony pulling the bridal sleigh developed wedding jitters and refused to budge.
- After signing the register (on planks laid across tar-barrels — the church registry is yet to come) the couple left the church under a guard of ski stocks.
- Unexpected snow began to fall just before the wedding, showering the bride and groom with ready-made confetti.

For Gloria and Adi, snow is so much a part of their lives that it just seemed right for them to be married in the snow country.

Ski instructor

When Gloria's father, former racing driver Alex Strachan, bought the Kangaroo Chalet ski lodge — one of the valley's many commercial lodges — late last year, he asked Adi to manage it.

Adi, who was born in Schwarzach, Austria, came to Australia some years ago, was a ski instructor at Kosciusko, then ran a coffee lounge in Sydney.

But the lure of the Snowy Mountains was so strong that he could hardly wait to get back to them.

He and Gloria met while Adi was working there as a ski instructor.

Gloria has been a keen skier for the past six years. Late last year she went on a five months' tour of Europe, which included skiing at the Austrian resort of Zurs am Arlberg.

Their wedding wasn't definite when Gloria left Australia last December.

"I told Adi that if I returned in May I'd marry him," said Gloria.

"I returned in May."

The pair decided on their wedding date only a week before the ceremony.

"When they announced that they were getting married," said Gloria's pretty, silver-haired mother, Ethel, "both her father and her brother, Lex, were anxious that they should be here for the ceremony."

Lex Strachan goes to Europe on a business tour this week, and Mr. Strachan will leave Australia in mid-June to select drivers to

CROSSED STOCKS for the couple as they leave the church. About 25 friends and relatives attended, and the ranks were swelled by holiday skiers. The church, designed by Rudi Zimmermann, will have a steeple and copper roof.

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THE SNOW FALLS ON

WITH HER FATHER, Mr. Alex Strachan, of Chatswood, N.S.W., the bride walks to the church door. The church is on a little rise looking along Perisher Valley toward Mount Kosciusko.

compete in the Australian Grand Prix.

So, with these things in mind, the couple decided to hold their wedding on May 30 — regardless of the fact that the valley's new church was at least two weeks away from completion.

Raw planks

Even though it was then still raw bricks and planks and unfinished surfaces, Father Ailbie Conway, the priest who married Gloria and Adi, is very proud of his new church — as are all the valley inhabitants.

Father Conway, parish priest at Jindabyne, is from Kerry, Eire. He will alternate between Jindabyne and Perisher Valley, where the new church will have a tiny flat to accommodate him.

Small, and modern in design, it has been dedicated to Pope John. Its cross honors the Anzacs, and the still-unfinished altar is in commemoration of the late President Kennedy.

Weekend wedding festivities at Kangaroo Chalet began on the Friday night with a wedding-eve dinner for close family and a few friends.

Since December Adi and his helpers at the chalet have been working nonstop to improve the lodge. And when the wedding date was set, even extra effort came into force to have things finished in time.

Gloria spent the day of her wedding eve "painting doors and helping Adi with the redecorating."

But on her wedding day, she emerged as radiant and lovely as any bride.

She wore snow-white ski pants and boots, and over the regulation white skivvy a beautifully hand - beaded white woollen jerkin. With Adi in black ski pants and black-white-and-red Fair Isle ski sweater, they were striking figures against the snowy backdrop.

Kangaroo rugs

After the noon wedding, and with the sleigh pony, Dime, recovered from her fit of temperament, Gloria and Adi wrapped themselves in kangaroo-skin rugs and returned to the chalet, which will be their home.

Guests — travelling in more prosaic style — bundled into frozen cars, choked them to life, and followed to the reception.

In the warm living-room of the lodge, with log fire blazing, there was a buffet party for 25 friends and relatives.

Tyrolese music piped gently through the room.

Outside, the only sound which broke the silence of the falling snow was the occasional testy caw of a quarrelsome magpie.

Late in the afternoon Adi and Gloria cut their wedding cake.

Guests raised glasses and someone proposed a toast that seemed to sum up everyone's best wishes.

"Happy the bride the snow falls on!" they said.

Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

CEREMONY (above). Bridal couple during the service, performed by Father Ailbie Conway. At right is best man Mr. Fritz Feiersinger. Snow came in through the as yet unglassed church windows.

AT RECEPTION (left) at Kangaroo Chalet are the bridal couple with the bride's mother, Mrs. Alex Strachan.

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Investment Guide

This week: The Three Ps

By MARY BROKER

● Today, I should like to discuss the leading stock in each of three closely related fields: paper, publishing, and packaging, or "the three Ps."

WHEN I say "paper" I am not referring to companies which make paper, such as Australian Paper Manufacturers or Associated Pulp and Paper Mills. I mean paper merchants—those companies which supply stationery and all the necessary things for printing.

My choice as the top stock in this field is Edwards Dunlop and Co. Ltd., a Sydney-based concern. It has been going since 1869 and always brings a picture to my mind of a big, dusty warehouse full of men in shirtsleeves and waistcoats, with eyeshades — the type you see on TV running printing presses in distant parts of America.

It is not by any means a dynamic company. It quietly goes its own way, steadily increasing profits which don't show a spectacular return on capital but which always cover a steady dividend, and slowly building up reserves.

It is rarely the cause of excitement on the Stock Exchange, but is still respected (the shares yield only 4.1%). Rather like a venerable old man whom you respect greatly but who never gives you cause to be vitally interested in him.

The activities of Edwards Dunlop are fairly sharply divided into three groups:

1. Wholesaling of paper, stationery, and machinery through its office in Sydney and branches in five other major cities.

2. Manufacturing of stationery and paper bags in Australia and New Zealand, plus bookbinding interests.

3. Transport servicing to deliver and store goods both for Edwards Dunlop and for its customers.

Profit last year rose by 12.8%, and higher sales are being achieved in the current year. In typically conservative fashion, directors have stated that they expect results for the full year to be "satisfactory."

At around 48/-, 100 £1 shares would cost about £243 and your dividend cheque, at the prevailing 10% rate, would be £10 per year.

Gordon & Gotch (A/asia) Ltd. is another old-established company which in recent years has impressed me as a go-ahead show.

Also acting as a stationer, the company is probably better known from its activity as a wholesale newsagent, distributing periodicals, books, and newspapers from Australia and overseas. It also retails books through city shops and on railway bookstalls in Sydney and Brisbane.

Net profit has risen quite spectacularly over the past three years, and shareholders have benefited accordingly:

1961: Net profit of £326,000, earning rate 22.2%, dividend 16 2-3%.

1962: Net profit of £451,000 (an increase of 38%), earning rate 31.0%, dividend 18 1-3%.

1963: Net profit of £511,000 (an increase of 13.3%), earning rate 35.3%, dividend 20%.

Last year, too, a one-for-five bonus issue was made. Since a 20% dividend has been declared out of 1963/64 earnings, one can expect an excellent year. Results are usually announced in June.

The 5/- shares are now selling at 30/-, to yield 3.3%. One hundred would cost about £153, for a dividend return of £5 a year.

The baby of my "three Ps" is Dodge Consolidated Industries Ltd., which was incorporated in its present form in 1960. The business, however, had in fact commenced as far back as 1947.

A parental interest has recently been shown in Dodge by British Tobacco. The publication of this news has added quite a bit of market status to the stock, since British Tobacco now controls nearly one-third of the shares.

Dodge's main activity is printing and box-making, which it carries out in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Perth. Quite a big contribution is also made to profits, however, by the manufacture of record covers, paper bonbons, games, and jigsaw puzzles.

This amusing addition to an otherwise prosaic type of business has always tickled my fancy.

Profit since listing has shown a definite upward trend and has, in fact, increased elevenfold. Following on record earning rate of 30.5% last year, a one-for-five bonus was made in October.

Interim dividend paid in March was 8%, indicating a 16% rate for the year.

What really impresses me, however, is the fact that directors announced an increase in sales and profits for the six months to December 31, and instead of bemoaning higher wages and the keenly competitive conditions in the industry, commented on "increased efficiency, enlarged sales volume, and favorable supply arrangements."

At around 21/6, the 5/- shares seem good buying for growth. One hundred would cost close to £110, with a dividend at present of £4 per year.

Ita Buttrose's

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

RIGHT: Mr. Arthur Bragg and his sister, Miss Aline Bragg, of "Rossgole," Aberdeen, in between chukkers at the Canberra Polo Club's tournament held at "Gungaderra," Canberra, the property of the Club patron, Mr. A. E. Coghlan. Mr. Bragg is a member of the Scone team.

BELOW: Foursome (from left) Miss Anthea Triggs, of Rose Bay, Captain Mike Betts, of Hong Kong, Miss Sue Doherty, of Lane Cove, and Captain Simon Furness, of Hong Kong, at the polo in Canberra. Captain Betts and Captain Furness are British Army team members.

AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Ian Webster at the reception at the Wentworth Hotel after their marriage at the Holy Name Priory, Wahroonga. The bride was Miss Elizabeth Kennedy Green, daughter of Mr. C. H. Kennedy Green, of "Plain View," Burren Junction, and of the late Mrs. Kennedy Green. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Webster, of Avalon.

JUST WED. Mr. Robert Golsby, of "Womboin," Girilambone, and his bride, formerly Miss Mary Simpson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Simpson, of "Gunnawarra," Gulargambone, leaving St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street. Pictured with the couple are attendants (from left) Mr. Gerald Peacocke, Mrs. Bruce Thompson, Miss Helen Golsby, and Miss Barbara Giblin. Mr. and Mrs. Golsby will spend their honeymoon in Fiji.

IT might have been the opening of the Opera House, it might have been the running of the 200th Melbourne Cup, or it could have been Joan Sutherland's first Australian recital, but nothing could have created more stir among Sydney society than the first night of The Beatles.

People whom Sydney generally connect with more cultural endeavors, such as the Elizabethan Theatre Trust, the Art Gallery Society, the National Trust, and first nights at the Theatre Royal, will be down at the Stadium cheering the mop-headed melody makers on June 18, 19, and 20. No one, it seems, is immune from Beatlemania.

A special Beatle flight from Orange will be carrying Mr. and Mrs. James Crawford, of "Mayfield," and their houseguest, Mrs. J. B. McKay, of "The Overflow," Warren. On the homeward journey — the same night — this flight, in keeping with the event, will serve soft-drinks and sandwiches.

The extra-special champagne flight from Dubbo will have aboard Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Martin, of "Sherwood," Coolah.

In Sydney, keen fans Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hanlon, who bought 14 front-row tickets months ago, will take a party of friends who include Louise and Tim du Val, Dr. and Mrs. W. Courteney Whitelaw, John and Mary Remington, Nick Allen, and Queenslander Harry Evans, who is making a trip down from Thredbo, where he spends the winter skiing.

Among the crowds of other people going are Warwick Purser, the Graham Duckers, Kay and Graham Fairfax, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Ward, Terry Clune, Rosemary Sheldon, Jeremy Chisholm, and Mr. and Mrs. John Amory.

★ ★ ★

I LIKE the leopard-skin handbag being sported by Carol Henderson — she bought it in Nairobi, Africa, on her way home after two years overseas.

ADMIRED the lovely square-cut aquamarine-and-diamond engagement ring that Bruce Leggatt has given his fiancee, Helen Samins. The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Samins, of Darling Point, Helen is planning a summer wedding at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, where she sang in the choir as a child.

★ ★ ★

FROM Malaysia comes news of former Sydneyites Mr. and Mrs. L. J. McMahon, of Kuala Lumpur. With their daughter Narelle, they'll leave from Singapore in Galileo on July 4 for a holiday trip to Europe. Main reason for the trip is to visit their elder daughter, Lesley, and her husband, Anthony Sissons, who were married in Kuala Lumpur last November, and now live in London.

★ ★ ★

I HEAR the Ian Platt-Hepworths will be arriving home on June 12 after 13 weeks overseas, which included a tour of Italy with their son, Gavin. They're now having a couple of days in the sun at Honolulu, and Gavin is touring Spain with Mrs. Mary Conrick and her son, Michael, who are spending a year overseas. Gavin will return home via Africa in a couple of months.

★ ★ ★

A FAMILY reunion in England will be the highlight of Mrs. Doris Cohen's eight-week trip overseas. She left last week and is visiting Hong Kong and Athens before reaching London, where she is looking forward to seeing her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Strickland, of Kensington, and their nine-month-old son, Philip—her first grandchild.

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THE QUEENSLAND TEAM (from left), Mr. Jim McGinley, of Toowoomba, Mr. Ron Hunt, of Goondiwindi, Mr. Ian Murray, of North Star, and Mr. Ken Telford, of Clifton, drinking a victory toast with Mrs. Peter Henderson, the daughter of the Prime Minister, at the Canberra Polo Club's annual tournament held at "Gungaderra," Canberra. Mrs. Henderson presented the Menzies Cup to the Queensland team, the champion team of the polo tournament.

SPECTATORS (from left) Mrs. John Barton, of "Glen Oak," Wellington, Mrs. Don Sutherland, of "Budgalong," Wellington, Mrs. Lester Smith, of "Glenwood," Wellington, Mrs. George Sutherland, of "Macquarie Park," Wellington, and Miss Alison Davies, of "Monlin," Coonabarabran, with Miss Jill Gunthorpe (background), of "Noongah," Bingara, at Canberra. Ten polo teams competed in the three-day tournament for the Menzies, Canberra, and Gungaderra Cups.

-OI GROUP. From left: English visitor Mr. Kevin Cooper, of London, Miss Fina Gibb, of Darling Point, Lieut. Trig Griffiths, of Malaysia, and Miss Raina Campbell, of "Palerang," Bungendore, at the polo. Lieut. Griffiths was a member of the British Army polo team from Malaysia and Hong Kong, who flew to Australia to compete in the tournament and other country polo matches.

ABOVE: Mrs. R. B. Douglas, of "London Bridge," Queanbeyan, with Mr. W. G. Inglis, of Canberra (left), the Comptroller-General to the Governor-General and vice-president of the Canberra Polo Club, Lieut.-Colonel Tim Rodriguez, and Mr. P. H. Watson, of "Murryong," Queanbeyan (right), at the barbecue dinner held at Canberra.

BELOW: Mr. David Weedon and his bride, formerly Miss Priscilla Boundy, daughter of Mrs. Charles Phillips, of Bellevue Hill, and of the late Mr. Fergus Boundy, after their marriage at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. The bridegroom is the son of Dr. and Mrs. S. H. Weedon, of "Walwa," Breadalbane. Mr. and Mrs. Weedon will live at Breadalbane.

AT LEFT: Mr. Anthony Morrison, of "Raeburn," Breadalbane, and his bride, formerly Miss Sue Bragg, leaving St. Philip's, Church Hill, with best man Mr. Jim Gregg and bridesmaids (from left) Miss Prue Bragg, Miss Susan Osborne, and Miss Patricia Dent. After the ceremony the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Bragg, of "Landgrove," Cootamundra, welcomed 150 guests to the reception at the Australia Hotel.

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Same hairdos-b

By ALFRED G. ARONOWITZ

RINGO — "the most squashed"

● Ringo is the one that some observers have compared to Harpo Marx. He has bright blue eyes that remind one of a child looking through a window, although he sometimes crosses them as he sits dumbly at the drums playing his corny four-four beat.

● *Ringo Starr*

"I HATE phonies," he said with the absolutism of somebody who thinks he can spot one a mile away. "I can't stand them."

The most popular of The Beatles in America, he evokes paroxysms of teenage shrieks everywhere by a mere turn of his head, a motion which sends his brown spaniel hair flying.

When he flips his wig, the kids flip theirs. "RIIINNGO! RIINNGO!" they call out.

He acquired the nickname because he wears two rings on each hand.

He wears different rings at different times, changing them like cuff links.

"I like the gold ones," he says. "The fans send a lot of silver ones, too, but I send them back.

"Do you know I have 2761 rings?"

His fame has brought Ringo other treasures, but he seems not to have forgotten what it was like to grow up amid the grimy streets of Liverpool.

He was born Richard Starkey, the only son of a father who was a house painter and a mother who was a barmaid.

He never finished school. He was kept out by pleurisy and more than a dozen stomach operations.

Also, it seems, he never started growing. Asked how tall he is, he snaps back, "Two feet, nine inches!" Actually he is five-feet-seven.

Odd jobs

"When I feel my head starting to swell," says John Lennon, "I look at Ringo and know we're not supermen."

Without proper schooling, Ringo worked as an electrician's apprentice and at various odd jobs before turning to drumming.

"When I was sixteen, you know," he said, "I used to walk on the road with the rest of the lot and we'd have all our drape coats on and we'd have a few laughs with the rival gangs and then I got the drums, and the bloke next door and I got a job.

"We started playing together and another bloke and me made a bass out of an old tea chest and this was about 1958, mind you.

"We played together and then we started playing on dances and things, you know. We took an interest in it and we stopped hanging round corners every night."

These days still lie close behind him.

When an American reporter asked him if he liked fish and chips, he answered, "Yes, I like fish and chips, but I like steak and chips better."

One of his greatest moments was when The Beatles played before Princess Margaret and the Queen Mother at the Royal Command Performance in London last November.

"It was the first time I ever felt British," he said.

"You know, you never think about royalty. But the Queen Mother, she was a nice lady."

He sits with his drums behind the group as the other three perform, and he rarely sings, although that is what he would most like to do.

Although, at 23, he is the oldest of The Beatles, he is at the bottom of what sociologists would call their pecking order.

When he joined the group it already had a record contract, and the unspoken feeling in the quartet is that Ringo was hired by the other three.

When they disagree on anything, Ringo is the last to get his way.

"You'd be nowhere," Paul McCartney says to him in the ultimate squelch, "if it weren't for the rest of us."

The sound that drowns all sounds

I walked out in the autumn sun,
The honey-bees were humming . . .
But on the neighbors' TV set
I could hear Beatles strumming.

I sat upon a golden beach
So still, that I was dreaming . . .
Till a transistor was switched on,
And I heard Beatles screaming.

I parked the car out in the bush
To hear the bell-birds singing . . .
But someone turned a little knob,
And we heard Beatles swinging.

I listened to the rain and wind,
The thunder and the storming . . .
Till the radio drowned every sound,
The Beatles were performing.

I travelled miles out to the west,
Where sheep were quietly baa-ing . . .
And a station's battered gramophone
Had Beatles "Yeah-yeah-yeah-ing."

— Ingeborg Brown

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—but no two Beatles are alike

● These are the four British singers who have taken to America, France, and Sweden a phenomenon called Beatlemania, which has caused teenage near-riots. Even in their hometown, Liverpool, 60 youngsters collapsed after standing all night in a mile-long queue of 12,000 to buy tickets to a Beatles performance.

JOHN — "hippest and sharpest of the lot"

● John doesn't smile when he sings. "That's because," said Neil Aspinall, the 22-year-old road manager who grew up in Liverpool with The Beatles, "he's giving you his soul."

HE likes to wear sunglasses both indoors and out, as a sort of declaration of privacy.

"John," said Brian Epstein, the 29-year-old personal manager who discovered The Beatles, "is the most intellectual of the boys."

Though he has a habit of falling asleep at odd moments, he is also the most intense and has a temper that reddens his face at the slightest rub.

At a cocktail party in the British Embassy after The Beatles' Washington concert, John found himself besieged by dignitaries, their wives and girl-friends, all of whom were thrusting autograph books at him with such official commands as:

"Look, sign this for my daughter! Cawn't think why she likes you! Must be out of her mind."

Finally John pushed away the pens.

Forcing his way to the bar, he ordered a drink and said:

"These people are worse than the fans. These people have no manners.

"Now, the Ambassador, I liked him; we talk the same language. But I wouldn't give a thank you for his friends."

At that moment, a young Embassy official approached John and said, "Come now and do your stuff."

● *John Lennon*

John glared back. "I'm not going back through that crowd — I want a drink," he said.

"Oh, yes you are," the official said imperiously.

Livid, John turned to Ringo and said, "I'm getting out of here!"

With a smile, Ringo put an arm on John's shoulder and said calmly, "Oh, come on, let's go and do our stuff and get it over with."

The "stuff" consisted of drawing names out of a box in a charity raffle.

John began with ideas of becoming a painter, spending two years at the Liverpool Art Institute.

He also writes short stories and poems.

One editor calls Lennon's literary efforts "British hip, a sort of conglomeration of funny Lewis Carroll jabberwocky with a slight tinge of William Burrough's 'Naked Lunch' and an almost Joycean word play."

Married

When John first appeared on "The Ed Sullivan Show," a sub-title identifying him carried the parenthetical message, "Sorry, girls, he's married."

His wife, Cynthia, is a quietly beautiful 21-year-old blonde whom he met at the Liverpool Art Institute and whom the newspapers now call, to the Lennons' disgust, "Mrs. Beatle."

When The Beatles travelled from New York to Washington, she wore a black wig so she could get through the crowd.

In Washington she remained alone in her hotel room. In Miami Beach she sunbathed by herself.

"Ever since the boys became famous," says Cynthia, "it's become more and more difficult for me to see John."

They have an infant son, John, whom the newspapers call, again to their disgust, "Baby Beatle."

When the Lennons have business visitors, Cynthia serves tea and recedes into the background. "Women," says John, "should be obscene and not heard."

John is the leader of The Beatles.

"We **have** no leader," he might argue with some annoyance. "We're a **team**, y'know, pull together and all that."

As a matter of fact, each Beatle has a veto on what the four of them do together.

"But it's John who usually wins out," said one of their friends.

"John is the hippest and the sharpest of the lot. They've all learned from him.

"Even their humor, the way they're always sending people up, they got that from John."

PAUL — "handsomest"

● The fans call Paul the handsome one, and he knows it. The others in the group call Paul "The Star."

● *Paul McCartney.*

HE does most of the singing, and most of the wiggling, trying to swing his hips after the fashion of Elvis Presley, one of his boyhood idols.

In the British equivalent of high school, Paul was mostly in the upper ranks scholastically, unlike the other Beatles.

"He was like, you know, a goody-goody in school," remembers one of Paul's boyhood friends.

He also, as another former classmate remembers him, was a "tubby little kid" who avoided girls.

He can afford to be much bolder now.

At a cocktail party in the British Embassy in Washington, a twice-divorced noblewoman put her arms around him, gazed longingly into his eyes, and said, "Which one are you?" "Roger," he answered.

"Roger what?" she said. "Roger McClusky the fifth," he answered, and slithered out of her grasp.

"Paul is the hardest one to get to know, although that doesn't mean he's the deepest," said a friend.

When the 18-year-old English actress Jill Haworth had a private audience with Paul in Miami Beach, it lasted only a few minutes.

"I just couldn't find anything to talk to him about," she later said. "It was impossible to get started."

Paul, who plays bass guitar, wears the same tight pants that are part of the uniform of The Beatles, but he often distinguishes himself with a vest.

"Paul," said one member of the troupe, "is the only one of the boys who's had it go to his head."

La-de-dah

Sometimes, talking with the other Beatles, he finds himself using accents much more high-toned than the working-class slang of Liverpool, where he grew up.

When he does, John Lennon mockingly mimics him.

Paul and John have collaborated in writing more than 100 songs, including such hits as "I Wanna Hold Your Hand" and "She Loves You."

"None of us really knows how to read or write music," said Paul.

"The way we work it is like, we just whistle. John will whistle at me and I'll whistle back at him."

GEORGE — "the baby who likes the business side"

● Just 22, George Harrison is the youngest of The Beatles.

"HE doesn't have the maturity of the others, so he tends to play it a little safe," said a member of the troupe. "It's as if he's the baby of the family."

Being the baby of the family is a role to which George is accustomed. The son of a bus driver, he is the youngest of four children.

"George was always the one who tried to please," said his sister, Mrs. Louise Caldwell, the pretty platinum-blond wife of an engineer.

"When the fire needed more coal, he would always say, 'Mummy, I'll do it, let me get the shovel.'

"Or when we'd be going to church, George would polish everyone's boots."

George plays lead guitar for The Beatles, often with a look of unconcern that seems to reflect a desire to be strumming elsewhere.

"Well," he said, "the songs that Paul and John write, they're all right, but they're not the greatest."

He listens on the radio to other pop artists from the start of his day, which often begins when road manager Aspinall drags the boys out of bed at 10.30 to keep some 10 a.m. date.

He keeps a transistor radio in his hand, even during conversations. He adjusts the volume according to his interest in what is being said.

"You have to be very careful of what you say to George," said disc jockey Murray (The K) Kaufman of New York, who welcomed The Beatles when they stepped off the plane in New York and who was George's roommate when The Beatles travelled to Miami Beach.

"You have to be sure that every word means what you want it to mean. He takes what you say very literally."

"George, as a matter of fact," said manager Brian Epstein, "is the only one who asks questions, the only one who takes an active interest in the business aspect.

"He wants to know how I book them, how the discs are distributed, and the financial workings."

Money-bags

George's ambition is to retire with "a whacking great pile of money."

He recalls that in the early days in Liverpool — "We got what would be £1 (Aust.) a night apiece — and all the soda we could drink.

● *George Harrison*

"We drank until that stuff came out our ears to make sure we got our money's worth."

Little more than six months ago one of his major desires was to own a racing car. He now owns a Jaguar.

Although by no means the quietest of The Beatles, because none of them really is quiet, George remains the least prominent.

At a Press conference in New York, a young woman asked, "Mr. Starr is known for his rings, Mr. McCartney, obviously, for his looks, and Mr. Lennon for his wife. Now, what about you?"

George swallowed a bite of a chicken sandwich, fluttered his long eyelashes like Paul, and answered, "As long as I get an equal share of the money, I'm willing to stay anonymous."

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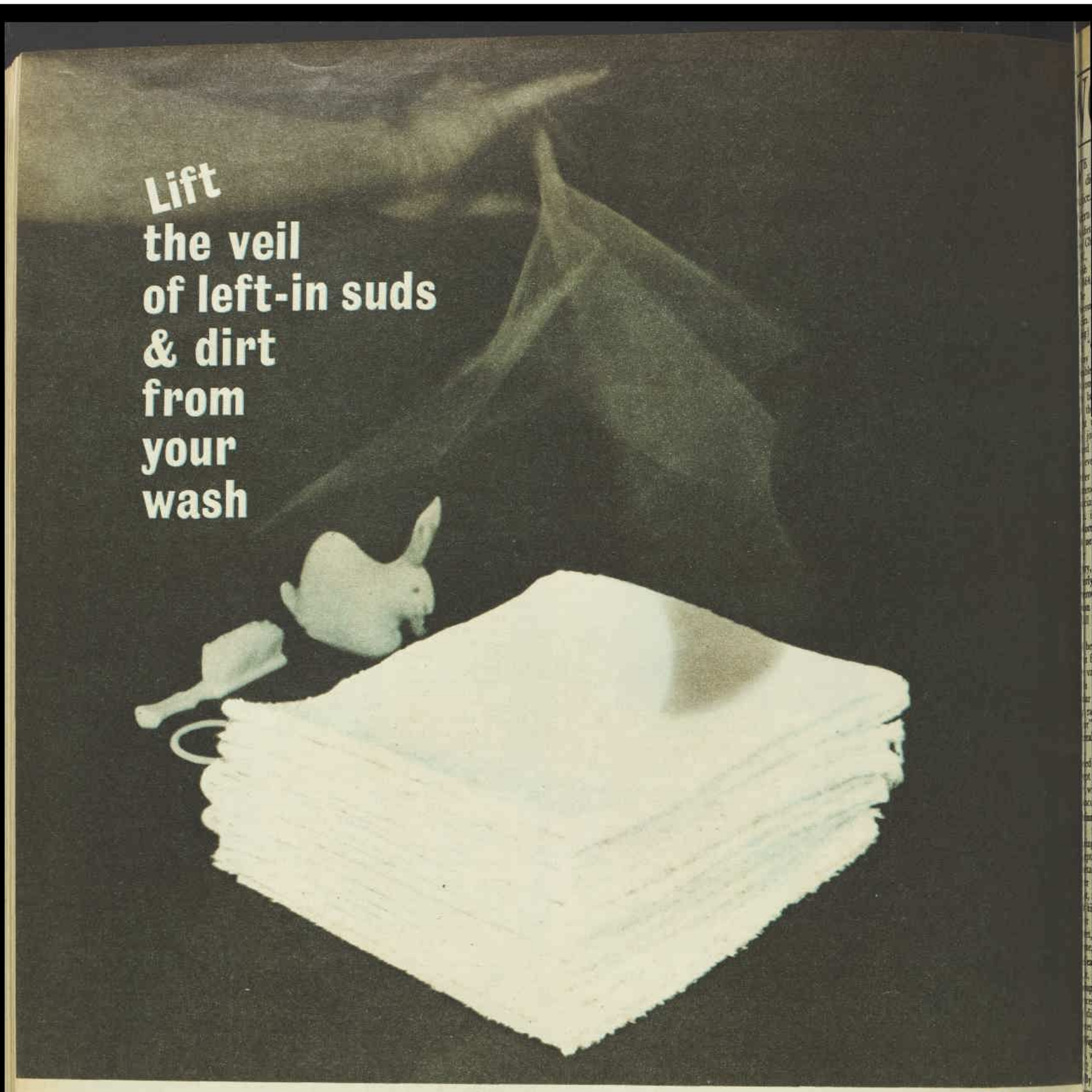

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WORTH REPORTING

WE tend to think of dieting as a modern practice. But it's not as modern as all that.

A diet sent to us by Mrs. Betty Chafer, of Oak Flats, N.S.W., was printed in an English newspaper on June 11, 1864.

The writer, a retired businessman aged 66, was 5ft. 5in. tall, weighed (before dieting) 202lb.

He "could not stoop to tie my shoe without considerable pain or difficulty, was compelled to go downstairs backwards slowly, to save the jar or increased weight upon the ankle and knee joints, and had been obliged to puff and blow with every slight exertion."

After six months on a diet recommended by an eminent physician, he lost 46lb. and 12½in. in girth.

"Moreover," he wrote, "I have never lived so well as under the new plan of dietary, which I should formerly have thought a dangerous, extravagant tresspass on health.

"All symptoms of faintness, acidity, indigestion, and heartburn (with which I was frequently tormented) have vanished."

His "dietary plan" is similar to modern diets — with rather more "spirituous liquor"! Here it is:

Breakfast: Four ounces beef, mutton, kidneys, broiled fish, or any cold meat except pork, a large cup of tea (without milk or sugar), 1 biscuit or 1oz. dry toast.

Dinner: Five or six ounces any fish except salmon, herrings, or eels, any meat except pork or veal, any vegetable except potato or other root species, 1oz. dry toast, fruit out of a pudding, any kind of poultry or game, 2 or 3 glasses of madeira, claret, or sherry (champagne, port, beer forbidden).

Tea: Two or three ounces fruit, 2 rusks, cup of tea.

Supper: Three or four ounces meat or fish (similar to dinner), 1 or 2 glasses claret.

Nightcap: One tumbler gin, whisky, or brandy, or 1 or 2 glasses claret or sherry.

By way of contrast, here is some 19-century advice on "How to Get Fat." It is from a Sydney paper dated April 23, 1898, sent to us by Mrs. V. Austin, of Northbridge, N.S.W.

The writer tells of a girl who was "simply all bones" and longed to have "round rosy cheeks and a Cupid chin." Three months later, she had achieved her ambition.

"I gave up worrying to begin with," she said. "I drank milk and cream whenever I could. I devoured all the candy, sweet wines, starchy desserts that ever came within reach of my all-devouring appetite.

"I slept 12 hours each night, never hurried or got excited, or ran or walked more than was absolutely necessary. I ate nothing bitter or sour, lived on oatmeal, chicken, and vegetables. It was hard work, but it was worth it!"

Hard work . . .?

NOTABLE QUOTES:

Sir Compton Mackenzie: "The only thing conducive to work is working."

Noel Coward: "I care a great deal about human beings. I think they're all we've got."

They souvenir his feathers

"MY father was a policeman with Interpol," said dancer Ram Krishna. "When he had to travel on cases connected with international smuggling, he used to take the family with him.

● *Dancer Ram Krishna*

"We visited countries all over Europe and Asia. That's when I first became interested in national dances."

Ram, 32, began dancing when he was 14, and studied the classical and national dances of many countries.

He has performed these dances in nightclubs, theatres, educational centres, and on television in Europe.

"But now I am concentrating entirely on classical Indian temple dancing," he said.

Though he is, by reputation, an Indian dancer, he was born in Holland of Dutch and Indian parents, and took his stage name from his mother's.

This is his second visit to Australia.

Five years ago he was a pupil of Jyotikana Bay, a Bengali girl living in Sydney, and now the couple plan to perform together.

Ram Krishna, the dancer, is an exotic figure. But off-stage he looks a typical young businessman. His "daytime" profession is interior decoration and textile designing.

"Sometimes my friends don't recognise me in my costumes," he said.

For his "Dance of the Peacock" he wears on his back a huge fan of peacock feathers worth £50.

"I have to be so careful of it," said Ram. "If I leave it down somewhere for a few minutes, people pluck out feathers for a souvenir.

"They probably wouldn't if they knew the old superstition that peacock feathers bring bad luck!"

Musical memory book

MISS FREDA GILDER'S birthday book contains more than 200 signatures of music celebrities who have visited Australia in the past 40 years.

"I've always had a deep interest in music," said Miss Gilder (she now works in the A.B.C. record library in Sydney), "and I've been fortunate in the number of musicians I've met in Australia and overseas."

The birthday book, printed in 1908, was given to Miss Gilder when she was a young student-singer.

Against dates in January are the autographs of Tito Schipa, Yehudi Menuhin, Wilhelm Furtwangler, Peter Dawson; and the large, florid signature of Clara Butt, written in 1920.

"She signed my book when I first came to Sydney from the Upper Hunter to study singing at the Conservatorium," Miss Gilder said. "Dame Nellie Melba often came to the Con to hear the students sing in those days, too."

Melba's signature is in the book, against May 19, not far from Ezio Pinza's.

Then there's Chaliapin, the great Russian bass ("he was out here in 1926"), composers Manuel de Falla, Respighi, Igor Stravinsky ("the only autograph he gave during his visit in 1921"), singers Kirsten Flagstad, Lawrence Tibbett, Galli-Curci, Anna Russell, Toti Dal Monte . . .

Through friends and music publishers overseas Miss Gilder also has received some rare souvenirs of famous people.

One is a letter to a friend from Marconi. It was written in 1908 and has a footnote in Morse Code.

She has, too, a signed photograph of Richard Strauss, a Grieg postcard dated 1906, and a Puccini letter.

But Miss Gilder's greatest treasure is a letter written by Franz Liszt in 1885 to his music publishers.

With pride and nostalgia in her voice, she told us: "Many famous musicians have had a wish on that letter . . ."

★ ★ ★

FOR those who are entrusted professionally with other people's secrets—business or personal—discretion is all-important. The owner of a city typing agency discovered recently that diplomacy is sometimes necessary, too.

Two businessmen who had a bitter disagreement brought her (unbeknown to each other) a series of letters to be typed.

She found herself in the middle, handling both ends of a regular slanging-match.

So what did she do? She had A's and B's letters typed on completely different machines.

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A charmer direct from Mars

● "My Favorite Martian" became my favorite Martian in the first episode when, irritated by the bewildered earthman he confronted, he said testily, "What are you waiting for me to say — 'Take me to your leader'?"

SINCE then I've become the Martian's (Ray Walston) devoted fan, and take this half-hour of light-hearted entertainment regularly as a revivifying pick-me-up among the grimmer TV shows.

"My Favorite Martian" has a kind of cartoon quality — amazing things happen, are unexplained, but seem right, as the show romps on regardless.

Ray Walston is a delight as the Martian who becomes "Uncle Martin" to young reporter Tim O'Hara (Bill Bixby), complicating his life in no uncertain manner.

— *NAN MUSGROVE*

● "My Favorite Martian" may be seen on ABC-TV in Sydney on Fridays at 8 p.m., in Melbourne on Mondays at 7.30 p.m., and in other cities later.

UNCLE MARTIN (Ray Walston) with Tim O'Hara (Bill Bixby) in a scene in which Uncle Martin makes a newspaper respond to his unspoken wishes and float by itself through the air.

Television

UNCLE MARTIN arrives on Earth. In his life on Mars, Walston was a professor of anthropology who had been specialising in the planet Earth and visits it to check up.

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DR. KIMBLE FLEES TO THE CARIBBEAN

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Dr. Richard Kimble of "The Fugitive" is still running on the other side of the world — but the big news is that he has got out of the United States.

LIEUT. GERARD is now hot on his track in the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico, in the Caribbean Sea—a global setting designed to give this show even more interest.

When the show returns to TCN9 later this year, Dr. Kimble will have more elbow room. David Janssen is delighted.

"I'm looking forward to foreign locations," Janssen said. "London ought to be good, but there I may get caught by The Saint (Roger Moore) and this would be the end of me. Back to the pen in chains."

Somehow I don't think Dr. Kimble need worry about that.

★ ★ ★

I WAS shocked to see a real jacaranda tree that had obviously been cut down and reassembled as a TV prop when I went to ABC-TV's Gore Hill studio recently to watch the filming of their new suspense serial, "The Purple Jacaranda."

I didn't know that I was such an ardent tree lover until I saw the tree.

Designer Desmonde Downing, who is responsible for the sets for "The Purple Jacaranda," soothed me.

A jacaranda was an indispensable prop that could not entirely be run up out of plastic. Miss Downing searched and found one that stood in the way of progress and was about to fall to the bulldozer.

Miss Downing handed over to Stan Woolveridge, staging supervisor for the A.B.C., the man in charge of producing the scenery ordered by designers.

The tree was sketched and the cuts to be made were marked on it for the landscape gardener who was in charge of the delicate operation of removing the tree and transporting it to Gore Hill.

As each piece of the tree was cut, it was put in a sling and lowered into a five-ton truck and carefully packed for the journey. When it arrived at the studio though, the tree was too big to get into the studio and more surgery was needed.

The trunk and main branch were cut in halves and once inside were welded together by steel dowels to make the graceful jacaranda prop needed.

"We can make it come back to life any time quite artificially with plastic leaves and flowers," Mr. Woolveridge told me.

The tree is already a most travelled one. After its successful surgery and dowelling, its first journey was to the lovely old house that is the Mosman Municipal Library, which was chosen for the exteriors of "Jacaranda House."

The house had everything but a jacaranda tree in the garden, so prop men set it up there for the exterior shots. Back at the studio it is filed on the Props Department back lot between appearances, ready to bloom at any instant, artificially.

● Margo Lee has a leading role in "The Purple Jacaranda," the new ABC-TV serial scheduled to start on June 28 at 7.30 p.m.

Television

Wise before the event

THE first show in "Outer Limits," TCN9's new science fiction series, had the edge taken off it for me by the filmed snippets that advertised it.

For more than a week beforehand, I'd heard those electronic noises that mean outer space to televiewers, seen the weird interference pattern pictures, and heard the warning that my TV set was being taken over, so that, wise before the event, the premiere didn't raise a single hair on my head.

I was disappointed not to be able to join in the morning-after "oohs" and "aahs" of viewers who had been frightened, but I enjoyed every moment of it.

The star of the first one was a Galaxy Being, whose image appeared on the TV set of the owner of a radio station who had been experimenting with microwaves.

He establishes friendly contact with the image, has to leave it temporarily, when an upsurge of power releases it from the confines of its 23-inch screen.

The being goes off looking for his new earth friend, causes havoc round the place until he finds his friend, tells of his friendly intentions toward earthmen and destroys himself before any more damage is done.

There should be more and better science fiction on TV, and from what I read about "Outer Limits" this is just what it is going to provide.

It is written by two characters called Leslie Stevens and Joe Stefano. Stevens is the creator of that excellent series "Stoney Burke." Stefano was responsible for "Mr. Novak," the new series about life in an American high school, and for the Hitchcock bloodcurdler "Psycho."

At present when they are not up to their eyes writing "Outer Limits" they are arguing with people who say it is the same as "Twilight Zone."

They say that "Twilight Zone" is pure fantasy, "Outer Limits" is based on a "more cut-and-dried, possible basis."

In one episode, for instance, two Martian inspectors visit Earth to investigate a phenomenon known as murder. They try to determine the origins of this strange practice.

Stefano is said to be a simple, kind man, Stevens to be caustic, sophisticated, but they have a common aim in "Outer Limits" — they want to Say Something as well as shock.

I'm going to keep watching, to see what they come up with.

★ ★ ★

"CAR 54, Where are you?" ATN7, Fridays, 7 p.m., is rapidly gaining favor with me. It is a light-hearted half hour that is a spoof of TV's serious police dramas.

Sergeant Joe Friday (whatever did happen to Jack Webb?) may not approve, because fancy definitely lards the facts, but I'm sure viewers do.

Officers Toody (Joe E. Ross) and Muldoon (Fred Gwynne), who looks as though he may be a slightly prehistoric relative of Dick Chamberlain's Dr. Kildare, are a joy together.

If you haven't yet caught up with Officer Toody in "Car 54?" cast your mind back to Sergeant Ritzig of the hilarious Bilko show. That's him, bigger and better than ever.

The show is produced by Nat Hiken, of Bilko fame, too, so you've got quality as well as laughs.

STAR COOK ON TV

● Mrs. Marguerite Patten, famous British cook who has been brought to Australia by The Australian Women's Weekly in conjunction with the Australian Gas Industry, will give five one-hour demonstrations on three television stations in N.S.W.

The demonstrations are additional to those she is giving at metropolitan gas centres this week.

The series will be shown on:

TCN9, Sydney, June 15-19 inclusive at 12.30 p.m.
NBN3, Newcastle, June 22-26 inclusive at 3.30 p.m.
WIN4, Wollongong, June 15-19 inclusive at 12.30 p.m.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

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DID YOU KNOW?

MAN OF THE YEAR: An American women's college, Christian College at Columbia, Missouri, decided to elect a "Man of the Year" for the first time. The honor went to James Franciscus (at left), handsome star of TV's "Mr. Novak," the popular series about a high school teacher.

● Australian Leo McKern is one of the busiest actors in England at the moment, working at top pressure in films and TV.

HIS new film, "A Jolly Bad Fellow," is running in the West End, and his BBC-TV interpretation of Bertold Brecht's "Galileo" has received rave notices from critics.

Now he is to make a TV contribution to the Shakespeare quatercentenary.

On A.B.C.'s "Tempo" programme, he will co-star with Trevor Howard, Donald Houston, and Vivien Marchant in "A Vision of England," a portrait of Elizabethan life.

The programme was filmed at Stratford on Avon, inside the fabulous Richard Buckle Shakespeare exhibition.

With Buckle's brilliantly conceived background, Leo McKern, with Trevor Howard, enacts a contemporary scene in the streets of Elizabethan London.

This month McKern begins work on a new film, "Glory Hole," a story of World War I.

* * *

THE total bill for performers' fees on the "Ed Sullivan Show" during its 15 years on the air amounts to 20,000,000 dollars (£A10,000,000). More than 20,000 performers have appeared on the long-running variety show.

* * *

LESLEY UGGAMS will fade from the fading Mitch Miller "Sing Along With Mitch" series to do a string of guest appearances on the "Ed Sullivan Show."

* * *

THE only lawyer on the set of the television courtroom drama series "The Defenders" is the make-up man, John Jirat, who was admitted to the bar in 1957 but decided against practising law. Hoping to make it two lawyers on the set, series star E. G. Marshall studies law at night-school in New York.

Television

JACK MULLANEY, seen as a naval officer in the "Ensign O'Toole" series, becomes a physicist in the new series from American C.B.S., "Living Doll," with Julie Newmar. "Ensign O'Toole," which lasted only one season, is now in the rerun stage in the U.S. and is getting better ratings than it enjoyed first time round.

* * *

GREER GARSON and Walter Pidgeon in a television series? Maybe. The producers of the popular "Dr. Kildare" series are reported trying to recruit the pair of former film co-stars.

* * *

VAUGHN MEADER, the comedian and mimic who made the best-selling record in history ("The First Family"), gets his first big television appearance in an A.B.C. special in the U.S. —"The World of Vaughn Meader."

Tommy Hanlon's Thought for the week

Momma once said . . . when asked how do you know when you are approaching middle age . . . Well, there are countless little hints given to you. One is when you realise you're going to either have to get stronger glasses or longer arms, or, if you are a man, you start to lose your hair, your teeth, and YOUR ILLUSIONS. And you're really getting the hint when you would rather not have a good time . . . than have to get over it. BUT you really know you have reached middle age when you read her moral . . .

Momma's moral . . . You know you've reached middle age when someone tells you to pull in your stomach . . . and you already have.

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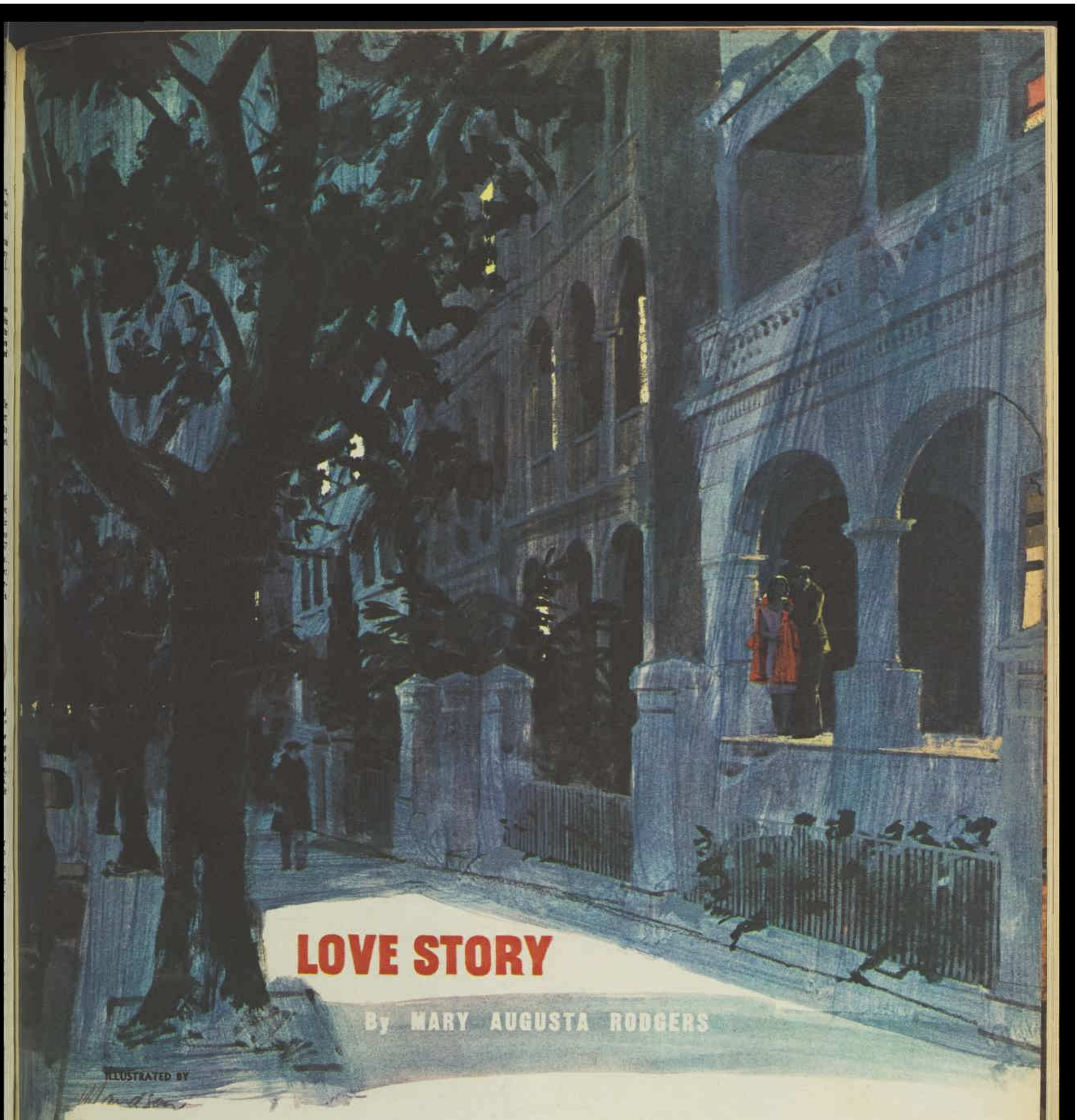

LOVE STORY

By MARY AUGUSTA RODGERS

ILLUSTRATED BY

THE lunch was delicious. We had chicken a la king and cheese biscuits and asparagus with hollandaise and strawberry shortcake smothered in whipped cream. Barbara offered me sugar for my coffee, and sweetened her own cup with a saccharin tablet and a look of virtue. "I've been watching my weight," she explained. She lighted a cigarette, smiled, and then said, "Do you realise how long it's been since we've seen each other?"

"Of course."

"Nearly twelve years," Barbara said relentlessly. "Nineteen fifty-two, in San Francisco. You were living in that funny apartment building."

"What was so funny about it?"

"I don't know. I just remember that I thought it was."

Barbara and I had been room-mates in college, and 1952 was the year after our graduation. (There was war in Korea, and Dwight Eisenhower and Adlai Stevenson campaigned for President, and Senator McCarthy's name shrieked from newspaper headlines, but personal history has its own dates.)

I had gone to San Francisco to live and I had a newspaper job—well, sort of. The newspaper was a weekly, distributed to the employees of a large department store, and I did features about a cashier whose hobby was collecting buttons and the results of a sales contest in the men's wear department. It was hardly the career I had dreamed of in college, but what possible job would have been?

Barbara came West that spring on a long vacation trip with her parents, and she spent a weekend with me.

"Oh, it's a funny place," she said, dismissing the whole state of California. She was a banker's daughter from a small town near Indianapolis, and she carried Indiana with her like a shield. The town was called Bismark, and Barbara felt that outsiders failed to appreciate its many outstanding features.

"It's not such a little place," she would insist. "Why, industry is just pouring into Bismark." She was a very likeable girl. Now she was plumper, and she had acquired a fashionable interest in abstract art and politics, but she seemed essentially the same.

"Is industry still pouring into Bismark?" I asked.

"Well," Barbara said with a grudging smile, "last time I was there they had a new feed-bag company. You never forget anything, do you?"

"Not much. It's a curse."

"I'll bet. But do you remember this?"

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Dolly smiled up at Jack as he helped her into her coat before they set out.

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Surely this peaceful little island was the haven he sought... a dramatic story

A CRAVING FOR INNOCENCE

By ROMAIN GARY

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

WHEN I finally decided to abandon civilisation with all the pretentious trappings they dare to call "values" and withdraw to a Pacific island, a coral reef beside a blue lagoon, as far as possible from a world entirely devoted to the pursuit of material things, I did so for reasons which will perhaps surprise only those who do not know me or misunderstand me completely.

I felt a craving for innocence. I felt the need of escaping this atmosphere of frenzied competition and greed, where the absence of rules had become the only rule of the game, and where, for a sensitive and withdrawn nature like mine, inclined to quiet meditation, it was becoming increasingly difficult to find good servants and to obtain without too much effort the material necessities and the comfortable way of life conducive to a detached, contented, and peaceful state of mind.

I was driven almost to distraction by the atmosphere of selfish men around me, so typical of Paris, where even a Spanish cook would no longer hesitate to ask you for a raise.

Yes, it was innocence I longed for above all. I had had enough of being surrounded by other people's egos. I dreamed of selflessness. All those who are close to me know the value I attach to this quality, the first and perhaps even the only one I demand of my friends.

I dreamed of a pleasant life among simple and obliging beings, who still preserved their purity of heart and were incapable of sordid calculation, of whom I could ask anything, granting them my friendship in return. I was alone in the world.

My so-called friends were busy taking care of themselves—of their wives and children. No woman I had ever known was capable of that selfless quality that can make life so easy for an idealist.

I was no longer young and had very few illusions left. The noble ideals of my youth had left me: I no longer believed that you could become rich by writing. I, therefore, sold my few personal possessions and reached Tahiti at the beginning of the summer.

I was disappointed by Papeete.

The little town is charming, of course, but materialism keeps raising its ugly head there, too; everything has a price, a salary; a servant is a wage-earner and not a friend, and expects to be paid at the end of the month; the expression, "I've got to make a living," can be heard there with a threatening and, to an artist, a painful undertone, and, as I said, money was one of the things I had determined to leave as far behind me as possible.

I was determined not to touch the stuff. In fact, I left it all in the hands of a solid investment firm in Paris.

I proceeded to leave Papeete and to settle on a little island of the Marquesas group, Taratora, which I chose at random on the map: the boat of the Oceania Company dropped anchor every month during the copra season.

No sooner had I set foot on the island than I felt that my dreams were at last about to come true.

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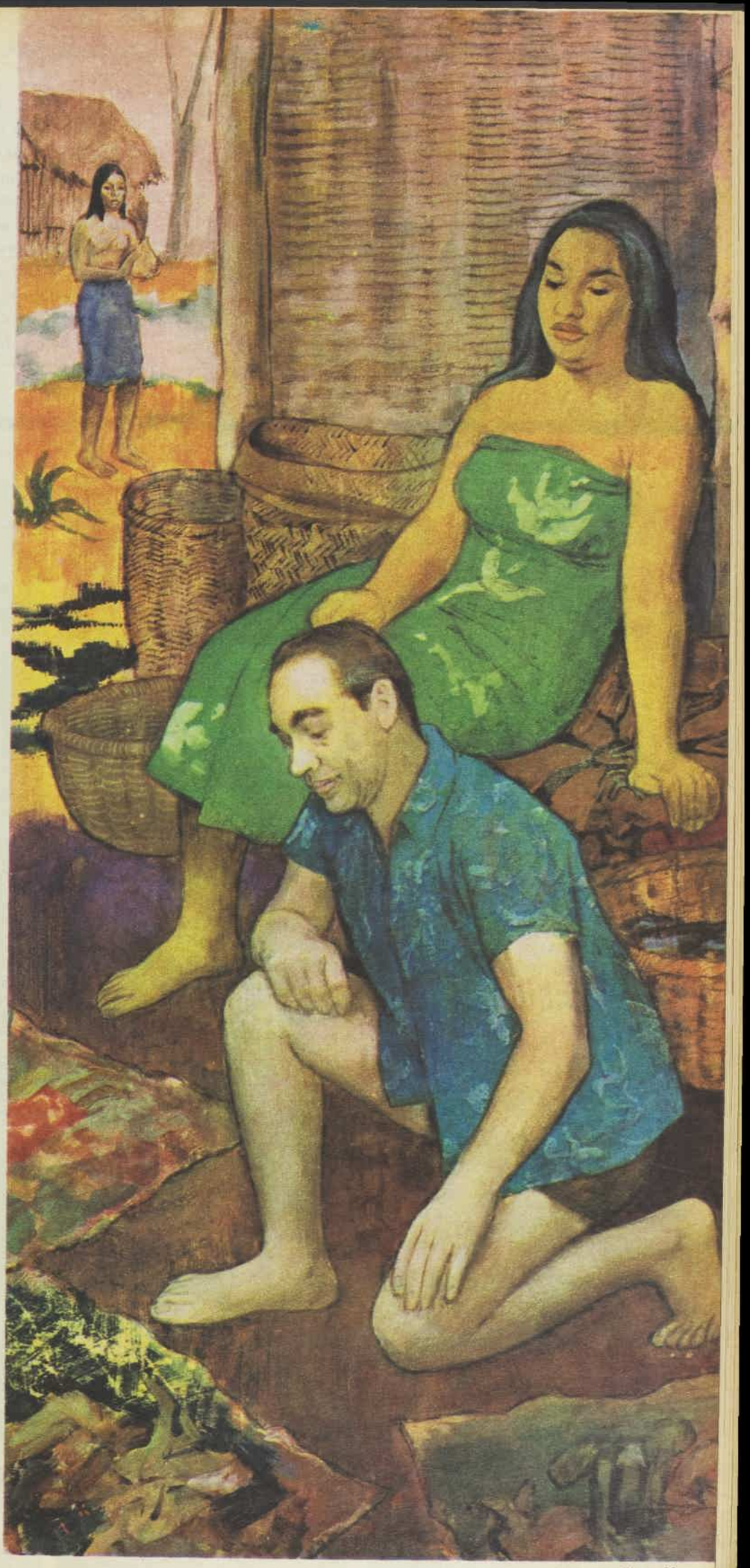

As I knelt on the floor Taratonga said, "Take all the canvases if you want them."

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CHANEL'S New Elegance ...

● The 1964 Chanel spring collection was the most alluring Chanel has produced since her return to couture ten years ago. Chanel's inspired color sense, her passion for craftsmanship, detail, and luxe fabrics make her spring clothes the most wanted in Paris. Important in the collection was a new suit silhouette, for day and late-day. The suit has a three-tiered skirt and a jacket cropped to bolero proportions. A matador silhouette was another spring line. Chanel is the only designer in Paris to de-emphasise the knee. She believes knees are prettiest glimpsed only when a skirt is in motion. The designer is still faithful to her favorite strong pink. As a new color and fabric look she added tweeds in water-ice pastels. white marcella cotton, and opalescent printed gauze.

● *Elegant gold and white lame cocktail dress has a wrapover skirt belted with a heavy gold chain. The cropped jacket is narrowly bound in plain gold lame.*

● *Dress and jacket (below) made in white cotton marcella and fastened with gold buttons. The flower buttonhole matched to the hat trim is Chanel news.*

● *Chanel's favorite vivid pink in a suit (above). The blouse in gauze is matched to the jacket lining. The easy skirt shows the same gauze.*

● *Chanel classic in bougainvillea-colored tweed (below). The blouse, lining, and hat trim are in matching spring-like printed opalescent gauze.*

● *Superb pink and green tweed is seen in the suit (above). The jacket has Chanel's new suit shoulders, slightly smaller than last season's. The blouse is in lilac gauze, which also lines the jacket and collar. Pill-box hat is in fine green straw.*

● *Mozart bow (below) made in black velvet. A similar bow in silk or wool was also featured in the Chanel spring collection. The bow has since been copied throughout the world. Note: The bow is always worn low at the nape.*

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The collection glorified hats and bows. Her Mozart bow had fresh chic; her hats were ravishing. One of the prettiest, in white straw, had a camellia perched on the crown . . . And the secret of Chanel's fashion success over half a century? I think the answer is that she makes an older woman look young, a young woman look agelessly chic.

— *BETTY KEEP*

● *New matador look (above) portrayed by a cropped jacket, straight skirt, and tipped-forward matador-type hat. The suit tweed is beige with a strong dark overtone. Blouse in soft pink silk has a self-tie at the neckline.*

● *Chanel of the year (right)—tweed suit with a tiered silhouette, a marvel of tailoring balance. The loose cropped jacket again echoes a current Chanel favorite, the matador line. Printed gauze is used for the blouse and trim.*

...for SPRING

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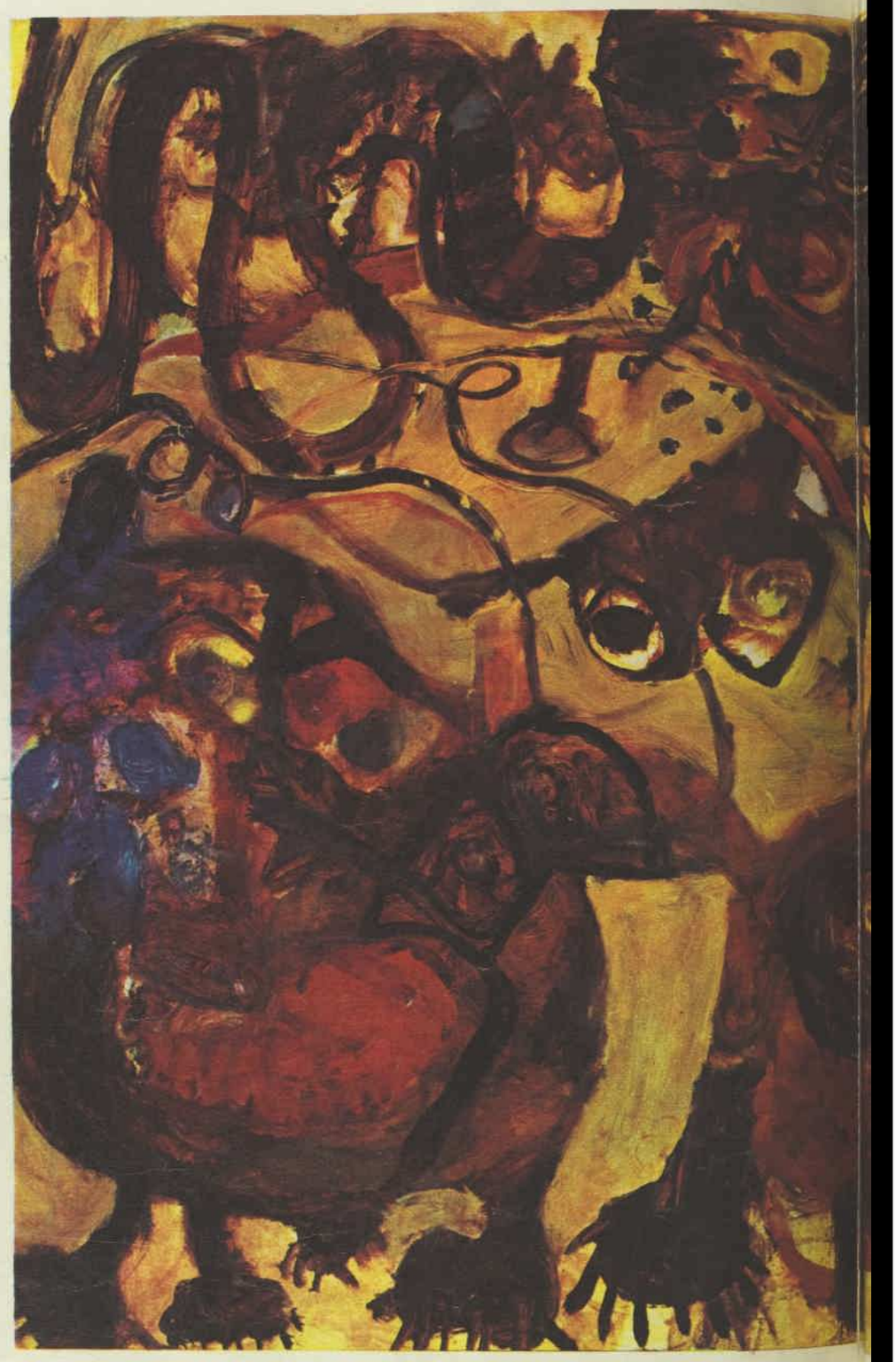
the Australian Scene



'Summer in the You Beaut Country' Oil on hardboard
John Olsen

Born in Newcastle in 1928, John Olsen studied painting at the Julian Ashton School in Sydney and with John Passmore. He has said of himself that he is 'interested in landscape and things . . . but in a stage of movement, change and flux'. This feeling of movement is characteristic of his series of paintings of 'The You Beaut Country'. In them he has been striving to capture the exuberant vitality of Australia, trying, in his own words, 'to get at Australia; how it is experienced and felt!' In this particular painting, 'Summer in the You Beaut Country', he has included all the things that make an Australian summer . . . the sunshine, the people, the cats and birds, the snakes and lizards . . . all put down with the directness and naturalness of a child, but with the sophistication and control of an adult.

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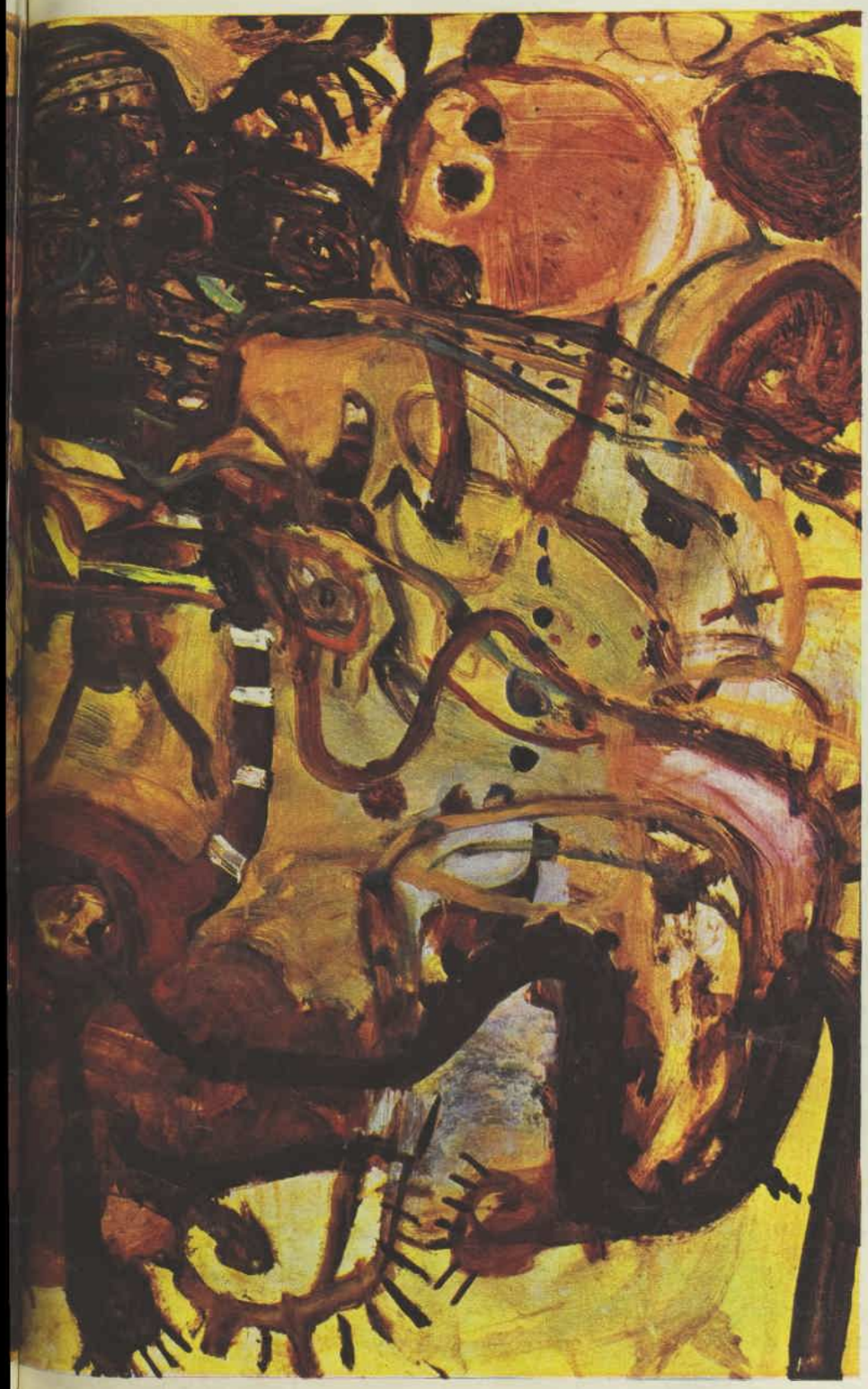

This fine painting,
'Summer in the You Beaut Country'
by John Olsen,
is one of seven paintings
by Australian artists
commissioned by Viscount Cigarettes
—themselves very much a
part of the Australian scene.
We hope you enjoy them both.

Really magnificent 18" x 23" colour reproductions of this painting are available for only £1 each. This is less than half normal retail price. Just send your name and address, the title of the painting and a postal note or cheque for £1 to Godfrey Phillips International Pty. Limited, PO Box 4, Collingwood, Victoria. **Your print will be sent to you in an uncrushable mailing tube.**

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THE RIVAL

Louise was determined to marry the man she loved . . . a short short story

By IDA JOHNS

IT wasn't really a one-sided love, Louise often told herself. It was just that Tom was too busy to know they were meant for each other. Up until now her rivals had been baseball, hot-rod cars, sailboats—and, as Tom grew up, all his scientific interests.

When Tom was so crazy about the Little League, she'd memorised the batting averages of all the famous baseball players and even learned how to be a cheer leader at Little League games. When Tom was in love with all the greasy mechanics of motors, she'd stood by, holding wrenches and oily auto parts. When sailing became his passion she'd conquered her fears of drowning and learned how to tip over and right a boat safely.

In college, she'd taken up higher maths so she could listen to his scientific discussions and ask questions that weren't too dumb. Sometimes the going was pretty rough, but she always managed to smile and show enthusiasm for whatever carried him away.

Some boys start rushing girls early, but Tom was so wholeheartedly absorbed in his sports, hobbies, and scientific pursuits that Louise sometimes wondered whether he would ever find time to fall in love with her. Louise wasn't exactly the girl next door. Tom lived three blocks away in this Californian town. But Tom was always rushing over, all afire over some new interest. At least, she told herself, there was nothing he couldn't confide in her.

Lately he seemed moody, diffident. He acted as if there was something on his mind, something he wanted to tell her and didn't quite dare. Had he found out that he was in love with her at last? He was graduating from the university this year, so they certainly were old enough to be engaged. Naturally, he would want to get his M.A. before they were married, but Louise didn't mind waiting.

When Tom dropped over that night he seemed moodier than ever. She could see he wanted to be alone with her, so she left her parents in the living-room and steered Tom out to the porch swing. For a while they just sat there in silence, but Louise had known Tom so long, it wasn't uncomfortable. The moonlight was beautiful, romantic, and Louise couldn't help smiling tenderly at the way Tom was so awkward about asking her to get engaged.

At last Tom spoke abruptly. "Louise, I'm in love," he said.

It seemed a funny way to start a proposal, but after all Tom wasn't very practised in romance. Then the smile stiffened on Louise's face as she realised Tom wasn't proposing to her. He was telling her he loved — another girl!

"Claire's not one of those lightweights. She's terribly in earnest about her career."

"Is she studying science?" Louise faltered, keenly aware that even her love for Tom hadn't made her good in science and maths.

"No. She's a singer, but she works hard, much harder than any

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co-ed," he boasted. "She's mastered voice technique. She can sing in any style, but she's had a tough struggle. To get a start, she's singing in a little nightclub with an awful lowbrow comedian. And unless more people come to the club, her engagement won't last another two weeks."

"Are you going to marry her?"

"Not right away. She wants to make good first, just as I do."

"But a wife could be a help to a man—and if she were married, she wouldn't have to take jobs in second-rate nightclubs with lowbrow comedians."

"She wants to make good on her own."

Years of practice stood Louise in good stead. She was able to listen with every show of sympathy as Tom raved on and on about the wonderful qualities Claire possessed.

"Would you do something for me, Louise?" Tom asked at last.

"Anything," Louise admitted.

"You have so many friends," Tom pointed out, "do you suppose you could get up a crowd to go and hear Claire on Saturday night? Once the crowd saw her performance, it might start a trend. If theatrical people caught on to what a drawing card Claire could be, she'd get better and better offers."

It was hard to promote a rival, but, with a good imitation of her usual enthusiasm, Louise rounded up Harry and Jane, Bud and Kathy — all the gang — and made them promise to go to the nightclub on Saturday night to hear Claire. Then she remembered her parents knew Dalton Meyers, who had money and some sort of connections with the TV industry. For Tom's sake, she decided she might as well go all out—and she got her parents to persuade Dalton Meyers to take in Claire's act, too.

When she told Tom that Dalton Meyers was coming and explained his theatrical connections, he gave her a bear hug and a brotherly kiss of gratitude. That kiss, brotherly though it was, eased her heartache for a moment. In his delight Tom promised to bring Claire to their table to meet the gang before Claire's act.

Louise dreaded meeting her, and it was every bit as bad as she expected. Tom introduced Claire to them so proudly—and she was exquisitely beautiful! She was blond in a delicate, artistocratic way, every curl in place, her features chiselled to perfection, her make-up applied with an artist's skill.

Claire greeted the gang politely, but she seemed too nervous about her performance to smile. The boys were so overwhelmed by her glamor they didn't think to ask her to sit down. But when Tom introduced her to the older people at another table, she accepted the chair that Dalton Meyers offered. Too late, the boys realised the chance they'd missed. Apparently it made them a bit miffed.

"She's afraid to smile for fear she'll crack her make-up," Dick was rude enough to remark.

Claire was too busy charming Dalton Meyers to hear, but Tom caught it and glared. It was second nature to Louise to defend Tom and everything and everyone concerned with him. Fiercely she suppressed Dick.

The worst of it was Louise's efforts to promote Claire failed. The gang didn't spread the word and make all their friends want to take in the nightclub and Claire's singing. Indirectly Louise learned that Claire's engagement had ended and the club had folded.

Worst of all, Tom never dropped over to see Louise any more. It hurt deeply, but naturally she didn't let it show.

Only on an occasional evening did she permit herself to sit alone in the porch swing and remember grease-blackened episodes with Tom, near drownings in his sailboat—and her struggles to get a C in maths. One evening she was startled to see Tom coming up the walk.

"How's Claire?" she asked casually as he sat down beside her. "Did she get a job in a better club?"

It was a moment before he answered. "She got married—to Dalton Meyers."

"Oh, Tom, I'm so sorry!" Louise reached out and took his hand.

For a little while Tom didn't say anything, but he didn't let her hand go.

"I let a little glamor make a fool of me," he confessed at last.

"I wanted to come around before, but you were so swell—about everything—I was ashamed. It's a lucky man who has a girl who'll stand by—a girl who'll smile—even when the going's rough."

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Snug picture of canine comfort. And people can be this warm and comfortable, too, when winter comes.

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SECOND OPINION

With each defeat, his courage waned—part four of our serial.

By RONALD SCOTT THORN

Paul stood still as the stone fell close to the couple.

JUST before leaving London for the Continent on a sales promotion trip for the medical supply firm he works for, PAUL STRETTON has had to face up to two disasters. Firstly, while promoting the new type of X-ray film with two London specialists, DR. BRIDWELL and DR. RAWTON, he had allowed an X-ray to be taken of his chest by Bridwell, and later heard Rawton describing the X-ray bearing his name as showing inoperable cancer.

Secondly, when he had called in at his home, he had found a letter from his wife, ISOBEL, saying she had left him, as after ten years of marriage she could find no solution to their differences.

Their nine-year-old son, DAVID, had just left home to go to boarding school, after a dreadful incident when Paul had had to stand by helplessly as the boy had nearly drowned, because he himself had always suffered from a fear of drowning.

Feeling there is nothing to live for, Paul decides to fake a fatal accident on his trip, and takes out a large accident insurance policy, which will provide a very secure future for Isobel and David. His first attempt fails when he lands safely in France, after persuading KEN WALLEY, a pilot, to fly him over in a private plane on one of the worst nights for fog.

Later, when he arrives in Paris, he finds a notice in his hotel room, requesting residents not to use the balcony while repairs are being made. To his dismay the balcony seems quite safe, so he deliberately loosens the railings to make another suicide attempt. But when his firm's Paris representative, MONSIEUR DUFOUR, visits him, it is Dufour who leans against the railings and falls. NOW READ ON:

A VOICE just below him broke out hoarsely.

"Stretton! Quickly, help me!"

Incredulous, he moved to the edge of the iron platform. Dufour was clinging to a scaffold-pole a few feet below the end of the balcony.

"Stretton," he rasped again, "get my hand."

Stretton flung himself flat on to the grating, locking his leg round the end section, and then eased his shoulders over the edge.

"Hang on, just hang on," he said.

Slowly, impossibly slowly it seemed, his fingers approached Dufour's, crossed his palm, and finally encircled his wrist.

"Now," he said, "come on, you'll do it, come on."

As the muscles tensed in his arm, irrelevantly he was aware of a blur of faces below and in the distance the dual-tone horn of an ambulance. The ironwork bit into his calf, and then Dufour had his other hand on the edge of the balcony, and with a second heave was beside him.

"Merci," was all he said. "Merci."

They lay still for a moment, breathing heavily, and then crawled back into the room. Stretton sat on the bed, and after a moment began to shiver. Dufour put the last glass of champagne into his hand.

"It is always more exhausting to save than be saved," he smiled.

There was vehement knocking on the door.

"The manager," said Dufour. "We should at least claim another bottle of wine, don't you think?"

"At least," he said, "at least," and gulped down the champagne.

Dufour opened the door into the passage. Stretton could still hear the tap running in the bathroom.

. . . . . .

After the announcement in French, the voice said in accented English: "In five minutes we shall be landing at Hellenikon Airport. No smoking now, and please fasten your safety-belts. Captain Fleuri and his crew hope you have enjoyed the trip." The microphone clicked off, and the muffled whine of the jets changed pitch as the plane made its long banking turn over the bay.

The plane came in toward Athens over a coastline of squat white and pink houses, patches of dry, brown earth, a scattering of green-black cypress trees and yellowing palms, two dusty-looking roads, one magnificent villa, and finally the boundary of the airport. The wheels of the undercarriage kissed the tarmac tentatively before settling to a running embrace which took them to a standstill outside the control-tower and main buildings.

The change in temperature from the air-conditioning hit him as he walked down the steps from the plane.

"Mr. Stretton?"

The voice and the olive smile exuded welcoming enthusiasm and a detectable whiff of garlic.

"That's right."

"Cacoulides. Is a great pleasure to have your acquaintance, Mr. Stretton."

Stretton was relieved of his briefcase and they walked briskly across to the reception lounge. Cacoulides bade him sit down.

"You give me your baggage-check. I see your things through the Customs with no waiting. You have something to declare?"

"Not a thing."

The energetic fifteen stone pushed its way through the mill of passengers to become lost in the atmosphere of hot dust, perfume, Turkish tobacco, and sweat.

Stretton surveyed the scene with barely half his attention. It seemed impossible to find an uninterrupted stretch of time in which to reassess his problem. After the incident on the balcony Dufour had feted him like a hero and had not allowed him a moment to himself until he had left him at Orly that morning. On the plane the repetitive solicitations of the hostess and the serving of drinks and food had made concentration impossible. At night the thought of his responsibility for what might have been a tragedy constantly brought him out

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Goya

ART AWARD 1964

Australian and International Perfumery House, Goya, is pleased to announce a national Art Award. The "Goya Art Award" is open to anyone up to 25 years of age by August 15, 1964, and in *any* artistic medium including sculpture but excepting photography. More details and conditions follow.

SUBJECT

Art advisers to Goya have suggested that "The Australian Teenager" would provide a fascinating area for artistic expression. Entrants are expected to depict the Australian Teenager as they, the artist, see them. This award is intended to encourage young Australian Artists.

JUDGING

Goya has obtained the co-operation of well known art personalities and authorities who will judge entries in all States. Their judgement will be final and no correspondence will be entered into. It is not intended to create any legal relationship between entrants, Judges and the Company. Judging will begin immediately after the competition closing date, August 15, 1964.

EXHIBITIONS

Exhibitions of winning entries will be held in capital cities by Goya. Winning entries and others chosen for exhibition may be sold by artists during these exhibitions, but they cannot be delivered to their new owners until the interstate round of exhibitions is completed.

PRIZES. A first prize for each State will be awarded (25 guineas) and from these a national winner will be chosen (100 guineas).

HOW YOU ENTER

Entries should be suitably mounted, though not necessarily framed, and sent to the address nearest you. These addresses appear below.

Entries which are neither winners nor are selected for interstate exhibitions will be returned to their owners immediately after judging.

Each entry should be clearly identified with the following information. **Name, Address, State, Age,** firmly attached to your entry.

Make certain your entry is accompanied by the proper information. If it is not, it will not be judged and obviously cannot be returned. Please ensure that your entries are adequately packed and protected. Goya can accept no responsibility for the condition of entries.

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Closing date for all entries is August 15, 1964. Winners will be announced as quickly as possible and their names will appear in metropolitan daily press.

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Jan Lewis, our gay young Goya girl's in an arty mood. Loves to create impressions (mostly on him). Always keeps close the perfect accessory for it — Goya skin perfume. Smart Miss Goya knows there's nothing more feminine, than a refreshing splash of this best loved of skin perfumes to keep you subtly fragrant all the date through. In six cherished fragrances, there's one for you — Entice, Passport, Goya No. 5, Gardenia, Black Rose, & Affaire. Your chemist has two sizes, 8/9 & 15/6.

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Your knitting needn't shrink or pill again... if you use Patons **PATONISED** wools

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Read how the Patonising process, exclusive to Patons, preserves the original fit and good looks of your handknits.

Once these sweaters looked exactly alike! Then each was worn for 4 hours daily, for 3 weeks, and under the same conditions. After that both were given 12 identical hand washes, and allowed to dry completely between each wash. See the sweater on the left, knitted in a non-Patonised wool equivalent to 8-ply, has shrunk 2". It's pilled and felted, too.

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LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Should a mother tell?

"ANXIOUS" (N.S.W.) asks whether she should tell her children that she has an incurable illness and has not long to live. Unless her children are adults, I would not tell them. As the disease progresses, they will come to accept what lies ahead. I once read, "The kindest thing a mother can do is to teach her children to live without her," and since contracting a progressive disease myself I can see how wise the writer was. Let "Anxious" teach her children to do as much as they can for themselves, letting her illness be the excuse for not doing all the things she once did. They will then be able to cope with the small details of daily living.

£1/1/- to M.S. (name supplied), West Preston, Vic.

★ ★ ★

IF the children are old enough to think as young adults, tell them, or they will have regrets later over little deeds left undone or words spoken thoughtlessly. If still tiny, let the inevitable come.

£1/1/- to "Regrets" (name supplied), Somersby, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

MY husband, an invalid, who was great mates with our little daughter, told her, "I have to go to hospital again, and this time I don't think they can fix me up. If I die, you won't worry, will you?" As she was barely six at the time, I thought this was very hard on her. "Daddy told me not to worry," she said when he died, "so I won't, and don't you worry either, Mummy. But I wish he could come alive again." She speaks of him quite naturally, so his judgment was right. Don't underestimate children's understanding.

£1/1/- to "Confidence" (name supplied), Fairfield, Vic.

★ ★ ★

MY mother told only my elder sister and myself (I was nine), but not the younger ones. In later years we both appreciated this, as it gave us a chance to know our mother better and let her show and tell us many things that were to help us. I am sure, also, that Mum's last months were made easier by our help.

£1/1/- to "Wahine" (name supplied), Proserpine, Qld.

★ ★ ★

KEEP your secret, make every moment a pleasure, enjoy your children, and don't let their days be marred by the thought of tragedy. Train them to be independent, helping them to stand on their own two feet —I am doing this myself.

£1/1/- to "Anon" (name supplied), Dungog, N.S.W.

Bread and milk

THE other night my husband wanted supper, and, of all things, asked for bread and milk. "Whatever is that?" asked our 15-year-old son. Do other readers remember the days when bread and milk was part of the family diet, particularly when anyone was sick? I know I used to regard it as a great treat. But in these days of instant puddings and Beatles my children have never heard of it.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Violet Young, Indooroopilly, Qld.

Lost learning regretted

WHEN my daughter was a child I encouraged her to learn piano, voice production, then singing, but she would spend only a short time at each. Now, at 16, she is trying to learn all three at once, having lessons at night and practising in the morning before leaving for work. She says I should have forced her to learn when younger!

£1/1/- to "Tried" (name supplied), Bankstown, N.S.W.

In defence of male nurses

MANY regard male nursing as a sissy occupation, although no one regards doctors as sissies. Friends of a young man training as a nurse at the local hospital laugh their heads off at the thought of his graduating to "Sister," and one wit supposed that, if he reached the dizzy heights of being in charge, instead of "Matron" he would be called "Patron."

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. M. Betts, Launceston, Tas.

His theory on the prince's name

MY little son was thrilled pink when he heard that the Queen's new son is called Edward, and is telling everyone that "the Queen called the little baby prince Edward, after me." When I asked him what made him so sure, he replied, "Because Grandad must have told her to." Grandad lives in England.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Pollentine, Tinana, Qld.

Toddlers and sewing-machines

WHEN your toddler tries to investigate your sewing-machine while you are sewing, put yourself inside the playpen with the machine and keep the toddler out. Tie the playpen in one or two places to a table leg or other furniture, and if you have to leave it you will know the child cannot get at the machine inside the pen.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Watts, Westmead, N.S.W.

To see ourselves

● On sale in New York (at £13,000) is a video-tape-recorder which enables the owner to record parties and play them back at once on a TV set.

With all respect to Robert Burns,
One doubts that anybody yearns
To see themselves as seen by others
(Unless, perhaps, by loving mothers).

Though writing with poetic tact
He really wished, in point of fact,
That fellow men (the thought is grim)
Could see themselves as seen by him.

He never dreamed, nor could foresee,
The horrors of a tame TV
Which hearty hosts with happy jests
Could use to lacerate their guests.

If Robert Burns were here today,
He might, in Scottish accents, say,
"Frae such devices as unnerve us,
Like party playbacks, pray preserve us."

— Dorothy Drain

Mother goes back to school

WITH only a Junior standard education myself, and a university graduate husband, I felt ignorant and have put myself back to school. I'm studying by correspondence for the Leaving Certificate, and last year passed my first unit. This year I am taking two. My own children are still at the pre-school age.

£1/1/- to "Wife" (name supplied), Mt. Pleasant, W.A.

The weaker sex

JUST which is the weaker sex? When our dog had distemper we took him to the vet. I had my small daughter in my arms, so my husband said, "I'll hold the dog while he has the injection." Well, the needle went in, my husband fainted, and I ended up holding him, the baby, and the dog.

£1/1/- to "One Of The Weaker" (name supplied), Mount Gravatt, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

STARING at honeymoon couples is a bit mean.

It is akin to the unpopular practice of playing gooseberry.

Yet there is no denying that honeymoon couples are interesting.

My wife and I could not help studying them on our holidays.

We were spending a few days in the Blue Mountains. The most striking feature of that delightful region, apart from the views and the cockatoos, was the honeymooners.

It seemed to be the open season for them.

They didn't say they were on their honeymoon, of course. But when a very young man and a girl with a brand-new ring sit at a table of their own in the dining-room, you put two and two together.

You decide they cannot be delegates to the builders' convention, or commercial travellers.

My wife and I are only average stickybeaks. But we got to notice the way different couples talked and went on. It was natural to wonder:

JUST MARRIED

What will their future be? Will the union be a success?

Couple A were the casual type. They behaved as if there was nothing unusual about the whole thing.

At meals they would just say: "More toast?" and "Thanks." They looked out the window in an apathetic way.

Our forecast of their future:

Doubtful. If they're not interested in a honeymoon, will they be interested in anything?

Couple B were the opposite — very romantic. Much gazing into eyes over the soup and grilled chops.

They had nothing to say to each other; nor did they go for walks, or play the juke-box. High-powered mooning was the line.

Forecast: Future probably O.K. But they must develop other interests or they will be bored stiff.

Couple C were a problem pair. He talked to her nervously; she stared at her plate.

We saw them sitting on a seat at a lookout. But they were not looking at the view, only at the ground.

We felt sorry for Couple C. They didn't seem to be having much fun.

Forecast: One could only hope for the best.

Easily our favorites were young Mr. and Mrs. D.

When out on walks they would bump into each other and go in for affectionate horseplay.

Once we saw him hide behind a tree and throw a small stone at her.

Forecast: Everything will be all right.

May they have a radiant future, those happy, jostling mountain honeymooners!

This, we decided, is one sure sign that newlyweds are compatible — they throw stones at each other (small stones, anyway).

He loves the way Yardley Hand Cream keeps my hands so soft and smooth, delicately fragrant. Yardley's precious secret? A special moisturiser to keep hands smooth . . . soft, soft, petal soft and fragrant. Pamper yourself with this gentle touch of luxury. Yardley Hand Cream, 9/6; or in the handy tube, 6/11.

Yardley

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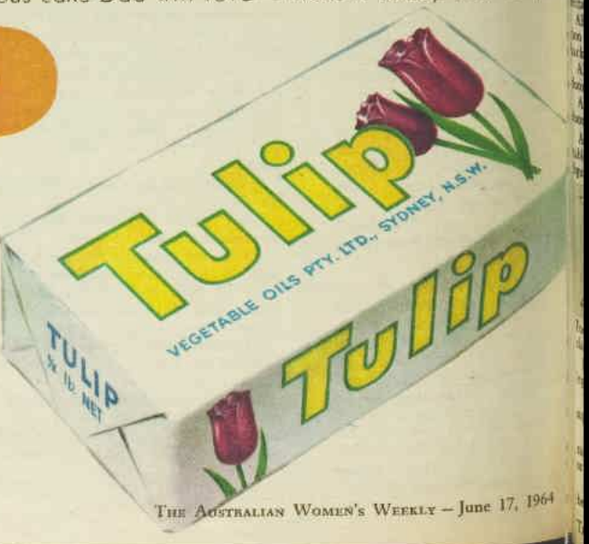
"Checkerboard" a delicious cake Dad will love— make it today with Tulip.

TULIP

Australia's quality Margarine

CHECKERBOARD CAKE: 5 ozs. TULIP, 8 ozs. S.R. Flour, 1 teaspn. vanilla, 3 eggs, 8 ozs. sugar, ½ cup milk, pinch salt, raspberry jam, 1 tblspn. cocoa, 2 tblspns. milk mixed together. Chocolate frosting. **METHOD:** 1. Cream Tulip and sugar together until light and fluffy—add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. 2. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk and vanilla. 3. Divide mixture into two—add cocoa mixture to one part. Pour into two greased and floured 8" sandwich pans—bake in mod. oven 35-40 min. 4. When cold cut each cake into three circles using 2½" scone cutter for centre circle, 5½" saucer—mark and cut with knife. Spread inner portion of each circle with thin layer of jam and fit back into shape, having alternate chocolate and white pieces in each layer. Join layers together with jam. 5. Spread top and sides with frosting and decorate with almonds which have been dipped in melted chocolate. **Frosting:** 3 ozs. TULIP, 1½ cups icing sugar, 2 tblspns. cocoa, 2 tblspns. sherry or milk. **METHOD:** 1. Cream together TULIP and sugar. 2. Blend together cocoa and sherry—add to creamed mixture and beat well.



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EIGHT-PAGE PULL-OUT

A DECORATOR'S DICTIONARY

● Are you thinking of a bergere for your living-room? Do you know what galloon is? These and hundreds of other decorating terms are explained in this comprehensive dictionary, which includes an illustrated description of the great furniture periods from which so many modern trends are derived.

ACANTHUS — Grown in Asia Minor, the acanthus has a large leaf shape which is used as a design conventionalised by the Greeks in architectural design. Every succeeding style since the Renaissance has used it in exuberant or restrained manner for furniture ornamentation according to its style.

ACOUSTICS—Those aspects of a room concerned with sound and hearing.

AGES—Early English periods have been divided by noted early 20th-century authority Percy Macquoid according to woods used in furniture. Although use of the woods may overlap, general classification is:

AGE OF OAK (1500-1660) — Gothic, Renaissance, Tudor, Elizabethan, Jacobean.

AGE OF WALNUT (1660-1720)—William and Mary, Queen Anne.

AGE OF MAHOGANY (1720-1765)—Early Georgian, Chippendale.

AGE OF SATINWOOD (1765-1800)—The Adam Brothers, Sheraton, Hepplewhite, other Georgian designers and craftsmen.

(See furniture periods in this feature).

ALLOY—Mixture of metals.

AMBRY—Closed recess in wall of medieval church for storage, the English equivalent of which developed into a large cupboard with doors.

AMBULANTES (French)—Small portable tables used for serving tea, etc. Period Louis XV and after.

AMORINI (Italian)—Carved or painted cupids for decorative effect, extensively used in Italian Baroque work.

ANGEL-BED—Bedstead with a canopy but with no pillars at the foot. The curtains are drawn back at the sides next to the head of the bed. Chiefly French, 18th century.

ANTIQUE—In Australia, an antique is classified by Government regulations as any piece of furniture more than 100 years old. Other countries have their own individual rulings.

ANTIQUING—Process of treating wood or finish on furniture to make it look old.

APRON (also called skirt)—A structural part of furniture. In tables, the piece connecting the legs, just under the top; in chairs, beneath the seat. In chairs or beds, may also be that part of the covering which is full around the base, hiding the legs.

ARABESQUE — Arabian decoration of painted, inlaid, or flat carved designs, composed of floral and geometrical scrolls, animal and mythological forms, etc. Usually enclosed within a simple shape such as a rectangle.

ARCADE—In furniture, a carved decoration representing a series of arches, e.g., chair back.

ARCHITRAVE—Moulding surrounding a doorway, window, or arch.

ARMOIRE (French) — Cupboard with doors — usually for household goods.

ATLANTES — Supporting columns on tables, cabinets, etc., in the shape of male figures.

BAHUT (French, "trunk, chest") — In middle ages, a portable chest used for personal luggage. Developed into its current form, which is a decorative high cabinet.

BALL - AND - CLAW-FOOT (18th century) — Foot on furniture shaped as a talon or claw clasping a ball.

BALL FOOT—Ball-shaped termination of leg of furniture.

BALUSTER—An upright post helping to support a handrail.

BALUSTRADE — Row of balusters with rail forming ornamental parapet to balcony or terrace.

BANQUETTE (French) — Upholstered bench.

BAROQUE (French, "rough, irregular, odd")—Flamboyant tendency of European design in the 17th century, full of movement, large curves, fantastic ornamentation.

BEAU BRUMMELL—Originally designed for the male dandies of the late 18th century, this English dressing-table was a complex arrangement of adjustable mirrors, candle-brackets, and drawers. Called after the most fashionable gentleman of the time.

BENT WOOD—Process of moulding wood after softening it with steam, which originated in Austria in late 19th century. Largely used as an inexpensive and sturdy method for chair construction, e.g., Thonet chairs.

BERGERE (French, "shepherdess") — A French upholstered armchair with back and arms in one.

BEVEL—Sloping edge of any flat surface cut at a slant to the main area.

BILBOA—Mirror with frame of marble or of marble and wood. Popular late 18th century. Also spelt Bilbao after the Spanish port of its origin.

BLACKAMOOR — Negro figure used decoratively as a table base in Baroque continental furniture, early 18th century, and again in Victorian England and America.

BOISERIE (French, "wainscot")—Woodwork used specifically for 18th-century carved panels.

BOMBE (French, "arched, barrelled")—Outward curve or bulge on furniture.

BOTTLE TURNING—William and Mary style of leg turning in the shape of a bottle.

BRACKET—A small ornamental shelf. Any wall lighting fixture. In furniture, a supporting member between the leg and seat of a table or chair, or the leg and body of a case. Pierced brackets of many kinds are characteristic in Chippendale work.

BREAKFRONT—Cabinet with one or more projections on the front.

BULBOUS—Furniture legs with enormous bulb-like features, common to most European styles during the Renaissance. The Dutch passed it on to the English, who made it an outstanding characteristic of their furniture in the 16th and 17th centuries.

BURJAR—Chippendale's name for a large upholstered chair like the French Bergere.

BURL—An abnormal growth or diseased area on trees, producing beautifully mottled patterns when cut in cross-sections for decorative veneer.

CABRIOLE — Leg of furniture in Louis XV and Victorian eras in shape of stylised animal's leg.

CACQUETEUSE — French chair with high, narrow back and curved arms. (Late 16th century.)

CABLE — Rope moulding used to decorate furniture.

CABLE FLUTING—Fluting, the lower end of which is filled in with a convex moulding.

CANAPE—Sofa or couch.

CANDELABRA — Upright, branched candlestick or lamp-stand.

CANOPY—Drapery covering suspended over a piece of furniture, e.g., bed or important seat.

CARVED RUG—Rug in which the pile has been cut in a pattern of different levels.

CASSAPANCA (Italian) — Long wooden seat with back and arms of wood, with a hinged lid seat doubling as a chest.

CASTELLATED — Architecturally, a regularly pierced cornice, suggesting the parapets of fortified castles. Repeated in certain Gothic furniture.

CELLARET — Deep drawer for bottles in a sideboard.

CERTOSINA—Style of inlay employing bone or ivory on a dark wood ground. Usually small geometric patterns, e.g., stars, triangles, crescents, suggesting Mohammed's theme. Appears frequently in 14th-century Venetian work.

CIRCA (Latin, "about" or "approximately") — Followed by a date to establish approximate year in which an antique was made.

CHAIR RAIL—Topmost moulding of a dado (see DADO), placed on the wall at the height of a chair back to protect the plaster.

CHAISE-LONGUE—Elongated seat in the form of a daybed or sofa for brief resting periods, first appeared in 17th century. The addition of comfortable upholstery and cushions increased its popularity in the 18th century.

CHANDELIER — Branched hanging support for several lights.

CHEVAL (French, "horse")—Fire-screen mounted on two feet.

CHIFFONIER (French, "chiffonier")—Movable chest of drawers.

CHINOISERIE (French, "Chinese ornament")—Referring to the Chinese taste or manner.

CLEAT—Strip of wood fastened to a flat surface to brace or strengthen.

COFFER—All-purpose chest which served also as a seat, table, or trunk, early European.

CONCAVE—Sunken, depressed, or hollow surface.

CONFIDENTE—Sofa or settee with separate seats at each end.

CONFESSIONAL—Large, high, upholstered chair with wings. French, 17th and 18th centuries.

COMMODE—Chest of drawers, usually refers to French furniture.

CORNICE—Ornamental moulding round wall of room just below ceiling.

CONSOLE — Mirror or table held by bracket against wall, e.g., hall table with only two standing front legs.

COURTING OR LOVE SEAT—Double chair or small sofa (Queen Anne and later).

CONVENTIONALISE—Simplification of natural forms in reproduction for decoration, e.g., acanthus leaf.

CRESTING—Carved decoration on top rail of chairs, daybeds, mirrors, etc.

CUSPS—Gothic or ornamental knob or point projecting from the intersection of two curves.

DADO—Lower wood-panelled part of a wall beneath a chair rail.

DARBY AND JOAN SETTEE — Two-chair-back settee.

DAVENPORT — Small writing - desk. Currently an upholstered sofa in America.

DECALCOMANIA—Picture applied in reverse to paper, then transferred to furniture by sticking and removing the paper. As a substitute for painted decoration, it appeared in the late 18th century, but became popular only in early 1800s, chiefly in America.

DEEP BUTTONING—Often used in damask or lightweight upholstery, the buttons holding the material in the diamond and other shapes, e.g., Regency chairs.

DEMOISELLE—Early French pedestal table fitted with the form of a woman's head. Used to hold hats and wigs.

DIAPER—Design in regular repeats, usually small, forming diagonal pattern. Took its name from Ypres (France), where it was first woven in the 16th century. Often a basic pattern for wall painting, wall papers.

DISC FOOT—Flat rounded foot in Queen Anne pieces.

DORMER—Projecting upright window in sloping roof.

DOVETAILING—End of piece of wood shaped like dove's spread tail or reversed wedge, fitting into corresponding cavity to form a joint, e.g., in a drawer or case.

DOWEL—Round pin or peg of wood or metal used for keeping two pieces of building material in their correct position, e.g., in building bookcases. Dowels are sometimes used as part of the decoration itself.

DRESSOIR (French, "dresser, sideboard")—Buffet, cupboard, or sideboard with open shelves and racks for china, particularly popular in 18th-century rural England.

DRUNKARD'S CHAIR — Deep, rather low, upholstered armchair, 18th-century England.

DUCHESSE—French chaise-longue, or large upholstered chair and stool designed together to form a couch.

EBONISE—Staining of native hardwood to resemble ebony.

EGGSHELL FINISH —Semi-flat paint surface.

EMBOSSING — Method of decoration in which the pattern protrudes beyond the surface.

ENCOIGNURE (French, "corner-piece") —Small corner cupboard.

ETAGERE (French, "shelves")—Series of shelves supported by columns used chiefly for the display of curios, common in the 19th century.

ENTASIS—Slight middle swelling on a column, to counter optical illusion of hollowness, which occurs in a perfectly straight column. Invented by ancient Greeks.

ESCUTCHEON — Usually metal shield-shaped piece bearing monograms, coats-of-arms, etc., found over keyholes or back plate of a door handle.

FACADE (French, "front")—Front or face of building.

FAKE — An antique altered in such a way that it is no longer completely true to period, often done to meet buyer requirements.

FALDSTOOL—Portable folding seat like a camp seat.

FAUTEUIL—French armchair with small pads on each arm, underneath which is an open space.

FAVAS — Honeycomb - like detail characteristic of Louis XVI furniture.

FERRURE (French, "ironwork, shoeing") —Brass foot on black metal chairs, e.g., wrought iron. Stools and chairs can be round or square.

FILIGREE—Tracery in delicate ornamental patterns.

FILLET—Ridge between flutes.

FINIAL — Decorative terminal placed vertically to accentuate a point or the ending of a structural feature such as a post.

FLAMBEAU (French, "torch, candlestick")—Flaming torch used as a decoration.

FLOATING BUTTONS—Buttons used for decorative effect on chairs. They are not tightly secured by nails or tacks, but are loosely attached to a piece of string, making a much softer, even, smocking effect. Floating buttons are especially attractive on velvet.

FLUTING — Decorative parallel concave curves carved on a surface. Good flutes are close together and deep, with a sharply scooped curve for the termination.

FOLIATE—Decorated with leaf motifs.

FRENCH BED—Bed with a roll-end instead of posts.

FRIESIAN — Scratch carving in simple geometric designs, e.g., wheel.

GALLOON (French, "lace") — Tight, narrow braid used for trimming draperies and upholstery, rather like a heavy gimp.

GARGOYLE — Grotesque figure originally designed as architectural rain-spout, adapted for decoration in some medieval and Renaissance work. Often seen as water-spout on bath.

GIMP—Silk worsted or cotton twist with cord or wire running through it forming a narrow flat braid used to finish upholstery.

GESSO, gilt—Plaster composition applied to surfaces before gilding to ensure durability of the gilt.

Continued overleaf

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DRAMATIC GALLERY at the main entrance of Mrs. G. Penfold Hyland's home at Ingleburn, N.S.W., is a successful example of mixed-period furniture styles. Pieces like the striking silk tapestry on the far wall and the carved, lacquered 18th-century Chinese figure sparked the trend to Chinoiserie which began in Europe in the late 18th century. Here they blend exotically with an 18th-century American Colonial table, and a Gesso-gilt table. An elegant Louis XVI chair stands below an unusual banjo-shaped barometer.

EARLY 19TH-CENTURY mahogany cabinet-on-cabinet, with pediment top, lends dignity to this quiet corner of Mrs. Penfold Hyland's drawing-room. A George III piano of the 1780s, an 18th-century ball-and-claw-foot stool, and a magnificent 17th-century painting by Dutch master Ruysdael, combined in a horizontal grouping, contrast pleasingly with the cabinet's vertical line. Scandinavian chair in foreground, upholstered in bright velvet, accentuates the period charm. Dining-room suite through the archway is Hepplewhite.

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A DECORATOR'S DICTIONARY . . . continued

GLAZING—Sprayed varnish coating, e.g., of domed ceiling. In painting, glazing means the application over the finished surface of a thin wash coat, which is then wiped off to subdue the base color. Term also used to refer to replacing glass in a window.

GLOBE STAND—Stand or pedestal designed to hold globes of the world or the heavens, given special, artistic treatment during the 18th century, when they were of great scientific interest.

GOOSENECK — Double curved arch of the pediment (top) of tall pieces of furniture, e.g., a highboy.

GRAINING — Process of painting to resemble color and figure of wood.

GRISAILLE (French, "cameo with a grey ground") — Decorative painting in several tones of one color, giving the effect of a sculptured relief.

GROTESQUES—Fantastic figures or part figures as decoration.

GUERIDON (French, "round table") — Small French table for candles and other small articles.

HARLEQUIN TABLE —Sheraton table in which the centre automatically rises when side leaves are raised, revealing hidden compartments for toilet articles, etc.

HASSOCK — Thickly stuffed upholstered kneeling-stool or foot-stool.

HASP—Hinged part of a lock, which was featured decoratively in Gothic and Spanish cabinets.

HIGHBOY—Tall chest of drawers usually finished with a decorative top, such as a gooseneck.

HUSK—Drop ornament such as a cornflour design, arranged in diminishing series. From classical times.

INCISED LACQUER — Design carved into lacquer which has been built up into layers of varying thickness.

INLAY—Cut shapes of grains, wood, metal, ivory, tortoiseshell, etc., inserted into identically cut holes in wood, forming designs of contrast. Ancient records indicate that this old process was one of the most prized of the woodworker's arts.

INTAGLIO—Engraved design, differing from a cameo, which is carved on a raised surface.

IN THE WHITE—Refers to any woodwork in which the wood has not been finished, but relies upon its raw state for effect.

IMBRICATION — Imitation fish scales, arranged like overlapping tiles for a decorative effect. Originally antique Roman, later adapted in Italian Renaissance work.

JAMB—Interior side of door or window frame.

JAPANNING — Process of applying any type of hard varnish to metal or wood surfaces. Process dates to remote antiquity in the East, and reached Europe only in about 1600.

JOINERY—Literally, the joining together of pieces of wood, or the mechanical side of woodworking.

KAS—One of the most distinctive pieces of Dutch Colonial work. Usually walnut, cherry, pine, or maple, this type of cupboard was usually panelled and often painted with rather simple decorative vases and flowers.

KETTLE FRONT—Exaggerated Baroque swelling or bulge on the front of a case or cupboard.

KNEE HOLE—Centre opening between two blocks of drawers, for sitter's knees, in a desk usually.

KNUCKLE—Carving on outside of chair arm, principally of Chippendale and Windsor types.

LAMBREQUIN (French, "scallop, valance, hang-fringe") — Drapery around the top of a bed.

LAMPADAIRE — Pedestal in the classic manner designed to hold a lamp or candles. In French, is usual term for standard lamp.

L'ART NOUVEAU (French, "New Art") —Late in the 19th century there was a new movement, chiefly in France and Belgium, to mirror a realistic attitude in the arts and in furniture, this movement was a reaction against the romantically revived Louis XIV, Louis XVI, and Empire styles. New Art cabinet work had a brief career lasting until about 1905.

LATTICE—Metal or wood criss-cross cut-out pattern often found in chair-backs or bed-heads.

LAURELLING—Decorative banding of laurel leaves, usually on a half-round mould.

LAZY SUSAN—Revolving tray for condiments, or attachment in kitchen cupboards.

LECTERN—Ecclesiastical reading desk of wood, metal, or stone.

LIMEWOOD — Lightly colored closely grained wood, very suitable for carving in that it cuts as well with the grain as across it.

LINTEL—A horizontal beam supported at each end of an opening to support a structure above it.

MARBLING — Wood cleverly painted to look like marble. Although examples survive from 17th-century England and Europe, marbling is probably a much older technique.

MARQUETRY — Inlay of contrasting wood into a background of veneer.

MERIDIENNE—Short sofa with one arm higher than the other, unique to the French Empire period.

MITER or MITRE—Joint in a moulding where it changes direction, usually at 90 degrees.

MOSAIC—Decorative inlays of small pieces of wood, glass, stone, etc.

MOTIF or MOTIVE—The most distinctive feature or theme of any design or ornament.

MOULDING—Piece of rounded or shaped wood used to decorate (usually in panels) walls, doors, or furniture.

MOUNTS—Metal fittings or ornaments applied on furniture.

MULLION—Vertical bar dividing the panes of a traceried window. In furniture, the tracery in glazed doors or bookcases.

MUNTIN—Inside vertical parts of a door or window frame.

NECKING — Narrow collar moulding around the upper part of a column.

NEO-CLASSIC — Revived interest in the ancient manner, e.g., the Renaissance, Adam, and Empire Styles.

NEO-GRECQUE—French term for revived interest in Greco-Roman classicism, during the Louis XVI period.

NESTED TABLES — Several matching tables of graduated sizes which fit decoratively one over the other when not in use.

NEWEL — Large post, usually decorative, supporting stair handrail at top or bottom.

ONLAY — Overlay, decorative applique, as of veneers.

ORMOLU — Cast bronze ornament hand-finished with a gold surface. Sometimes an alloy of copper and zinc is used as a gold imitation to finish furniture.

OTTOMAN—Upholstered seat or bench having neither back nor arms, so named after Turkish influence of early 18th century.

OVERMANTEL — Specially decorative space directly over the mantel, extending to the ceiling.

OYSTERING—Veneers cut as cross-sections of roots and branches of certain trees. The irregular concentric rings resemble oyster shells. A favorite device of English designers from Jacobean period to end of 17th century.

PAGODA — Sacred temple or tower found in Burma and China. The Chinese influence made the sweeping exotic lines of a pagoda popular in 18th-century work in England and France as the topmost motif on a cabinet, canopy, etc.

PALMETTE—Conventional representation of the palm leaf. First known in Assyrian and Egyptian work.

PAPIERMACHE (French "squeezed paper")—Hardened decorative moulds made from wet paper. Sometimes used as a base for small japanned and lacquered articles, late 17th and 18th centuries. It was specially popular in Europe and America in the early 19th century, when tabletops, trays, etc., of papiermache were decorated with Eastern designs.

PARQUETRY—Mosaic of woods laid in geometric patterns on floors or furniture, in which respect it differs from marquetry, which features representational designs.

PATERA—Small round or oval carved ornaments. In the late 18th-century classic revivals such as the Adam and Louis XVI styles popularised paterae in the decoration of friezes, mirror crestings, etc.

PEDIMENT—In decorating, a triangular architectural ornament, often found over doors or tall cabinets and cupboards. In classical architecture, the triangular top over a portico or gable end.

PEG—Dowel run through a hole as a fastener or joint. Exposed pegs were sometimes part of the decoration of solid furniture such as colonial maple.

PIE-CRUST TABLE — Small, usually round, with edge carved or moulded in scalloped outline.

PIETRA DURA (Italian, "hard stone")—Decorative composition of marble and other stone fragments, highly polished for tabletops in Italian Renaissance and later.

PIGMENTING — Substance rubbed in wood to change color.

PILASTER — Rectangular or half-round column or pillar placed against a surface, one of the features of some Sheraton work.

PILE—Upright cut or uncut yarn which forms the surface of carpets and rugs.

PRIMA VERA—White mahogany. Light straw-colored wood whose texture and working properties are similar to mahogany.

PRIMER COAT—First preparatory coat to painting a surface.

QUARRIES — Small panes of glass used in bookcase doors, 18th and 19th centuries.

QUARTER - ROUND — Convex moulding in the shape of a quarter circle.

QUIRK — Acute hollow between convex part of moulding and soffit.

QUIVER LEG—Louis XVI tapered leg, vertically fluted with moulding at the top and bottom, so called because of its supposed resemblance to the case in which an archer's arrows were carried.

QUARTETTO TABLES—Another name for English nested tables, introduced late in the 18th century. So called because a complete set usually comprised four tables.

RABBET — Rectangular groove or slot in joinery. Also a recess in the meeting stiles of cabinet doors so that one shuts against the other to form a dustproof joint.

RANGE TABLES — Several small tables, identically designed to be put together as one table if necessary.

REEDING — Form of carving in which long reed-like grooves are cut in a series of decorations on a moulding, usually chair legs.

REFECTORY TABLE — Narrow, oblong table, originally a trestle-type dining table used in monasteries in the early Middle Ages.

RELIEF — "Low" relief (often referred to in its French form "bas" relief) and "high" relief are terms which refer to the degree to which a design is raised from a surface background.

REPOUSSE (French, from "repousser," "to repel, to drive back") — Decorative sheet-metal work in which the design is hammered forward from the back.

REPRODUCTION — Copies of old pieces or historic styles.

RIBAND or RIBBAND — Ribbon decoration, which was an important feature of some Chippendale chairs, and as bows or knots in Louis XVI decoration and 18th-century Rococo work in Germany.

ROCKER — Refers to a guide strip for a drawer on either side or bottom, or to the rocker of a rocking chair.

ROMAYNE WORK — Contemporary term used in 17th century to describe decorative motifs of Italian origin.

ROTTEN STONE—Soft, finely powdered stone used with oil in polishing wood.

ROUNDEL — Any ornamental motif or design enclosed in a circular shape.

ROUTING — Decorative engraved lines made by revolving spindle or by using a hand tool to gouge out channels in wood.

RUBBED FINISH — Paint rubbed off surface while still wet, then varnished.

RUSTIC FURNITURE — Garden furniture, 18th century, which utilised whole untouched branches of trees in its effort to retain a natural look.

SATYR — Mask motive representing figure or head of mythological satyr. Used extensively in Greco-Roman work.

SCAGLIOLA — Hard plaster composition of marble, granite, alabaster, porphyry, and other stone pieces suitable for both decorative and utilitarian purposes as chest or tabletops. Originated in Roman work, was used later in 18th-century English Georgian work by Robert Adam.

SECRETARY, SECRETAIRE (French, "writing-table")—A desk with a fall front for writing. Sometimes refers to a chest fitted with a fall front.

SCHEME—Combination of all the aspects of a general plan or design.

SCONCE — Ornamental wall bracket designed to be fitted with light bulbs or candles.

SCRIM—Open-weave linen material, rather like fishnet, used for curtains or sometimes as a lining cloth in upholstery.

SHIRRING—Gathering any fabric on a thread or rod in small folds.

SIAMOISE—Late 19th-century upholstered S-shaped chair with two seats facing back and front. Called after Siamese twins and also given the French term "tete-a-tete" ("head to head").

SIRENS — Mythological figures, half-woman, half-bird, used as a carving motive in Renaissance furniture.

SIZE—Stiffening solution made with gelatine for the purpose of stiffening fabric or as a sealer on plaster walls before papering.

SMOOTH EDGE — Method of giving a neat wall edge to carpets. Nails securing it to floor are disguised on a flat strip of wood over which the carpet folds so that the nails pass through only the bottom fold into the floorboards

SPINET — One of the earliest stringed instruments, smaller though rather like a harpsichord. Spinet cases were often converted into shallow writing-desks in the 19th century.

SPLAT or SPLAD—Often the main feature in the design of a chair back, being the back centre support.

SPOON BACK — Backs of Queen Anne chairs shaped to fit the curve of the body.

STIPO (Italian) — Tall and highly ornamented cabinet desk with a drop lid.

TABERNACLE—Niche for standing a statue or vase, often found in cabinets.

TABOURET — Low upholstered French footstool.

TESSERA (Italian) — Small cubes of any material such as glass or stone used in mosaics.

TESTER—Canopy and framework over a four-poster bed.

TODDY TABLE—Small Georgian stand used for standing drinks.

TORCHERE (French, "torch, candelabra") — A stand for holding lights, decoratively formed in the specific style of each period.

TRACERY — Elaborately detailed mullions in a Gothic window.

TRANSITIONAL—In-between style with certain characteristics from each of two definite successive styles.

TRANSOM—Upper panel of a window or one placed above a doorway.

TRIVET — Metal table, usually three-legged, used as a dish-warmer, England, 18th-19th centuries.

TROMPE L'OEIL (French, from "tromper," "to deceive")—Deception of the eye, e.g., mirror wall in small room to make it appear larger, or a picture of musical instruments, fruit, game, etc., that fools you into believing them real.

TROPHY—In interior decorations, refers to any ornamental group of symbolic objects arranged on a wall or shelf, and especially to military objects such as helmets, flags, bugles.

TRUMEAU (French, "pier") — An overmantel or painting set in a scroll frame or panel—Louis XV and XVI styles.

TRUNDLE BED—Low rolling frame fitted as a bed, designed to roll under larger bed. (America and England 18th-19th centuries.)

TRUSS—Ornamental underbrace for tables or stands.

TUFTING—In upholstery, the tying down of an upholstered surface by means of a button which can be formed into decorative patterns, e.g., on a chair, settee, or bed-head.

TURKEYWORK — 17th-century embroidered upholstery work.

Continued on page 39

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It's magic—the way Scotties Facial Tissues dispense themselves from the Magic Oval box. Take one, another floats up after it. Take a handful and they stay neatly folded.

Scotties Facial Tissues are wet strength—you can't sneeze through them. Choose sophisticated lilac, tender English rose, freshest yellow, sparkling white.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

Teenagers' WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately
June 17, 1964

BEATLES VISIT

Named for its vigorous stripings of dark reddish-brown on creamy

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THE BEATLES:

Supporting star
JOHNNY DEVLIN

Programme

● ***During their Australian and New Zealand performances The Beatles will sing their top hit parade numbers, such as:***

- "I Wanna Hold Your Hand."
- "She Loves You."
- "All My Lovin'."
- "Can't Buy Me Love."
- "Roll Over Beethoven."

Latest official Beatle statements indicate that the Fabulous Four will not sing publicly any numbers from their film, "A Hard Day's Night," before its premiere in London next month.

But there have been suggestions that they MAY sing some of these songs during their Australasian visit.

For full, exclusive details of these new numbers turn to pages 6 and 7.

JOHNNY CHESTER

ADELAIDE
Arrive June 12, Town Hall reception, concert. June 13, fishing outing proposed, concert. June 14, leave for Melbourne in afternoon.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
June 17, 1964

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TOUR DETAILS

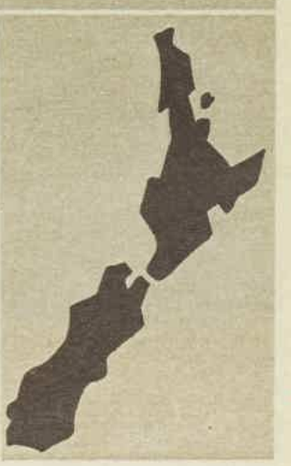
BRISBANE
Arrive from Sydney June 29, concert. June 30, concert (last of tour). July 1, return Sydney.

DEPART JULY 1 FOR LONDON FOR FILM PREMIERE

SYDNEY
Arrive June 11; night off. Fly Adelaide June 12. Return from Melbourne June 18, for concerts on 18, 19, 20. June 21, fly to New Zealand.

NEW ZEALAND
June 22 and 23, Wellington concerts; 24, 25, Auckland concerts. June 26, Dunedin concert. June 27, Christchurch concert. June 28, return to Sydney.

MELBOURNE
June 15, concert. June 16, Lord Mayor's party (Town Hall), concert. June 17, concert. June 18, fly to Sydney.



Named for its vigorous stripings of dark reddish-brown on creamy

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Paul *Ringo*

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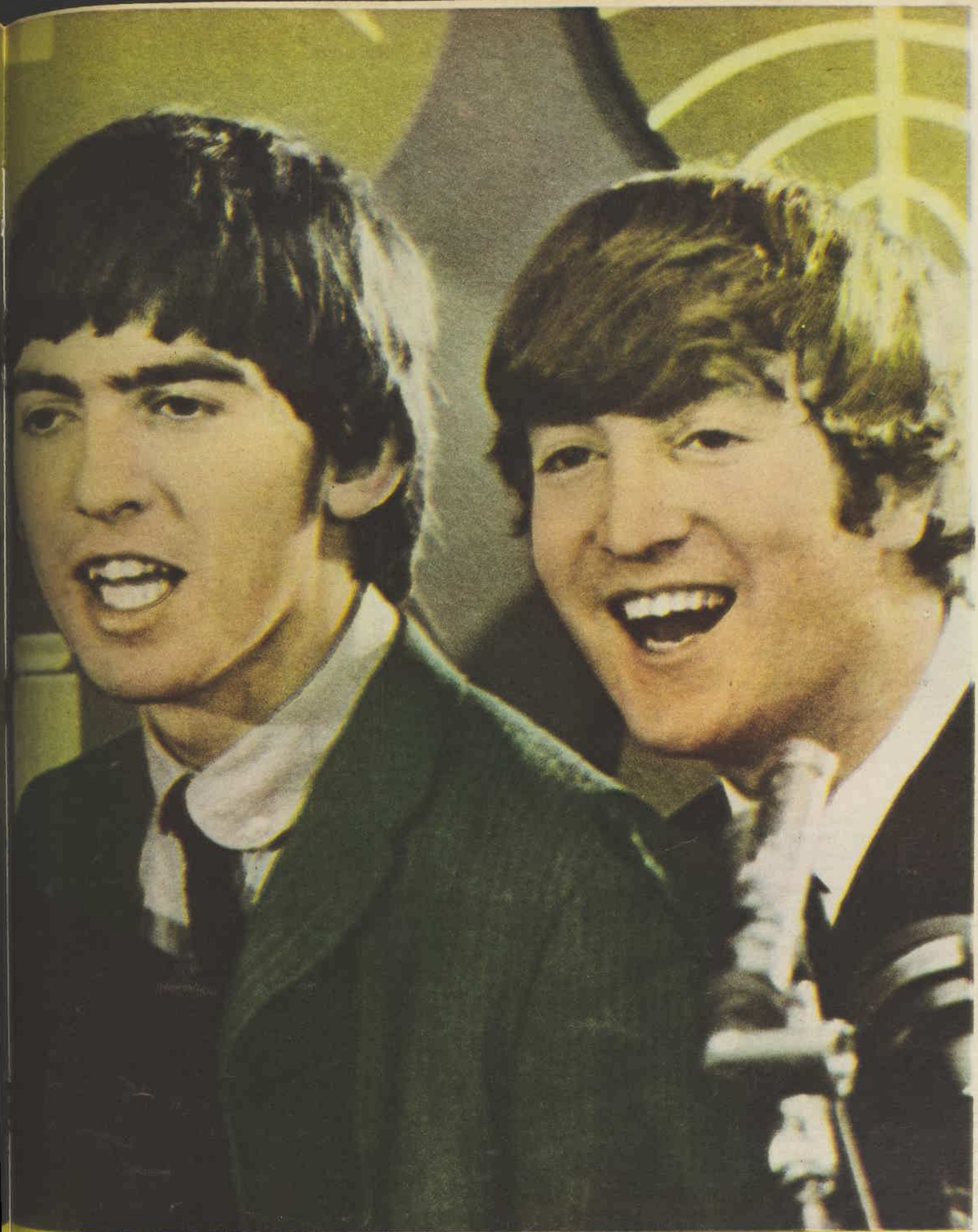

George

John

Named for its vigorous stripings of

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Part 1 of an exclusive series on The Beatles'

JOHN LENNON demonstrates (above) a dance routine to three make-up girls and fellow-Beatle George Harrison during a film rehearsal. The film tells of a zany day in The Beatles' working life.

SCENE from film (right) shows Ringo and John discussing a pile of fan mail. Paul McCartney's "grandfather" in the film (played by Wilfrid Brambell, of "Steptoe and Son" TV fame) looks on.

● Steptoe gazed amiably across the studio floor to the sound stage where his film grandson, Paul McCartney, was being hauled happily toward the ceiling on a fly-rope, singing, "O, For The Wings Of A Dove."

BACKSTAGE AT

"YES, good lads all of them," beamed that highly accomplished character actor, Wilfrid Brambell, the father in "Steptoe and Son."

"They don't need to act in this film. They just play their own everyday selves as The Beatles.

(The story is about a day in the Fabulous Four's life.)

"They're so natural that working with them is like working with long-experienced actors.

"Except that these boys bring in a freshness and an enthusiasm we don't often find in the business these days," he added.

And Norman Rossington, who plays one of The Beatles' harried road managers in this first full-length feature film starring the mop-haired quartet, promptly confirmed everything Wilfrid had said.

"It's refreshing to work with the lads," he declared, as we yarned while he awaited his next camera call.

"We've had a tremendous amount of fun together the last few weeks and I've enjoyed every minute of it.

"Some of the comedy has come in surprising places that weren't planned in the script, but what can you expect?

"No one could hope to keep a firm control over Paul, John, George, and Ringo.

"One at a time, maybe, but not when they're all together, loose on a film location.

"They've got such a magnificent disrespect for convention and authority.

"But, mark you, they never take liberties that might hurt or upset anybody.

"It was a marvellous idea by producer Walter Shenson to get the American director Richard Lester to handle The Beatles' first movie," went on Norman.

"Dick Lester loathes corny situations just as much as the boys themselves do.

Ad lib humor

"What's more, he likes picking up the off-the-cuff ad libbing that always occurs among actors and actresses when the cameras stop turning.

"So, time and again in this movie, he has told the cameramen, 'Keep 'em rolling,' at the end of a scene.

"The result has been that some mighty funny cross-talk has gone into the film.

"Some of it will have to come out in the cutting-room when they slice the film down to length.

Elusive stars

"But there's no doubt that Dick Lester and Walter Shenson plan to retain quite a chunk of it.

"Goodness knows how much of his original screen play the author, Alun Owen, will recognise when he sees the finished film," chuckled Norman.

Now if you're thinking that it is taking me a longish time to get down to Messrs. McCartney, Harrison, Lennon, and Starr themselves, and what they feel about being movie stars, let me explain.

I found that getting interviews on a film set with those lads is like trying to catch bubbles in a strong wind.

They never seem to stay in any place long enough to grab a hold of 'em.

With something like a couple of hundred people always milling around, only great patience can prevent ulcers.

At intervals, one or other of the boys would come over and spend a few costly minutes with me as I waited "off camera."

It was in those sparkling spells that I learned how things were going with them.

And I pieced the bits together.

So let's start with the off-beat title that they have at last decided upon. It is to be "A Hard Day's Night."

And if you don't like the name, blame Ringo Starr. "A Hard Day's Night" was one of his expressions.

John Lennon explained it to me this way: "We'd all been batting suggestions around for titles.

"None of us really cared for the original plan to call it 'Beatlemania.' We wanted something a bit crazier.

"George came in with 'It's a Daft, Daft, Daft, Daft World' and Paul said, 'I like "Oh, What A Lovely Wart".'

"At that stage, Ringo's idea was to call it simply 'The Beatles in a Kind of Film.'

"Anyway, we had a few giggles over some more suggestions.

"Then we shelved it until late that night when we were all pretty tired after a heavy day.

"Somebody said: 'We've had a hard day.' Ringo followed up with 'A hard day? Look at the clock. You mean a hard day's night, don't you?'

"We all looked at each other and said: That's it. That's the title we've been after."

So there you are.

John Lennon went on: "Paul and I have written a song for the film with the same title — 'A Hard Day's Night'."

Secret songs

That brought us to the best-kept, most hush-hush top secret of The Beatles' film—the songs which Paul McCartney and John Lennon have written specially for it.

Now, during a break in the shooting, The Beatles were at last giving some facts on a subject which has aroused the curiosity of millions of fans.

Not a murmur, not a word, not a whisper, not a whistle, few bars of any of the number had been allowed to leak out.

The nearest anybody outside

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first film •By (another) George Harrison

PAUL talks with a showgirl during a break in the filming of "A Hard Day's Night."

THIS BEAUTY plays the role of the femme fatale who fascinates The Beatles in a film sequence showing a train trip from Liverpool to London.

THE BEATLE FILM

he inner circle has come to hearing any of the numbers was when 500 teenage "extras" screamed and squealed as The Beatles took the stage for one of the film sequences.

The clamor the girls made actually kept from them the answers to some of the secrets.

For, unheard above the uproar in the theatre, The Beatles played and sang four of their new songs — while the cameras filmed the audience, who couldn't pick up a single note or word.

"We did it for a chuckle," Paul told me.

"They were kicking up such a din we knew they wouldn't hear what we were singing anyway."

Until my interview, not even the titles of the new numbers have been made public.

I tackled John and Paul about the titles. Here they are:

"A Hard Day's Night," "If I Fell," "And I Love Her," "I Should Have Known Better," "I'm Happy Just To Dance With You" (sung by George Harrison), and "Tell Me Why."

In addition they introduce their already-issued twosome "Can't Buy Me Love," "You Can't Do That."

Jumped in John to add: "Then there's a bit of 'Rule Britannia' that I sing when I'm in a foam bath, playing with toy submarines and trying to sink the Kaiser's fleet.

"We put that bath scene in as a joke, but they're keeping it in the film.

John's choice

"And I'm wearing three hats, too. Yes, in the bath."

I asked him: "Which is your favorite among the new songs you've written?" He chewed it over.

"It's difficult to say, I like them all, and that's not being big-headed.

"Paul and I know what we like and what we don't.

"And if we don't like a number we've written we darned soon start knocking it about until we've got it right and we can say that we DO like it.

"We've had one on the go for four months and have only got it so we like it.

"Still, of the lot in the film, I suppose I go for 'If I Fell' as my favorite."

I put the same question to Paul.

"I like the lot, although it always seems the one you've written last is the best," he said.

"By the time that one is finished, it's so much in your mind that you don't really remember the earlier ones until you come back to playing 'em again, of course.

"I fancy 'Tell Me Why.' But let's wait and see what the fans think. After all it's their judgment that matters, not ours."

George Harrison was getting a sly dig at me by signing autographs as "The ORIGINAL George Harrison. That one in the hat is a fake."

He has the solo spot with "I'm Happy Just to Dance With You," and likes it a lot.

But he told me: "All the songs have the touch that Paul and John always give their numbers. They're great."

U.S. songs

Three of the new songs were composed by the talented pair while they were in Miami Beach, Florida, soaking up the sunshine during that unforgettable fortnight's tour of the United States. I was with them.

"It was easy to write there," sighed Paul.

"Nobody to interrupt us, nobody asking for autographs, because we were lazing round the swimming pools of American friends who asked us to be their guests at their own lovely homes.

"The fans kept waiting round our hotel.

"They knew we were away all day, but they didn't know where, y'see. So they couldn't follow us.

"And that meant we could relax properly for the first time in months, really.

"So the week we were in Miami, John and I had no trouble in turning out three numbers for the movie."

John Lennon chipped in to say: "And we'd already written a couple in Paris before we went to America.

"Then, when the film's name was changed to 'A Hard Day's Night,' we wrote another one to tie in with the title."

Fans aren't likely to hear any of the musical numbers until the movie has a Royal premiere at a London theatre in July, after the lads return from their gruelling trip to Australia and New Zealand.

"They are putting it on in London because it's for Princess Margaret's pet charity, the Dockland Settlement," said Ringo, adding "Cheese!" for a cameraman who wanted a picture of us talking.

Put in John: "By the way, George, the songs have nothing to do with the story in the film. They're just numbers that we play."

The songs are going to be issued on an LP album to be published when the film is released.

More hits?

George Harrison told me that one of the new numbers he has written will probably be on it, too, although it isn't in the movie.

They will also, of course, be brought out as single discs.

This could mean, knowing the millions of youngsters to whom the buying of any and every Beatles record is a "must," that the first three top places in the hit parade will shortly be taken over by you-know-who.

● *Continued next week*

Named for its vigorous stripings of

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BEATLES STAR AS COMEDIANS IN A FANTASY BY BILL SHAKESPEARE

● The Beatles' first television spectacular in London was the occasion for some offbeat clowning by the famous four, and was seen by an audience of more than 20,000,000 viewers.

THE boys clowned their way through an off-beat version of "Midsummer Night's Dream" dressed in as many costumes as they could find.

Producer Jack Good, who had flown from Hollywood to direct the show for Associated-Rediffusion, also had on the show Cilla Black, colored singer Millie, and American singer P. J. Proby, who has sung on demonstration discs for Presley.

The mixture won rave notices from the critics, especially for The Beatles, who ended the show with their own hit songs.

After the show Jack Good said: "The Beatles are naturals. They could play Shakespeare at the Old Vic if they wanted to."

But The Beatles don't want to, and they weren't even around to hear the praise. They were cruising on holidays, taking it easy before their strenuous Australian tour.

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A DECORATOR'S DICTIONARY . . . continued

UNDERBRACING — Arrangements of stretchers on chairs, tables, and stands with legs.

URN — Decorative vase-shaped vessel typical of Renaissance and other classical styles. In French work it is sometimes referred to as SOUPIERE (soupureen).

VALANCE — Horizontal decorative piece of wood, metal, or textile used at the top of any drapery.

VARGUENO — Spanish cabinet-desk with a fall front.

VEILLEUSE (French, night-lamp) — In decorating, refers to a Louis XV chaise-longue.

VENEER—Thin layer of rare ornamental wood used to finish a less valuable wood.

VENETIAN — Because of its control of sea trade, Venice became extremely wealthy during the Middle Ages. Much of this wealth found an outlet in the highly fanciful, lavish interior decoration designed to complement the cultivated social life of the time. Also refers to aluminium or wooden slatted blinds.

VITRINE (French, shop-window, showcase) — Cabinet with a clear glass door, sometimes glass sides and top.

WAINSCOT — Wooden panelling or boarding on room wall.

WARP — In weaving, the threads on the loom which run lengthwise.

WEFT OR WOOF — In weaving, the threads that are run in and out of the warp by means of a shuttle—they run crosswise.

WELSH DRESSER — Cabinet with lower half enclosed for storage and upper half open.

WELTING—Insertion of material or cord between upholstery seams to give a strong finish.

WICKERWORK—Usually outdoor furniture, woven of various natural or synthetic materials such as willow or reed.

WINE COOLER — English metal tub or piece of furniture with lead lining, decoratively treated with carving, etc. Used for wine cooling or storing, 18th century.

WINE TABLE—Table used as a wine bar.

WING CHAIR — Comfortable chair with well-padded side-pieces, 18th century.

WORK TABLES—The well-bred ladies of nobility usually kept their needlework equipment in a small table with compartments specially designed for this purpose.

X-STOOL — Simple form of folding stool. Earliest Egyptian forms had leather or skin seats.

YARN DYEING—Process by which yarn is dyed in a vat before weaving.

ZEBRAWOOD—Hard, decorative wood from British Guiana. Named for its vigorous stripings of dark reddish-brown on creamy ground. Used for inlays and bandings but more on large surfaces in modern work.

FRENCH PROVINCIAL bedroom suite, a reproduction, is featured in this delightful bedroom for a young girl, arranged by Lady Mackworth in a recent exhibition of period furniture at a Chatswood, Sydney, store. American silk-screen prints and dressing table are modern.

See overleaf for GREAT FURNITURE PERIODS

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NTG 2A

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A Decorator's Dictionary . . . Continued

The great periods of furniture

● Whether you are furnishing a new home, adding to present furniture, or redecorating, you'll find a knowledge of the great furniture periods helpful in decorating your own rooms.

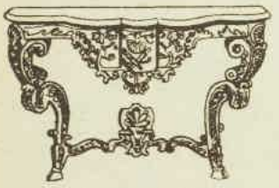
MEDIEVAL

Gothic Bench: Oak, window-type panels, simple carving.

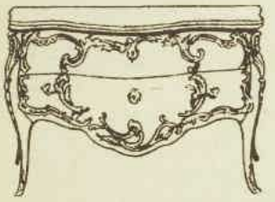
Renaissance Chair: Sgabello or stool chair, box seat.

FRENCH

Louis XIV Writing Bureau: Metal inlay (boulle), straight masculine line is typical.

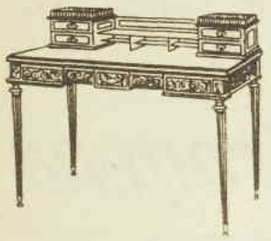


Regence Console: Decorative carving, return of the curve.



Louis XV Commode: All lines curve, front bombe, metal trim.

Louis XV bergere: All-in-one back, wide seat, and doe's foot leg.



Louis XVI Writing Table: Classical straight lines, tapered legs.

Medieval

GOTHIC (1100-1400) — Style first appeared in architecture in France at the end of the dark ages. It spread first to Italy and later to England. Genuine Gothic pieces are now extremely rare. In England, the furniture consisted of benches, stools, primitive beds and dining tables, chests, dressers, and, later in the period, chairs. Mostly in unpolished oak, it showed strong church influence, with vertical and rectilinear lines and achitectural detail such as arcading and window-type panelling.

Carving was the most usual form of ornamentation with foliage such as vine, parsley, maple and cress leaves, stylised figures, birds and animals, often humorously treated, the characteristic motifs. Furniture was joined with square oak pegs driven through corresponding holes.

RENAISSANCE (1400-1650)—This rebirth of Europe in all artistic fields began in Italy where initially it was strongly influenced by classicism of Greek and Roman architecture. Furniture was still sparse and simple, and oak and walnut the favored woods. As the period developed, furniture was often gilded and polychromed. Intense colors were used everywhere. Murals, frescoes, friezes, and panels made a vivid animated background to the furniture. Typical motifs were masks, gargoyles, caryatids, trophies, free scrolls, and centaurs.

BAROQUE (1625-1750)—In Italy, it was the unrestrained development of Renaissance ideas. Everything was exaggerated. Furniture was massive, heavily ornamented with elaborate carving. Color, materials, and decorations were all carried to extremes by the affluent and flamboyant society. It was at this period that Italy was superseded by France as the style-setter of Europe. French treatment of baroque, while following the same pattern as the Italian, was more elegant and more controlled.

French

LOUIS XIV (1643-1715)—The most magnificent era of French decorating. King Louis believed in extending French influence through the arts. Although he had mistresses, France was never under petticoat rule as it was under Louis XV. It was his own strongly masculine influence that determined the character of his age. Distinctive features of the furniture were its straight-lined symmetry, rectangular panelling, restrained curves, and carving with mythological motifs.

Cabinetwork reached its greatest heights with rich marquetry panels, fine gilding and silvering, and boulle work (metal inlay). Contact with China introduced an oriental note that developed into the popular chinoiseries of the 18th century.

REGENCE (circa 1710-1735)—A transition period extending over the last years of Louis XIV's reign and minority of Louis XV. There was a slight but noticeable change in furniture forms. Softly curved lines appeared on chairs, bookcases, commodes, and cabinets. Bombe began, with commodes bulging gently outwards. Walnut, rosewood, and mahogany veneers were favored. Color schemes were generally more subdued.

LOUIS XV (1723-1774) — At its best, Louis XV furniture was graceful, light, and very elegant; at its worst, feminine and frivolous with rococo ornamentation carved to a ridiculous degree. The curve reigned supreme. Particularly noticeable was the elongated S leg, ending in a doe's foot. To quote one authority "France became one huge boudoir." Decorative motifs were cupids, doves, hearts entwined, odalisques, flower garlands, Chinamen, and monkeys. Inlay was the rage; dusty pinks, dove greys, and soft olives were the popular colors.

The bergere chair, wide and low, is typical of the period. The tall chiffonier was introduced. The chaise-longue came into its own — it was an age of intimacy.

LOUIS XVI (1774-1793)—A return to classicism brought about by the discovery of Pompeii and Herculaneum and reaction to the overdone femininity of Louis XV. Symmetry re-appeared with simple forms and straight lines appealing to a luxury-sated age. Mahogany predominated with a return to favor of ebony. Ornament was reminiscent of Louis XIV — acanthus leaves, laurelling, and ribbons. New designs included Roman tripods for tables, and roll-back sofas and chairs.

DIRECTOIRE (1793-1804) — A short transition period essentially Louis XVI in character, but simpler and marked by a great vogue for revolutionary emblems such as arrows, spikes, laurel wreaths, and hands clasped in brotherhood. The simplicity of Grecian architecture, now better understood, was the predominating theme for furniture shapes by famous painter-designer Jacques Louis David. A typical piece of the period was the Madame Recamier day-bed.

EMPIRE (1804-1815)—Furniture style created by Napoleon's architects Fontaine and Percier who replaced the graceful charm of 18th-century styles with rigidly straight lines, symmetry carried to the most unimaginative lengths, and undecorated furniture of massive proportion. Architectural forms were taken over holus bolus for furniture, rather than used as decoration.

The few decorations that did appear were lifted mainly from the Directoire military symbols with Napoleon's personal insignia, a bee, a crown, and the letter N, prominent in brass applique. Typical empire bed is the imposing boat type with scrolled ends of matching height.

FRENCH PROVINCIAL—Court influence on furniture was not felt to any great extent in the provinces. An indigenous style developed by the 16th century. Rural cabinet makers worked with solid native woods such as oak and walnut, with wood-turning commonly used for decorating. Chairs were simple, often with straw or rush seats and open ladderbacks. The cupboard or armoire was the treasured possession of every provincial home of means.

English

TUDOR-ELIZABETHAN (1450-1600)—Early in the period there was little furniture the times were unsettled and possessions had to be portable. The huge oak chest was probably the most important single item. Covered with cushions, it made a good seat, and with a mattress it could be used as a bed. What furniture did exist was mostly Gothic in character, chiefly oak, rather primitive and sturdy, and often painted or gilded. The linenfold chalice-cloth motif and the owner's medallion were used for decoration.

During Elizabeth I's reign, Continental influences penetrated England with consequent Renaissance ornamentation. Vase forms, wreathed and medallion heads, acanthus leaves, masks, and swags were used. Supports on tables, bedsteads, and court cupboards were heavy and bulbous.

JACOBEAN (1600-1690) — The pre-revolutionary furniture followed Elizabethan styles. Oak was still the dominant wood. Much of the furniture was upholstered; in some pieces the framework was completely covered with fabric. Bulbous supports were still used, but were more restrained. Chair legs were often column-shaped. Architect Inigo Jones introduced Italian Palladian architecture and some Italian furniture came into the country.

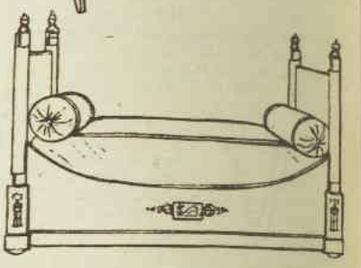
During the Commonwealth (1649-1690), furniture followed the austere Cromwellian outlook. It was heavy, usually without ornament and strictly utilitarian. Ball feet were introduced at this time.

After the Restoration a more splendid era began. Royalty imported much of their furniture from France. Grinling Gibbons began his notable furniture carving. Low relief carving was used for decoration along with inlay in different colored woods. Chair and cabinet legs were mostly spiral-turned.

WILLIAM AND MARY (1690-1700)—A more domesticated age than the previous

Continued overleaf

Directoire Chair: Sabre legs, swan arms only trim.



Empire Bed: Boat-shaped frame, head and foot same height.

French Provincial Armchair: Ladder back, turned legs, rush seat.

ENGLISH

Tudor Court Cupboard: Carved oak, bulbous line.

Jacobean Secretary: Tall, spiral turnings, marquetry as trim.

William and Mary Chest of Drawers: Ball feet, oyster inlay work.

Queen Anne Side Chair: Curved, carved, and with cabriole leg.

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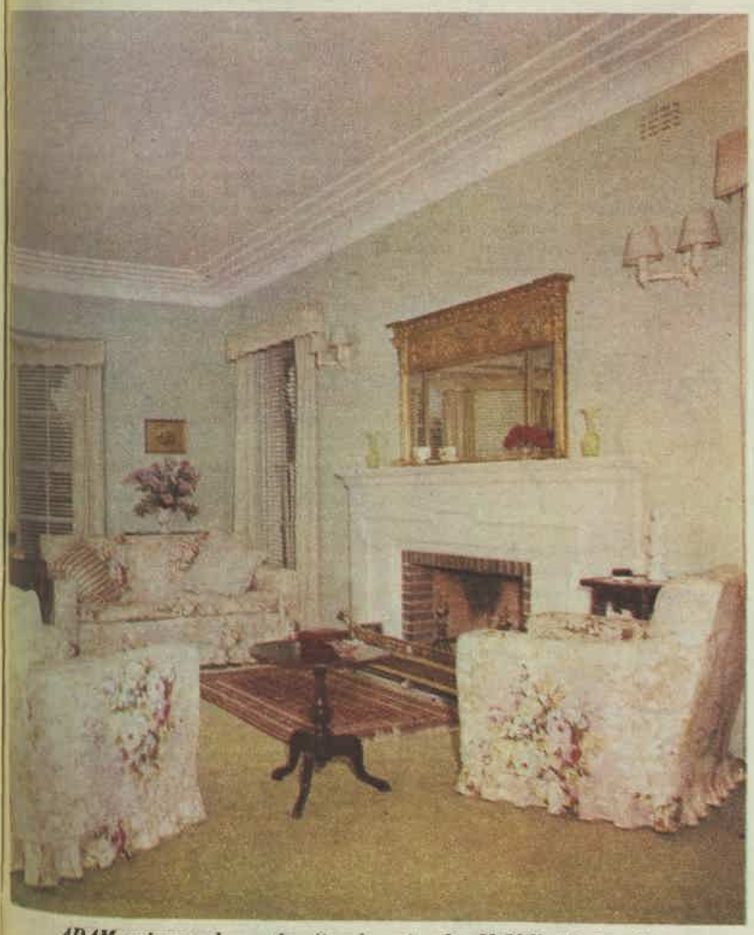
GEORGE III grandfather clock with pediment is a focal point in the entrance hall of Mr. and Mrs. N. McMillan's gracious country home at Holbrook, N.S.W. Other interesting pieces are the Victorian side-table with exaggerated bulbous legs (back right), a plain, Gothic-type chest (back left), a Victorian hall table in cedar (front left), two 18th-century English hunting prints flanking an old English riding crop, and a set of old French prints.

FORMAL DINING-ROOM in Sir Roy and Lady McCaughey's town flat in Sydney combines different periods with telling effect. Hepplewhite chairs with superbly carved shield backs offset a long, Duncan Phyfe table; light brackets are Georgian, and an original oil painting is set in an elaborate Victorian frame.



ADAM mirror above the fireplace in the McMillans' drawing-room at Holbrook features architectural lines and mythological motifs used extensively by Robert Adam after his explorations among the ruins in the long-buried city of Pompeii. Small table in foreground is a 20th-century version of a Georgian design.

QUEEN ANNE and Victorian furniture set an appropriately restful mood for a gracious bedroom in the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. Weymouth, Brighton, Vic. Padded "gentleman's chair," dressing-table, and a wardrobe are early Victorian. The Queen Anne beds and the bedside table have been in the family for many years.

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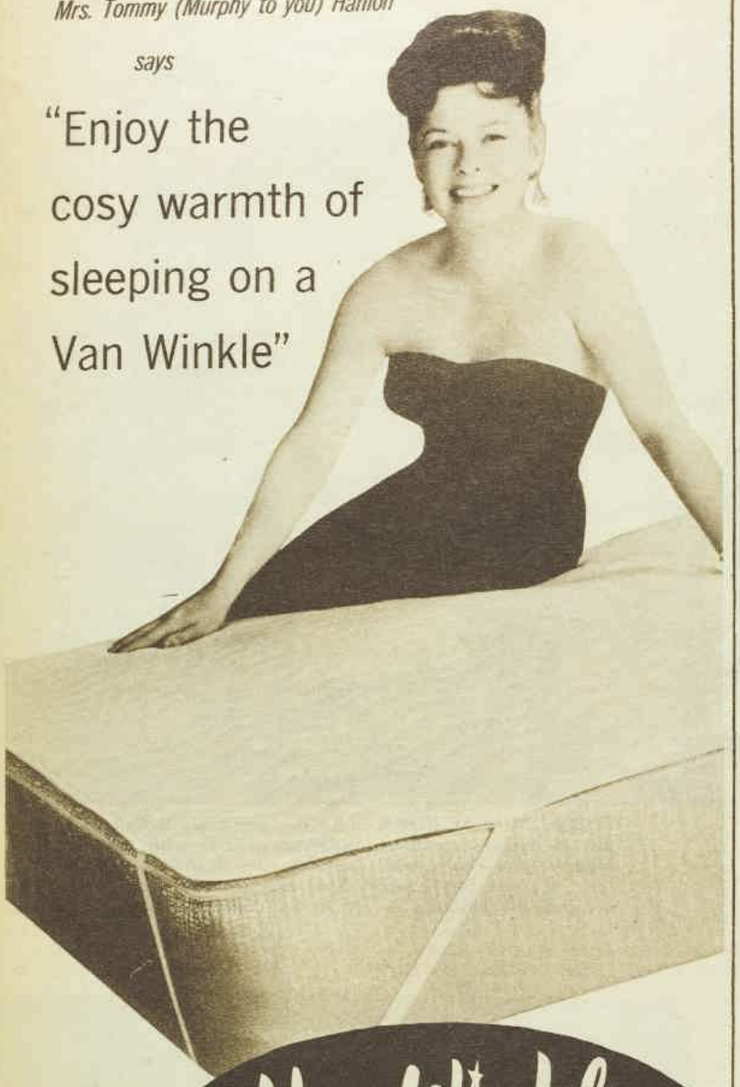
Mrs. Tommy (Murphy to you) Hanlon

says

"Enjoy the cosy warmth of sleeping on a Van Winkle"



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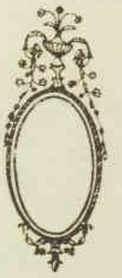
A Decorator's Dictionary . . . concluded

Early Georgian Side Table: Richly carved, eagle's head legs.

Chippendale Chair: Carved splat, squared legs.

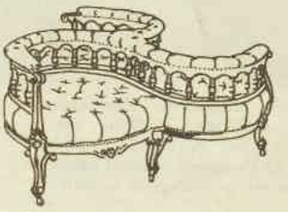
Adam Console: Inlay, classic ribbon motif, half-moon shape.



Hepplewhite: Sewing table with slender splayed legs; classic urn motif trims elegant oval mirror.

Regency: Stool — Roman inspired, metal trimmed; mirror —convex glass, metal surround.

Sheraton Chair: Light and elegant, simple design of back.



Victorian Seat: Over-stuffed, multi-buttoned.

THE GREAT PERIODS OF FURNITURE

(Continued from page 40)

one, influenced by the Dutch background of the monarchs. Walnut continued to be the fashionable wood. The basic line was rectangular, although it was combined with curves. The cabriole leg came in, but chairbacks on the whole remained square. Catkins were favored carving motifs. Open cupboards for displaying objets d'art were popular following the Queen's taste for collecting china. In the early years exotic eastern motifs, inlay, and lacquer work appeared, inspired by Dutch East Indies interests.

QUEEN ANNE (1700-1715)—Grinling Gibbons and architect Sir Christopher Wren were the best-known designers of the period. The cabriole leg was still very much in evidence, though more strongly curved than in the preceding era. The front of the cabriole was generally carved. Furniture terminated in ball-and-claw, club and shell feet, and there was still some Dutch influence in hoof, paw, and bun feet. Chairbacks with fiddle-shaped splats were spooned for comfort. The chest-on-chest, love seats, tea-tables, and tallboys were all popular items. Walnut was still the main wood, but oak, ash, lime, and pine were also used. The bed was the most important article of furniture, and women still gave audience in bed.

GEORGIAN (1715-1795)—Designers of the calibre of Chippendale, Robert Adam, Hepplewhite and Sheraton made the Georgian era, which covered almost the entire 18th century, the outstanding period in English furniture design.

Early Georgian (1715-1750)—In the first years, furniture styles were uninfluenced by the new Germanic monarch. They were a heavier echo of Queen Anne designs. The ball-and-claw, the paw, and the hoof were still used for furniture feet. Popular ornamental motifs were eagles' heads on chair arms and table legs, lions, satyrs, and architectural features, all richly carved.

Chippendale, Thomas (1740-1765) — A superb craftsman of the Georgian era, his furniture is noted for its grace and good proportions. He is specially famous for his chairs, which combine comfort with good appearance. In the early years he still used the cabriole leg in a finer, slenderer form, but many of the later chairs have slim, square legs. Although he did not introduce the famous Chinese style, he adapted it so successfully that Chinese Chippendale is recognised throughout the world. He preferred carving to inlay and marquetry for ornamentation and was lavish in his use of rococo themes.

Adam, Robert (1765-1795) — Architect to George II for 6 years (1762-1768), he considered furniture an integral part of architecture, and designed houses complete down to the smallest furniture item. Greatly influenced by his visit to Pompeii in 1754, he introduced Greek and Roman classicism in his furniture designs. This classical influence is very evident in his famous fireplaces. With his brothers, John, James, and William, he began to introduce satinwood for inlay and even complete pieces of furniture.

Hepplewhite, George (1775-1800)—Noted for his chairs, which were lighter and more delicate than Chippendale's, Hepplewhite popularised the shield chairback. Legs were reeded or fluted and tapered to a spade foot. The main woods were mahogany, sycamore, and satinwood, often decorated with carved ears of wheat, Prince of Wales feathers, or pointed fern leaves.

Sheraton, Thomas (1790-1800)—Shows influences of the Adam brothers and also French styles. Chairbacks were simple, sometimes in lyre or urn style, just as frequently plain. He mostly used mahogany for chairs, but satinwood was his favorite for other pieces. He has never been surpassed in inlay.

REGENCY (1795-1820)—Themes drawn from ancient Greek, Egyptian, and Roman civilisations; folding chairs, X-form stools were introduced. Furniture was symmetrical, sparsely ornamented, and lacked the delicacy and grace of Georgian styles. Woods were darker in color; mahogany and rosewood were among the most used. Surface decoration was often in metal, either in mounts or inlays. Typical of the interest in metal was the bronze paw foot used on tables and chairs. Some of the classic ornaments used to decorate the furniture were dolphins, swans, winged classic figures.

VICTORIAN (1837-1901) — With the introduction of the machine age, England's golden era of furniture designs came to an end.

The exaggeratedly curved and carved, heavy, dark Victorian furniture reflected Gothic, rococo, and some Renaissance influences. Heavy buttoning and over-stuffing were characteristic. Today it is enjoying a revival for its striking contrast to the severe simplicity of modern design.

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Be your own handyman

STURDY STILTS FOR CHILDREN

AN all-time favorite with youngsters, stilts are made easily by the home handyman. In fact, it's a project a budding young handyman could be encouraged to tackle, under supervision.

Whether the stilts are made from off-cuts or of new timber, they will provide hours of enjoyment for children the year round.

Materials: Two pieces of 2in. x 1½in. x 5ft. wood (oregon is one of the most suitable materials to use); two squares hardboard, 6in. x 6in. (these form the step supports).

How to make

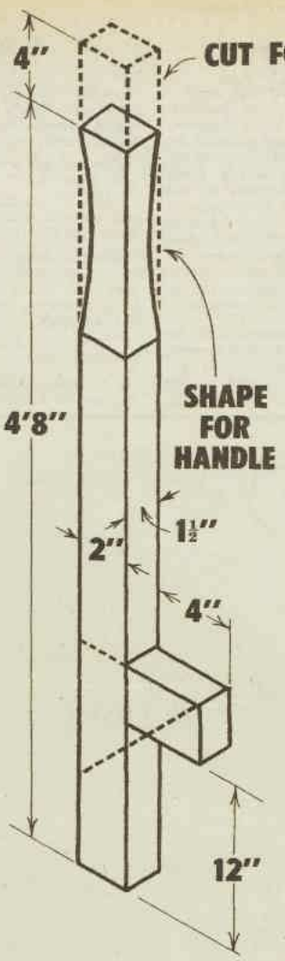
From the two 5ft. lengths of oregon, cut 4in. from top of each. These two short pieces form steps; nail them on to the 1½in. side of the uprights, 12in. up from the bottom end.

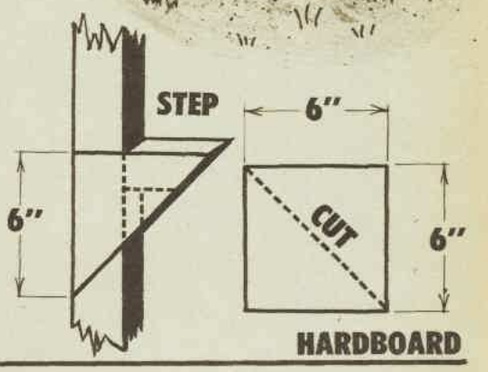
Now shape handles with a rasp so they gradually taper toward the top. Sandpaper when finished.

Cut the 6in. x 6in. squares of hardboard on the diagonal as shown in diagram, lower right. Glue these to the uprights, then nail them on both sides of the step, for added strength.

Paint timber a gay bright color—an individual color for each child would prevent squabbles.

One word of warning—it is advisable not to make the steps any higher than 12in. off the ground, because this is a safe height for children. Furthermore, see that they practise walking on the stilts over soft ground or grass to prevent bruises.





DIAGRAMS give measurement and working details. When choosing wood, ensure it is free of knots to prevent any possible weakening of stilts.

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in a sweat and left him capable only of fitful sleep.

Here he was, four days out from home, and still embarrassingly alive, with only a bruised shin and some stiff muscles as evidence of the "visible, violent, and external means" required in the conditions of the policy. He had to re-think the whole approach. No other person must be involved. He had so far encouraged one admittedly reckless man to put his life in jeopardy, and had all but killed another. He had no wish to be accompanied on his ultimate journey by a third.

Cacoulides returned through the crowd.

"All clear, Mr. Stretton. Follow me, please."

They swept along the road by the sea, past tumbledown houses with

Continued from page 30

SECOND OPINION

roofs in need of repair, but, as they approached the city, new modern-style villas became more frequent, as did the ragged street urchins, the donkeys, the filling-stations and the flower-stalls. There was a shock of familiarity to Stretton in the Greek letters on the advertisement hoardings, but his rusty classical Greek was only a partial help now in translation. Nevertheless, he couldn't repress a certain excitement as he kept a landward eye up for his first view of the Acropolis.

He needed to be reassured of the beauty and truth of ancient Greece, because it was all part of his upbringing, his fundamental beliefs of what was good or bad in taste, of what was right or wrong in behaviour. Surely some time soon he would glimpse the Doric columns of the Parthenon.

"Do we get a view of the Acropolis from . . . ?"

"Look!" exclaimed Cacoulides, and pointed enthusiastically. "The American Fleet."

Stretton looked in the direction of the outstretched finger at the grey hulls of the battle-cruisers, the aircraft-carriers, the destroyers, and the corvettes.

"How long are they here for?" he asked politely.

"A week, maybe longer, I hope. Is good for business."

Cacoulides sounded his horn joyfully at a cart drawn by a mule.

"But not for fathers of daughters. I have three. I keep them locked up," he laughed. "You got a family, Mr. Stretton?"

"One boy."

"One is not a family. You may lose him. He might be a bad boy. Then what? You have nothing."

I have nothing, anyway, he nearly replied.

They were now among heavier traffic and turned a wide corner past a small, battered-looking Arc de Triomphe.

"What's that?" asked Stretton.

"The Arch of Adrianos," replied Cacoulides, without interest. "Behind is the Temple of Olympian Zeus. All these things make traffic problem."

Stretton craned his neck, but the trees of the National Gardens obscured his view as they sped down the wide Leoforos Amalias, along the side of Syntagma Square.

"You never been to Athens before?"

"No. But I know most of the buildings from books and pictures . . ."

"Yet everybody still takes more. Click, click, click, all the time. Is a big waste of film. I see you got a camera, Mr. Stretton."

"Yes."

"I got one, too. I take it down the beach sometimes. Lots of pretty girls," he guffawed as they pulled up sharply at the top of the Avenue Venizelos. His voice took on a tone of pride.

"The King's Palace Hotel," he said. "The best building in Athens."

To Stretton's dismay Cacoulides insisted on coming up to his room with him. He was disappointed that, though high, it looked out on to a dull courtyard. He would have to slip out and find the Acropolis later when he had got rid of this importunate man. Then he would come back and work everything out once and for all.

"Thank you for settling me in Cacoulides," he said. "What time shall I be at your office in the morning?"

"Don't you worry, Mr. Stretton, I call for you. I arrange you to meet the chief at the hospital, and also my associate who is agent in Beirut and Haifa. Everything is planned. But please no business on Sunday."

"That's fine by me," said Stretton, and offered his hand. "See you tomorrow then."

CACOULIDES' jowl sagged in consternation. "Tomorrow business, Mr. Stretton, but today you are still my guest," he said.

"Please don't feel you have to entertain me. I'm rather tired and shall turn in early."

"But my wife cook for you tonight."

This was worse than he had anticipated.

"Really . . . please . . . there's no need to go to all that trouble . . ."

"No trouble. She cook for me too. And all my family. You meet them at dinner."

"Thank you, but I shall be very poor company . . . perhaps tomorrow . . ."

"You don't want to come?"

His features wore the hurt look of a scolded St. Bernard. Further refusal was impossible. It was also bad behaviour. Stretton produced a swift capitulation with a show of pleasure he didn't feel.

"Of course I want to come," he said. "Very much. It was just that . . ."

Cacoulides clapped him on the shoulder, his former grin snapping back into position and replacing instantly the tragedian's mask with the one of comedy.

"Is good," he said. "You will be happy, Mr. Stretton.. So will your stomach. I call for you at seven."

"Don't do that. I can get a taxi."

Cacoulides glanced at him as if he had given up trying to understand the strange reserve of the Anglo-Saxon. He shrugged and put a card on the table.

"O.K. It will take you ten minutes. Good-bye, Mr. Stretton."

"Good-bye, and thank you."

When he had changed, Stretton loaded his camera and went out of the hotel. Although he would never see the prints, some irresistible compulsion made him want to photograph what might be the last memorable scene his eyes would observe.

He wandered off in the direction of Cacoulides's address as prescribed by the hall-porter, but after twenty minutes he had become lost in a labyrinth of mean, evil-smelling streets where no Piraean stone or marble step broke the monotony of twentieth-century slum to inspire the use of lens and shutter.

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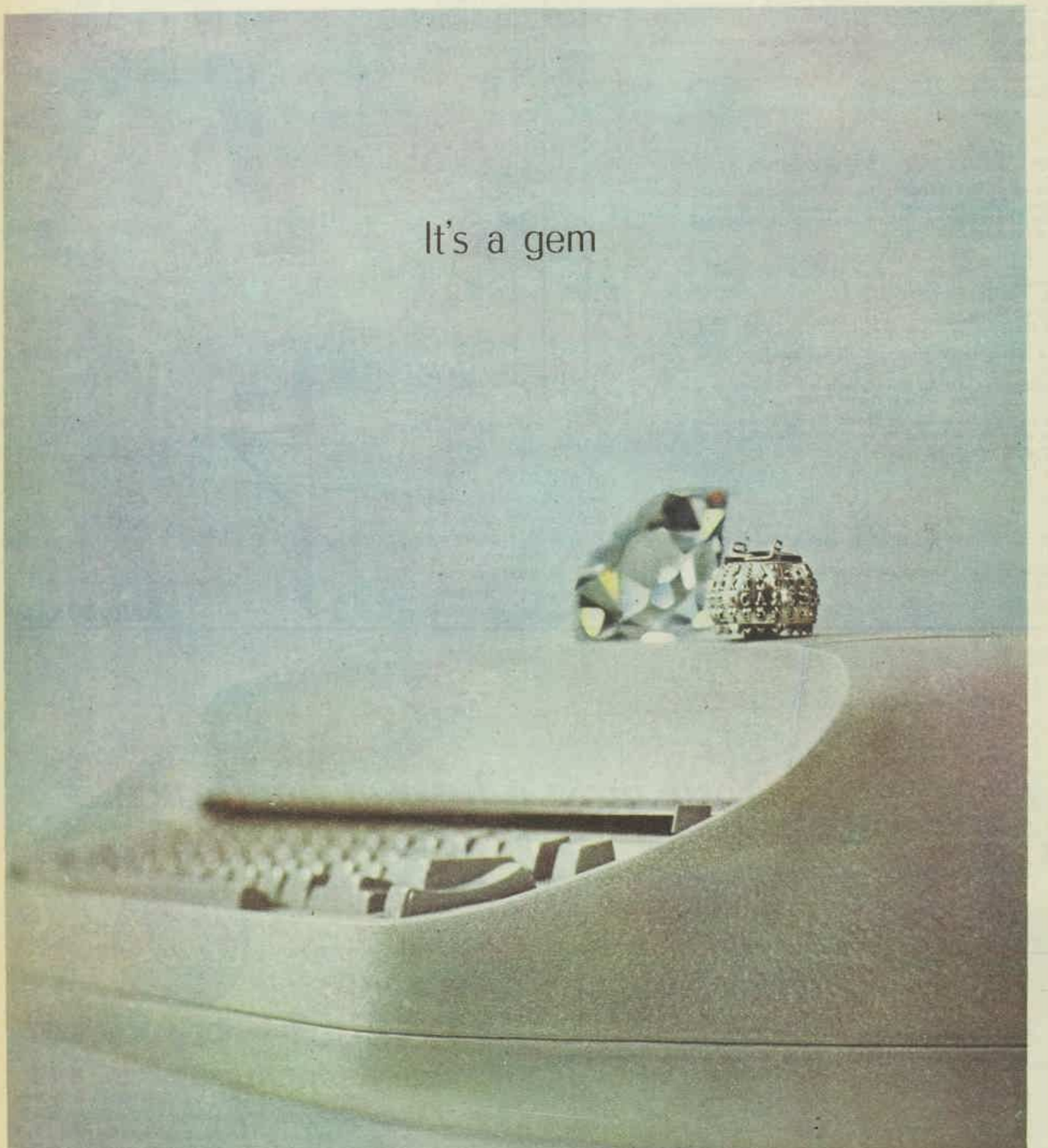
It's a gem



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Two plans to cure housewife's fatigue

"Reconditioned mum"

● A new era was in sight for our family. All four children had at last reached school age, and my husband was just emerging from the ruck in his profession after years of study and hard work.

READERS' STORIES

(The writers have both supplied their names and addresses, but wish to be anonymous.)

I SHOULD have been happy. I wanted to be, but all I could feel was a great, overwhelming tiredness.

I wasn't sick, I know, but I felt old—and me still in my 30s!

We couldn't yet afford a holiday away, but my husband took two weeks' leave.

The weather was good, and we had long walks, enjoyed a cup of tea in bed in the mornings, and he (desk-bound most of the year) benefited by the break.

We both enjoyed the time together, too, but for me, spending the greater part of every day year in, year out on my feet, walking was no holiday.

On the morning he returned to work I sat down with a cup of coffee after everyone had gone and howled into it.

In my mind's eye I could see a stretch of yellow sand, and me on it, flat on my back, being restored to my old self.

Right there and then I began to plan a holiday for myself at home.

I said nothing about it to anyone, but I planned for it as carefully as if I were going away.

I got the housework up to date and carefully dropped into my conversations with all friends and relatives the fact that I had two very busy weeks coming up when I would not be available to see anyone.

I WAS going to be busy, too—busy resting; busy becoming a "reconditioned mum."

On the first morning of my holiday, a Monday, I whisked through the day's tasks. Then I locked the front door and side gate, put on my bathers and stretched out on a towel on the back lawn.

Two hours later, having moved only once (to put myself in the shade), I was lazily watching an ant trying to lift a crumb up the concrete edging of the lawn.

When he finally made it I rolled over on my back and watched cloud patterns in the sky.

I could feel myself unwinding.

Lunch was a buttered roll, a wedge of cheese, a tomato, and a glass of milk.

At three I showered, and putting my holiday away until the next day, prepared for the home-comers.

By Friday I looked, and felt, ten years younger.

My eating habits had changed. I ate well, but now I felt more relaxed, and instead of nibbling all day I just ate regular, nourishing meals.

While lying on the lawn I had begun to do a few exercises, too, and when I took a shower I would gradually run it cold, feeling as invigorated after it as I would after a dip in the sea.

By the end of the second week people were commenting on my changed appearance.

New glamor

When I visited my hairdresser, he took a renewed interest in me, and cut my hair in a different, more becoming style.

I dug deep into memory for grandmother's beauty hints and gently massaged my face, neck, hands, and legs with oil and common salt to stimulate and nourish the skin.

I bought five yards of gingham and a really good pattern and made myself a most flattering dress for £1.

A little later, three yards of dark green denim and another good pattern made me a lovely skirt for the same price.

After that, there was no holding me.

My husband was delighted and relieved to find me looking and acting like the girl he used to know, and he seemed to gain new confidence and drive.

He applied for a job he had always wanted but had previously thought to be a bit ambitious for him yet—and got it.

Well, I've learned my lesson.

Now, if I feel I'm on the treadmill again, out goes the announcement that I anticipate a few busy days. And in no time I'm staring at ants and clouds, and once again proving the effectiveness of my self-help scheme!

"A day of my own"

● My recipe for a housewife's keep-fit-and-happy campaign developed some years ago when my two children were very young and needed such a lot of my time and attention that I often became very tired.

A FRIEND who lived a few streets away and also had two small children often felt tired, too, and together we decided to do something about it.

It wasn't easy to find the answer, but this is what we did.

One day a fortnight I minded her two children while she had the entire day to herself from 9.30 a.m. until 4.30 p.m. She then did the same for me once a fortnight.

My friend's idea of a day off was to spend the time in town, either sitting in a theatre or shopping leisurely, and she often returned home looking rather tired (more tired, in fact, than after her usual busy day at home).

I spent my treasured day quite differently, and I know it was much more beneficial to me, too.

After leaving my children with my friend, I strolled slowly over to our local shopping centre, which was large and boasted a modern beauty salon.

First I would make a small personal purchase, such as a pair of stockings, a handbag, shoes, or sometimes a frock.

When funds were low I would buy myself a pretty handkerchief, or something equally as cheap. But I always started my day with this small gift to myself, and then I felt quite happy (almost pampered).

The second thing I did was to keep my appointment at the beauty salon for a facial. Fortunately, it cost only 8/6 in those days (it's about 30/- today).

What that facial did to my morale was nobody's business. There is nothing quite as relaxing as a facial, and I felt like a duchess while I was there having it done.

After this fortnightly beauty treatment, I would go home, have a salad lunch, put on my dressing-gown, and doze for about two hours.

The facial made me feel delightfully drowsy, so there was never any problem about drifting off to sleep.

On waking, I would enjoy a nice cup of coffee, get dressed again in my frock, shoes, hat, and gloves, and walk slowly round to my friend's place to collect my children.

I always felt wonderful and quite ready to tackle my responsibilities for another fortnight.

I didn't ever tell my friend how I spent my day in case she laughed at me for sleeping. It was good enough that she always told me how happy or relaxed or refreshed I looked.

I would like to add that on each of these occasions, just before I dozed off, I enjoyed thinking of the gift I'd bought myself.

I can thoroughly recommend this kind of therapy to any housewife. It works wonders.

"Stop when you get to £5."

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SCONES AND JAM

● Take a scone hot from the oven, break it open, spread it generously, so that the butter melts into it, and top it with a fresh-tasting, colorful jam, It's an afternoon tea fit for a queen.

THERE are recipes for a wide variety of scones in this cookery feature, and also for the jams that make an ideal accompaniment to hot scones.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all the recipes.

BASIC SCONE RECIPE

Eight ounces self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1oz. butter or substitute, ¾ cup milk.

Sift flour and salt into basin, rub in butter with fingertips. Add almost all the milk at once, then remainder to mix to fairly soft dough. Turn on to floured board, knead quickly and lightly until outside of dough is smooth. Roll or pat out to ½in. to ¾in. thickness, cut to required size, place on lightly greased or floured shallow-sided scone-tray. Bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes. The scones can be glazed with milk before baking or, for a professional finish, rub over tops of scones with knob of butter (or brush lightly with melted butter) immediately they are removed from oven.

PRIZE-WINNING SCONES

Ten and a half ounces self-raising flour, 1oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup milk, ½ teaspoon salt.

Heat a little of the milk, add butter, stir until it dissolves; add to remaining cold milk. Sift flour and salt, pour in milk-and-butter mixture, mix together lightly with knife. When mixture holds together, knead with hand lightly once or twice until just smooth. Pat out with hand a little, then roll to ½in. thickness. Cut with 1½in. scone-cutter. Place on lightly greased baking-sheet, bake in hot oven 15 minutes.

GEM SCONES

One and a half cups plain flour, 4 teaspoons baking-powder, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 5 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, ¾ cup milk.

Sift flour, baking-powder, and salt into basin. Rub in butter, add sugar. Separate egg, mix egg-yolk with the milk. Fold into flour, lastly add stiffly beaten egg-white. Three-quarters fill into hot greased gem irons, bake in hot oven approximately 10 minutes.

BRANDIED ORANGE GEMS

One quantity gem scones (see recipe above).

Syrup: One-third cup water, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon brandy, 2 oranges (peeled and cut into segments), glace cherries, sifted icing sugar or whipped cream.

Place sugar and water in saucepan, boil until syrupy consistency. Drop in orange segments (free from pith), add brandy and allow fruit to become just hot but not soft: remove from syrup. Split hot gem scones at one side, slip in brandied orange slice, decorate with glace cherry. Top with whipped cream or sifted icing sugar. Serve two as a dessert; serve sauce separately or spoon a little over each brandied orange gem.

TREACLE SCONES

Two cups self-raising flour, 1oz. butter or substitute, few drops lemon juice, 1oz. sultanas, 1oz. sugar, 1 tablespoon treacle, 2-3rds cup milk.

Rub butter or substitute into flour, add lemon juice, sugar, and sultanas; mix with the blended treacle and milk. Mix to fairly moist dough. Turn out on floured board, roll out. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, bake further 5 to 8 minutes.

FRYING-PAN SCONES

Half pound plain flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 2 tablespoons castor sugar, 1oz. butter or substitute, ½ pint fresh or sour milk, extra butter.

Rub over frying-pan with knob of butter. Sieve flour, salt, soda, and cream of tartar into basin. Rub in butter with tips of fingers, stir in sugar, add milk and, with fork, mix to soft dough. Turn on to floured board, knead quickly once or twice, roll out to ½in. thickness, cut into rounds. Place in heated frying-pan, cook 2 to 3 minutes until nicely browned on one side. Turn over, brown the other side. Split open, butter and serve hot.

MILK SCONES

Eight ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons full cream powdered milk, 1oz. butter, water to mix.

Sift together flour, salt, and powdered milk, rub in butter with fingertips. Add just enough water to mix to soft dough. Pat out to ¾in. thickness, cut out with scone-cutter. Place on lightly greased scone-tray, bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes.

Orange Scones: Make up recipe for milk scones above, adding 1 dessertspoon each of sugar and grated orange rind to sifted dry ingredients; cut into small rounds. Make depression in centre of each scone with thumb. Fill with piece of lump sugar which has been dipped into orange juice. Bake as above.

PUMPKIN SCONES

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 cup cold mashed pumpkin, pinch each salt and pepper, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 egg (well-beaten).

Sift flour, salt, and pepper in basin, rub in butter or substitute. Stir in mashed pumpkin and lemon rind, mix to rather firm dough with egg. If pumpkin is dry, it may be necessary to add a little milk to dough. Turn on to floured board, roll to about ¾in. thickness. Cut into rounds, glaze with milk, bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

FRENCH SCONE

One egg, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup milk, vanilla, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon melted butter or substitute, extra melted butter, cinnamon.

Separate yolk from white of egg. Beat egg-white stiffly, add yolk and sugar, beat well; add milk and vanilla gradually. Stir in flour and melted butter. Cook in 7in. greased sandwich-tin in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. While still hot, brush with melted butter and sprinkle with cinnamon. Serve buttered hot or cold.

GOLDEN SCONES, hot from the oven, are topped with colorful, home-made jam to make a morning or afternoon tea all will enjoy.

ALMOND-APRICOT SCONES

Two cups plain flour, 4 teaspoons baking-powder, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, ¾ cup milk, ½ cup apricot syrup (drained from canned apricots), drained finely chopped apricots, 1 tablespoon finely chopped almonds, icing sugar.

Sift together flour, baking-powder and salt, add sugar. Rub in butter until mixture resembles fine crumbs; add milk and apricot liquid. Press out or roll to ¾in. thickness. Cut into rounds, make depression in centre of each, fill with mixture of apricots and almonds. Sprinkle lightly with icing sugar, bake in hot oven 25 to 30 minutes.

BUTTERSCOTCH WALNUT SCONES

Double quantity basic scone mixture, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 2 teaspoons white sugar, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. brown sugar, 1 cup raisins, ½ cup chopped walnuts, extra ½ cup walnut halves.

Make up basic scone mixture, adding spice and white sugar to flour and butter mixture. Roll out to thin oblong shape. Cream together butter and brown sugar, spread half over bottom of greased 8in. square or round cake-tin. Press in walnut halves, upside down. Spread remaining butter mixture over scone dough, sprinkle with chopped walnuts and raisins, roll up as for swiss roll. Cut into 1½in. sections with sharp knife and place side by side, cut side up, in tin. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, cook further 15 to 20 minutes. Leave in tin to cool 2 to 3 minutes before turning out.

Continued on page 52

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

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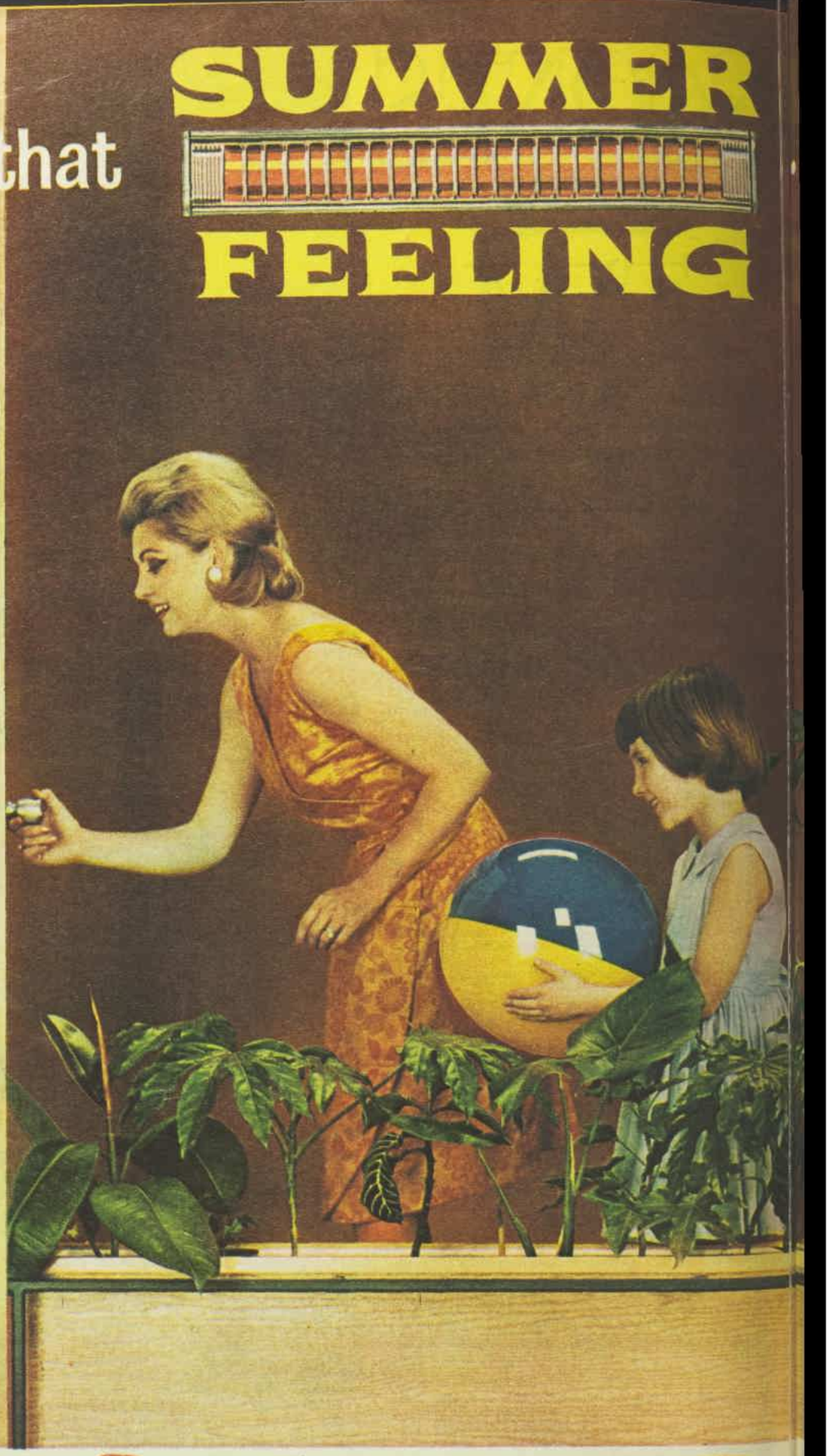

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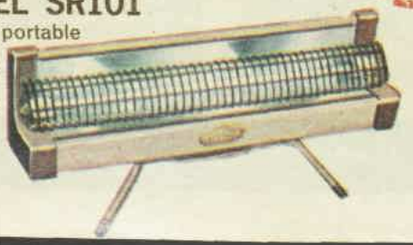

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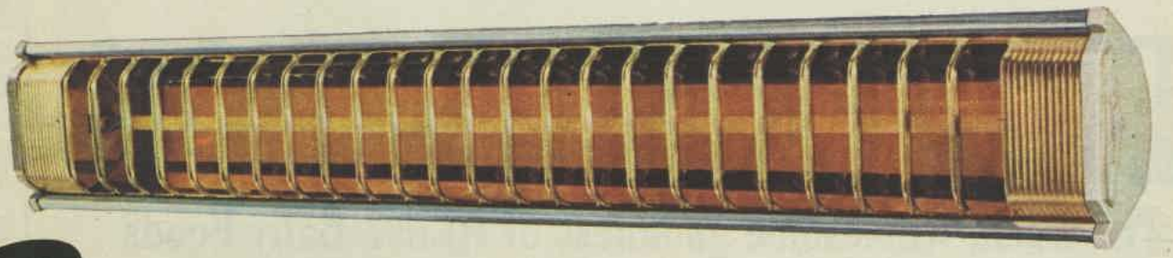

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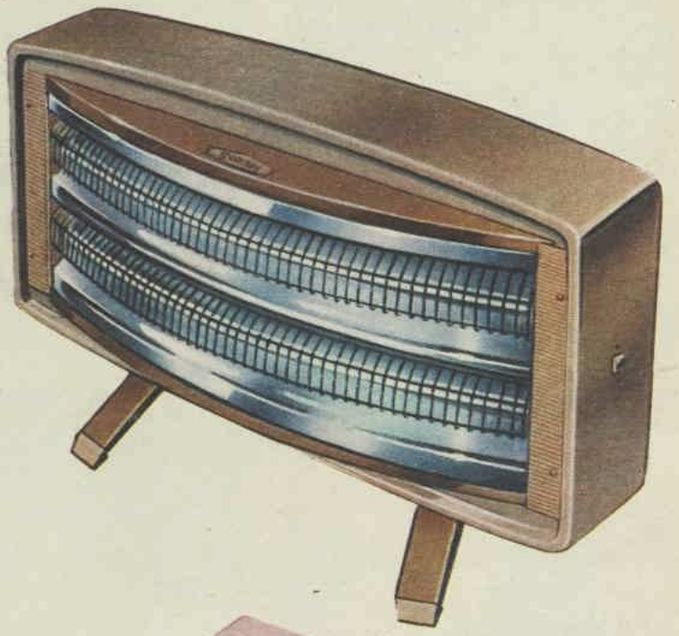

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SCONES AND JAM

. . . continued from page 49

SUCCESSFUL home-made jam should be of good color and flavor, well set but not stiff, and should keep well without any mould forming. The following hints will help you achieve these results:

- Choose firm, sound, barely ripe, early-season fruit, freshly picked if possible. Over-ripe fruit has excessive amounts of sugar and will not jell.
- Use shallow open preserving-pan or large saucepan to allow evaporation to take place freely.
- Heat sugar before adding to jam so it dissolves quickly and does not send the jam off the boil too long. To heat sugar, place on tray in slow oven a few minutes.
- Cook fruit with water (but for some jams no water is used) until tender before adding warmed sugar. Then cook quickly, uncovered, and stirring occasionally until jam jells when tested. Make sure all sugar is dissolved before allowing jam to boil.
- To test when jam is ready to jell, place a little on cold saucer, chill a couple of minutes in refrigerator, then push back surface of jam with finger. Surface should crinkle slightly if jam is done. When jam begins to splutter while cooking and bubbles appear on surface it is ready to jell.
- When jam is cooked, fill into jars previously sterilised by washing thoroughly in hot, soapy water, rinsing in warm water, drying, then placing in a warm oven a few minutes to dry out thoroughly before filling.
- All jams, except marmalades and berry fruit jams, should be filled into jars while still hot. Marmalades and berry jams should be left to become slightly thick before bottling so fruit will be distributed evenly throughout jam.
- When jam is cold, cover it down air-tight. If desired, pour thin layer of liquid paraffin wax on top of jams and jellies to cover completely before final sealing. Store in cool, dry place, away from light.

APRICOT AND PASSIONFRUIT JAM

One dozen passionfruit, ½lb. dried apricots, 4 cups boiling water, 4 cups sugar, juice 2 lemons.

Cut passionfruit in halves, remove pulp. Place washed shells in saucepan, cover with water. Boil until soft, scoop out all remaining pulp, discarding the thin skin; chop pulp very small, add to seeds and juice. Wash apricots thoroughly, cut in halves. Cover with boiling water, stand a few hours or, if possible, overnight. Place apricots and water in which they soaked into large saucepan, boil until soft and pulpy. Add passionfruit, sugar, and lemon juice, stir over low heat until all sugar has been dissolved, then bring to boil. Boil quickly until it jells when tested. Fill into clean warm jars. Seal and label when cold. Makes approx. 5 jars.

DRIED APRICOT AND PUMPKIN JAM

Half pound dried apricots, 2½lb. sugar, 1½ pints water, 8 tablespoons lemon juice (lemons must not be too ripe), 1lb. good colored pumpkin.

Soak apricots overnight in 1 pint water. Next day peel pumpkin, cut up roughly. Cook gently in remainder of water and lemon juice until quite soft. Then add apricots, cook about 10 to 15 minutes longer. Add sugar and cook until jam thickens and jells when tested. (This should not take long.) Makes approx. 5 jars.

FRUIT SALAD JAM

Seven pounds jam melon, 5½lb. sugar, 2 oranges, 1 lemon, 3 bananas, 1 small can crushed pineapple, 2 apples (grated), 5 passionfruit.

Cut peeled melon into small cubes, sprinkle with 1 cup sugar, stand overnight. Next morning, shred oranges and lemon, bruise bananas with fork. Put all fruit, excepting passionfruit, in preserving-pan with remainder of sugar. Bring to boil, simmer about 1½ hours. Then add passionfruit pulp, boil another ½ hour or until mixture jells when tested. Fill into clean, dry jars, seal when cold. Makes approx. 12 jars.

APPLE AND GINGER JAM

Three pounds apples, 1oz. bruised root ginger, 1 pint water, juice 2 lemons, 3lb. sugar, 4oz. crystallised ginger.

Peel, core, and cut up apples, tie peel, cores, and bruised root ginger in muslin. Place apples, water, bag of apple peel in preserving-pan with lemon juice; cook slowly until tender. Remove bag of peel after squeezing. Add sugar and crystallised ginger (chopped into small pieces), stir until sugar dissolves. Boil rapidly until setting point is reached. Pot and cover at once. Makes approx. 6 jars.

PEAR AND LEMON JELLY

Six pounds good sound pears, 10 cups water, 6 cloves, thin yellow rind from 1 lemon, 1in. stick cinnamon, juice 6 lemons, sugar.

Wash and dry pears, cut up roughly without peeling or coring, place in large preserving-pan. Add water and lemon juice. Make bag from small piece of fine cotton or muslin, place in it the cloves, lemon rind, and cinnamon. Add to pears. Simmer gently until fruit is quite tender, even slightly pulpy; remove bag. Strain through scalded flannel jelly-strainer or 2 thicknesses of muslin; allow to drain a few hours. Measure strained juice, add a cup of sugar for each cup of juice. Place juice and sugar in clean preserving-pan, stir over heat until sugar dissolves. Boil rapidly until it jells. Pour carefully into heated glasses, being careful not to produce too many bubbles. When set, cover down airtight, label, and store. Makes about 6 glasses.

TROPICAL PAPAW JAM

One or two papaws (total weight about 4lb.), 1 large slightly under-ripe pineapple, butter, 1 cup water, sugar, juice 2 lemons.

Peel and slice papaw thickly, peel pineapple, cut out hard core, chop fruit into small pieces. Weigh fruit, and to each 1lb. of prepared papaw add ½lb. pineapple. Fill fruit into buttered preserving-pan, add water. Bring slowly to boil, continue cooking until soft. Remove from heat, measure pulp, add 1 cup sugar to each cup of pulp. Return pulp, lemon juice, and sugar to preserving-pan, stir over low heat until sugar dissolves. Continue cooking until mixture jells. Cool, bottle in clean warm jars. When cold, seal airtight. Makes approx. 10 jars.

STRAWBERRY JAM

Strawberries, sugar, lemon juice.

Put washed strawberries into preserving-pan, crush a few to release a little juice. Cook over gentle heat until fruit has warmed through. Measure, add 1 cup of warmed sugar and 1 teaspoon lemon juice for each cup of fruit. Stir over low heat until sugar dissolves, then bring to boil. Simmer slowly until jam jells when tested on cold saucer.

Note: No water is added to this jam. Place asbestos mat under pan so fruit can cook slowly without burning.

57 It does matter whose baby foods you buy

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New ways to use chokoes

● This week's £5 prize is awarded to a New South Wales reader for a series of recipes devoted to the choko — an economical vegetable that is plentiful at this time of the year.

THERE are also hints on making use of chokoes in new ways:

● Serve chokoes with white sauce or baked with the roast, but be sure to save the skins, because they also make a good vegetable. Place skins in a plastic bag until required, then with scissors snip into small pieces. Serve as french beans (cooked in the same way) or add to real beans.

● Slice 2 chokoes thinly and cook until tender in salted water. Strain and add liquid saved from previously cooked beetroot. Simmer gently few minutes. Remove from heat, cool, and store in jar in refrigerator until required. This looks and tastes just like beetroot and will keep well.

● Chokoes are a good basis for pickles: try adding a can of pineapple pieces to your next batch for a new and interesting flavor.

All spoon measurements are level.

JELLIED COCKTAIL DESSERT

Three medium - sized young chokoes, 1 cooking apple, pinch salt, 1 small piece preserved ginger, 4 tablespoons sugar, water, 1 tablespoon raspberry cordial base, 1 tablespoon gelatine (softened in 2 tablespoons cold water), custard or ice-cream.

Peel and slice chokoes and apple, removing seeds. Place in saucepan with salt, shredded ginger, sugar, and enough water to cover. Cover saucepan, simmer until fruit is tender, add raspberry cordial base and softened gelatine and continue cooking a few minutes until gelatine is dissolved. Fill into bowl, allow to cool, then chill in refrigerator until set. Serve with custard or ice-cream.

Other flavors of cordial base could be used in place of the raspberry.

MOCK PEARS

Six medium-sized young chokoes, 1 cup chopped mixture of nuts, raisins, dates, and any other fruits desired, cloves, 4 tablespoons sugar, water, 1 teaspoon ground ginger (or little sliced preserved ginger), thin piece lemon rind, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon gelatine (dissolved in ½ cup hot water), ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Peel and core chokoes, scraping out a little of the centres to leave room for filling. Fill centre of each with chopped nut-and-fruit mixture and 1 clove. Combine sugar, a little water (about 1 cup), ginger, and lemon rind in shallow casserole, add chokoes. Bake in moderate oven until tender. Remove chokoes carefully, place in serving-bowl, take out cloves. Strain syrup, make up to 1½ cups with water. Add lemon juice, dissolved gelatine, and vanilla; mix well and pour over fruit in bowl. Chill until set. Serve with custard.

Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. McVicar, 14A Ewenton St., Balmain, N.S.W.

HOME HINTS

● Prize of £1/1/- is awarded for each of these home hints sent in by readers.

AN easy way to whiten unbleached calico is to wet it and hang on the line overnight when there is a heavy frost. Leave on line next day until dry. — Margaret Wigg, 474 Henry St., Deniliquin, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Keep a pair of tweezers by your washing machine, and when emptying it use them to remove fluff and cotton ends from the pump. There will be no further blocking up. — Mrs. E. R. Ferguson, 2 Geelong Rd., Ballarat, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Hooks and eyes from old brassieres make good fasteners for the waistbands of skirts. — Miss R. Walker, 7 Penang St., Point Clare, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Remove grease or oil stains from carpets or rugs by sprinkling freely with cream of tartar and leaving overnight. Next morning, remove with vacuum cleaner or brush off. — Miss J. Barkla, Olive Parade, Newtown, Kadina, S.A.

★ ★ ★ ★

Make pyjama waist cords more comfortable by removing cord, cutting it in half, then attaching about 6in. of elastic to each end of the cord, sewing it firmly. Replace cord, which will also last longer if treated this way. — Mrs. C. A. Lang, "Jacaranda," Ewing Rd., Woodridge, Qld.

Our low-calorie recipe

HERE'S a good, meaty soup — wonderful for cold weather.

VEAL AND VEGETABLE SOUP

Two small veal shanks, 2 onions, bouquet garni, water, ½ cup sliced carrots, ½ cup sliced celery, ½ cup sliced green beans, ¼ cup diced turnip, salt and pepper.

Have shanks chopped into pieces. Place them in saucepan with onions and bouquet garni; add cold water to cover. Cover pan, simmer very gently about 2 hours, or until meat is very tender. Cool broth, remove shanks, pull meat from bones, chop finely. Skim stock, strain, return to saucepan, add prepared vegetables. Simmer until vegetables are tender (25 to 30 minutes). Then add meat, parsley, and seasoning to taste. Simmer further 5 minutes, then serve immediately. Serves six; calories per serve, 155.

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It seemed as though he was purposely being prevented from finding some vista of beauty to take with him, to leave behind. He tried to retrace his steps, realising now that he was going to be late. Anger at Cacoulides, at his own miserable situation, the hopelessness of his future, the disappointment of his past, grew into a cold biting fury which he vented in vehement gesture on the first taxi he came across. He thrust the card under the driver's nose, got in and slammed the door.

But his ill-humor began to dissipate in the overwhelmingly hospitable and obviously genuine welcome of the Cacoulides household. Somehow the lack of a common tongue between himself, the three giggling daughters, the charming smiling sons and their small vivacious mother, transformed the usual restraint and banal formality of such an occasion into an atmosphere of goodwill and simple unaffected delight. Cacoulides himself took on the stature of a jovial patriarch, plying his distinguished guest with a full-bodied, barely resinous Cypriot claret and several replenishments of a not too fiery brandy.

When Stretton looked at his watch at ten o'clock he realised with a shock that for nearly three hours he had lost all thought of his own miserable identity. Briefly he had shared the happiness which was another man's, and he envied it. These boys would grow into men, as David would. Their father had achieved a contentment of the soul which had completely escaped him, as it had escaped his own father. He wondered if his own son would break the seemingly fated sequence. In that moment the thought that he would not see David again, not again influence him, seemed perhaps the best thing for both of them. And for Isobel, too.

Electing once more to walk, he prevailed on Cacoulides to bid him goodnight at his door, and this time, with explicit instructions, he made his way back toward the hotel.

Seemingly only a few minutes after he had left the house, he came to a wide square, fringed with trees, and dappled with moonlight and the shadows from the street lamps. Something above drew his attention, and instantly he knew he had found the most beautiful prospect he was ever likely to see.

Suspended in the sky in its own floodlit cradle, the Parthenon dominated the Acropolis and the sprawling city below it, as it had dominated the imagination of civilised men for over 2000 years, and as it now dominated Stretton's. He stood enraptured, overwhelmed, and all the dammed-up control and fear and desolation burst in his brain, which left behind an irreversible, single-minded intent. If he had to die, then that was where he wanted to do it. How, he would have to discover. Where was no longer a problem.

He estimated that the ancient citadel was about a mile away, though distances could be deceptive at night. No matter. The walk would clear his head.

The mistake in Paris had been the complicated preparation and the involvement of a third party. This time his plan would be appropriate to its surroundings, of classical simplicity. He adjusted the strap of his camera round his neck. His old treasured friend would serve him well after death, as in life an unerring trusty witness incapable of corruption.

Now that he had grasped once more the nettle of decision, his fear began to melt away. Here in Athens, under the eyes of the immortal gods, he would gather to himself, as it were by proxy, the nobility of sacrifice.

"Tour of the Acropolis, sir? Just leaving. Very good."

The voice was thin and ingratiating. Stretton shook his head, but the man fell into step at his side.

"Bus take you all the way, sir, bring you back. Guide tell you all about it. Forty-five drachmas. Very beautiful at night. Bus just leaving."

The man grinned up at him from under a peaked cap a size too large.

"Forty drachmas," the offer was reduced.

"Where is the bus?"

"Just around the corner, sir. Thirty-five drachmas. Very cheap. Very good. Take good snaps of Parthenon by floodlight."

THE remark startled Stretton by its seeming intuition. Yet it was right to establish himself as a dedicated enthusiast, as a convincing prelude to what was to follow.

"All right," he said. "Show me."

"Very good, sir. Just along here. Ticket, sir."

Stretton exchanged a note for the piece of paper which was thrust into his hand. The fumbling for change was exaggerated and prolonged.

"Never mind. Keep it."

"Very good, sir. Very good."

The man saluted and pulled out some goods from his pocket.

"Beautiful postcards, sir? Pretty girls."

"No, thank you," said Stretton.

"Latest set of stamps? Very pictorial."

Stretton hesitated.

"Let me see those."

He examined the cellophane envelope. He'd promised to send David some stamps. It was too late now to post them, but his effects would be parcelled up by Cacoulides and sent home. Found in his jacket, the stamps would help to confirm the normality of his mental state.

"How much?"

"Twenty drachmas."

Stretton handed over another note and slipped the packet into his pocket. The salute this time almost became a salaam.

"Very good, sir. Very good."

Abruptly, the man hurried off.

"Hey, where's the bus?" shouted Stretton. But the peaked cap was already dodging away through the trees, the face beneath it turning and grinning like a satyr. Stretton cursed his own gullibility, but round the corner of the square he saw an antiquated, yellow motor-coach bearing the illuminated magic word "Acropolis." He sprinted, catching up with it as it began to grind forward. He hammered on the closed folding door. The vehicle squealed to a standstill and the door opened. An olive-skinned, pug-faced man in horn-rimmed glasses glared at him and spoke rapidly in Greek.

"Thank you," said Stretton, and began to get in, but the man's arm barred his way.

"Full up. No standing," he said.

"But I've got a ticket," retorted Stretton, and brandished the piece of paper sold to him by the tout. The man took it, examined it, and then returned it.

"Yes. That is a ticket, sir. But we are still full up. No standing. You can use it tomorrow. The Acropolis will still be there."

"But I shan't be," Stretton blurted out. "At least . . ." he began, and then checked himself. No one else could possibly interpret

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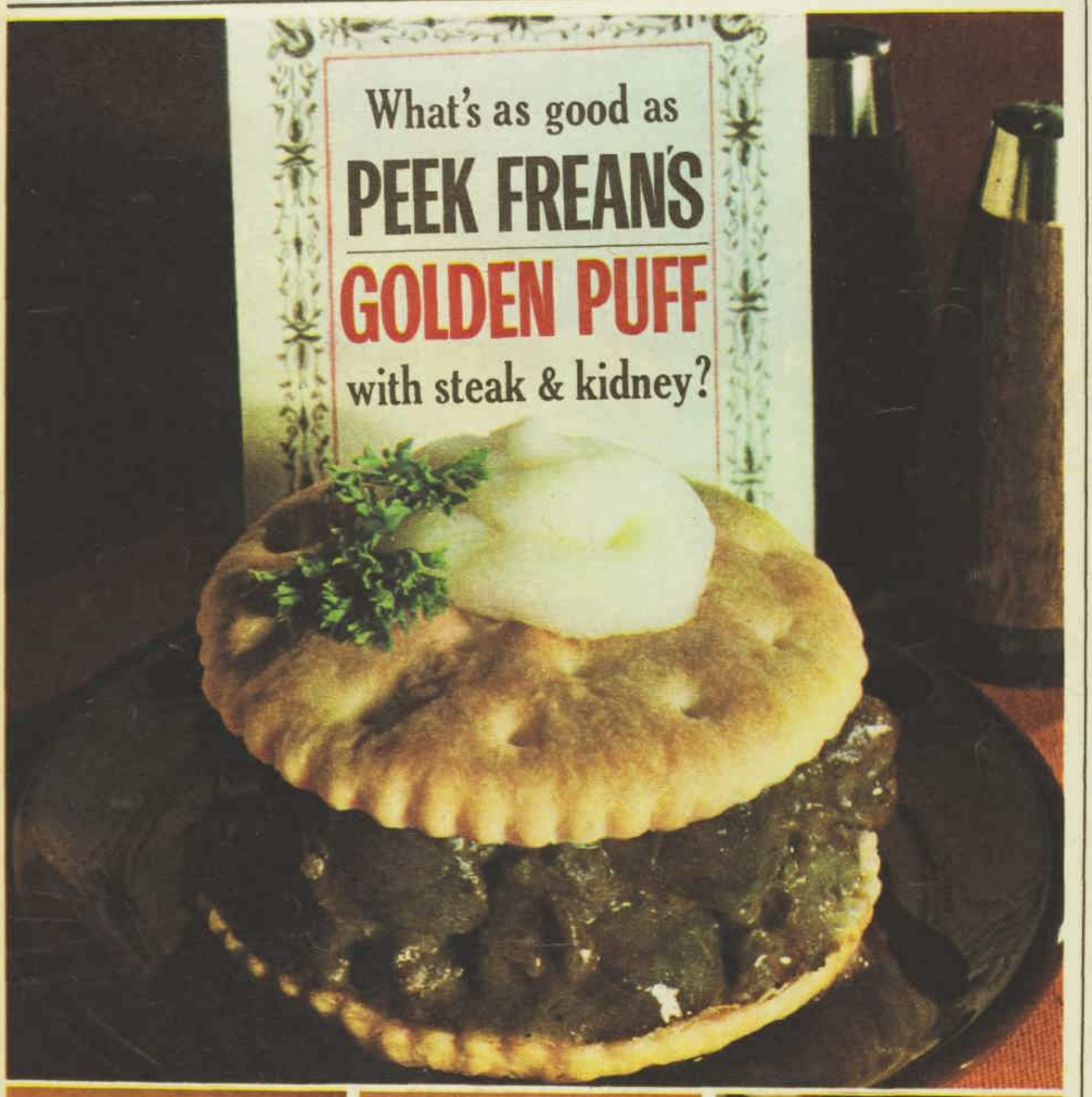

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the morbid meaning of his admission.

"Pardon me," said a deep mid-Western voice, "but how would this be?"

A gangling American sailor on the seat opposite the door lifted his girlfriend on to his knee.

Stretton sat down.

"Thanks," he murmured.

"You're welcome," said the sailor, and the bus jerked forward.

When they were out in the main stream of traffic, the guide addressed them from the end of the bus like a schoolmaster, repeating his information in the several languages. Stretton looked out of the window, only giving half his mind to the torrent of words. The Acropolis had slipped from view again behind the buildings of the modern town, but they were climbing, and he knew they must be making a circuit round the base of the hill on which it stood. The bus was hot and stuffy. Wedged next to the American, who was devoting as little attention to the harangue as he was, Stretton began to feel tense and hemmed in.

DOUBT sucked at him, and fear returned: doubt as to his capability to translate his recent heroic musings into reality; fear of the sickening drop and the irrevocable disintegrating impact of annihilation. He mustn't think about it. He must just go forward step by step, building up the evidence. To steady his hands, he opened the leather case slung from his neck, and unnecessarily examined his camera. He took out a handkerchief and wiped the lens carefully.

"That's a nice little piece of equipment you got there." The mellow voice cut through the guide's automatic recitation.

"What? Yes, it isn't bad."

Stretton put the camera back in its case.

"I'm hoping to get some—er—unconventional shots of the Acropolis. If I can," he added.

"You mean moonlight, that sort of stuff?"

"More or less."

The historical monologue broke off.

"I allow plenty of time for the photographs. For the benefit of all."

The bus pulled up with a murderous jolt and the guide teetered forward. The sailor shot out a hand and prevented him from falling.

"No standing. No falling. It is not permitted," he said.

There was general laughter. The thick-set man muttered something in Greek and drew himself up pompously.

"We are here. Follow me."

He opened the door and the party filed out of the bus obediently. They marched along a short path to an iron gateway. A uniformed attendant emerged from a shelter housing postcards, guide-books and curios, and let them through. Stretton allowed the others to hurry up the steep slope ahead of him.

When he reached the top, broken ground strewn with stunted bushes and haphazard blocks of stone stretched ahead to reach a monumental flight of steps, overlooked by the delicately fluted shafts of a miniature temple. Above and beyond, the steps continued up through

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SECOND OPINION

bolder columns, half-lost pediments and incomplete architraves, up and up, until, emblazoned against the sky, the floodlit Parthenon rose supreme, dominant, breathtaking.

A sudden gust of cold wind flurried the dust, and some of its tiny particles stung his cheeks, breaking the spell. There was no turning back now. He shivered, and, taking out his camera, walked determinedly ahead to where in the moonlight he could pick out the group of people from the bus, clustered at the foot of the guide, who had struck an attitude several steps above them. As Stretton approached, the man pointed dramatically, with a sweep of his arm, declaiming with oratorical vigor.

"On that bare rock, down there to your right, the rock called Areios Pagos, stood a man. He stood and delivered a sermon. A sermon to the Athenians. His name was Saint Paul. De cette simple roche la bas a droite . . ."

Stretton set his exposure, guessing it with the knowledge of experience, and then mounted the steps behind the guide. He focused on the frieze above him and clicked the shutter. He moved across the steps, and kneeling took a detail of the stylobate. His actions succeeded in distracting the guide, who stopped in mid-sentence and turned on him.

"I give plenty time for photographs later," he rasped out. "Also to climb is not permitted."

Stretton saluted, jumped down and moved further away. He expected some wisecrack from his sailor friend to cap the remonstrance, but he couldn't see him or the girl among the little crowd.

The guide shepherded them up the steps of the Propylaea out on to the main expanse of the Acropolis. They threaded their way through the jumble of stones and slabs of marble until they reached their next stopping-place at the foot of the western end of the Parthenon itself.

The column rose up sheer to the entablature, and above the cornice two decapitated marble torsos crouched in the pediment.

"The two figures you can see," said the guide, "are the supposed group of Kekrops and Pandrosos."

Stretton stared up at the worn, weathered stone high above to the place he had envisaged. But now that he was faced with the reality, the impossibility of his scheme struck at him with a fell hopelessness. There must be some way up. If this failed, he couldn't go on.

This was where he had to end it all, or else submit to the stealthy merciless ravage within him. The despair of frustration sent him running up the steps between the unequally-spaced columns among the cast shadows of the interior.

He stopped, breathing heavily, searching in the gloom for an answer. Gradually his eyes picked out the details of the half-ruined

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SECOND OPINION

architecture. Skirting one side, the portion of a solid wall climbed up to meet the limit of the inner colonnade. The top of the wall was irregular and descended to its broken end on the stone floor in an irregular series of step-like drops, some a few inches, some a few feet in depth. His pulse began racing as he measured with his eye the ledges and projections where a foot and hand could be placed. Excitedly he followed his imaginary progress. Apart from the initial pull-up on to the first six-foot block, there was really nothing to stop him. He had accomplished more difficult climbs as a boy on the rocks at Penzance. Once at the top it should be easy to get out on to the pediment.

Trembling, he walked back to the sightseers outside. All he had to do now was to exhibit his photographic mania a few more times, establish his role as a harmless eccentric, and then become unspectacularly missed. Later, when they had given him up, he would deliver himself to his resolution. There must be no witnesses this time, save the gods on Olympus.

When the guide came to the end of his discourse he turned and appeared to address Stretton personally.

"That is the end. There is now ten minutes for photographs. The bus leaves at twelve, when the Acropolis is closed. No waiting."

Stretton stayed with the chattering group, pretending to take more pictures. He only had two exposures left, and he needed those for the final evidence. When the others began to straggle back toward the entrance, he slipped behind the eastern end of the Erechtheion and, sitting down, watched the twinkling lights of the city below.

He waited until ten past the hour and then emerged from his hiding-place cautiously. The sound of the bus-hooter and its departure was carried across on the wind, which had blown up sharply. It was an eerie sound, emphasising the loneliness and desolation of the place and of the solitary man who picked his way stealthily back to the white floodlit colonnade of the Parthenon.

When he was half-way to his objective, all the man-made artificial lighting went out, leaving the whole prospect more subtly illuminated by the ageless moonlight. Stretton paused a moment, caught between the past aeons of beauty and the triviality of his own ephemeral future. Hunching his shoulders against the cold, he drew on his fortitude and disappeared into the black shadow of the temple.

Inside, his footsteps echoed boldly on the uneven floor. The silhouette of the pillars against the now lighter sky exaggerated their height, sending a chill shudder through him as he looked up to where he had to climb. He made his way to the base of the wall, and at the second attempt heaved himself up on to the first ledge. The next ten feet were as simple as a stairway, but the following twenty required precise foot- and hand-holds.

He moved with care and deliberation. He didn't want to forestall the ultimate culmination by a truly accidental fall, maiming but non-fatal. He had to get right to the top to make certain.

Sweating and out of breath, at length he reached the level of the top of the inner columns on a wide horizontal platform; this was separated by a gap of about four feet from a similar one, which ran forward unobstructedly to the back of the broken pediment of the western end of the building. He sat with his legs over the edge, at last permitting himself to look down where the tenuous shadows of the columns traced a zebra pattern sixty feet below him.

There was nothing more now except a few last grains of the sands of time between him and his chosen moment of truth. He waited, prolonging his respite before going on to stand up, jump the gap to the pediment and reach his final point of departure.

Suddenly harsh staccato chords of jazz filled the sacred precincts of the empty temple with echoing distorted anachronism. Abruptly the music cut off and the flicker of a cigarette-lighter illuminated briefly the head of the sailor and his girl friend behind the base of a shaft of the opposite colonnade.

The flame went out, and some of the words reached up to him.

"Twelve-thirty . . . back to my ship, honey . . . come on . . . show's over . . . you never satisfied? . . . come on . . ."

STRETTON stood up and moved back on the platform as a precaution against discovery, but his foot dislodged a small piece of stone. He froze as he heard it hit the floor, bounce, and then lose itself in the stillness.

"Maybe you were right . . . was someone in here."

The boy had walked out now into the centre of the huge rectangle below. Stretton could see he was looking up in his direction. Movement would give away his position, so he held his breath and stood still.

"There he is, up there," he heard. "Look . . . it's that crazy guy with a camera."

The girl was at his side following the eye-line of the sailor's pointing finger. She said something Stretton could not pick up. The boy cupped his hand and shouted.

"Hello, up there," he called. "Are you O.K.?"

Immediately Stretton realised he had to answer. Silence would be suspicious, and could lead to the boy trying to climb up after him. He saw another tragedy entered in the books against him.

"Yes, thanks," he shouted. "Just trying to get an unusual shot or two."

"Oh," said the sailor.

"Sorry if I disturbed you," replied Stretton. "Good night."

"Hope you know what you're doing."

For answer Stretton waved down reassuringly and moved farther away along the platform. It couldn't be better. Last seen with his camera. "Poor fellow must have slipped." He listened to their footsteps die down as they walked out through the pillars of the northern side. Turning, he faced the gap which separated him from the architrave. It wouldn't matter now if he missed it, but some obsessional streak made him want to fulfil the last detail of his plan. He tensed his muscles and jumped, landing on the opposite side with ease. He looked back once, and then climbed over the edge of the pediment.

Beside him were the weather-marked torsos of Kekrops and Pandrosos.

He leant against them, holding on to combat the tugging of the wind which came across with full force from the distant hills round Salamis. His eyes picked up a movement

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Australian place names

● *Many Australian place names have fascinating meanings or links with the past. Watch this series especially for places you know, or have lived in, or wondered about.*

NEW SOUTH WALES

Brewarrina
Native word for fishing.

Ophir
Scene of first gold find ever worked in Australia. A traveller in 1879 wrote: "It contains no respectable inn."

Penrith
Named after the English Penrith. Native name of district, Mulgoa. An early resident of Penrith, William Roberts, left £4000 to Sydney University to found a scholarship in memory of his wife's first husband.

Quirindi
Said to be from Guyer-warinda, "Waters fall together." Surveyor-General Mitchell called it, "Cuerindie," and it has been said to signify "dead tree on mountain top."

VICTORIA

Alexandra
Named in honor of Princess Alexandra, later the Queen of Edward VII. She was born at Copenhagen and christened Alexandra Caroline Marie Charlotte Louise Julie. The town was first known as Red Gate Diggings.

Beulah
From the Scriptural word used in Isaiah, "Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken, neither shall thy land be termed Desolate, but thou shalt be called Hephzi-bah and thy land Beulah, for the Lord delighteth in thee . . ."

Boort
Aboriginal word, "smoke."

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Eyre Peninsula
Governor Gawler wrote to the explorer Eyre in 1839: "I have felt it proper to call after your name the peninsula of which you have been the first investigator."

Waikerie
Named in 1910 by Governor Bosanquet from Waikerie sheep station, which derived its name from an aboriginal word meaning "wings," the place being a favorite haunt of wildfowl.

TASMANIA

Eaglehawk Bay
Martin Cash, the bushranger, swam this bay, which was supposed to be full of sharks, after escaping from Port Arthur. When he was caught he was sentenced to death but reprieved and given a life sentence. Eventually he was released and became caretaker at Hobart Botanical Gardens. He died at Glenorchy.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

Dampier's Archipelago
Takes its name from William Dampier, the one-time buccaneer, who had taken to the life more because of the opportunities for travel than for gain. He raided Portobello, marched on Panama, and stole a ship, but eventually had to make his way back to his starting point through swamp and jungle. He became a commander in the British Navy, and visited the coast of Western Australia. His ship, Roebuck, was sunk while he was on the way back to England. Later, as captain of a privateer, he rescued Alexander Selkirk (Defoe's Robinson Crusoe) raided many Spanish towns, and got back to England with loot valued at £200,000. But red tape beat him, for it was eight years before the fortune was distributed by the Government, and Dampier had long since died.

N. TERRITORY

Fanny Bay
Dr. Robert Peel named it after Mrs. Fanny Chapman.

QUEENSLAND

Ayr
Named by Sir Thomas McIlwraith after his Scottish birthplace, two miles from which the poet Robert Burns was born in a two-roomed cottage on January 25, 1759.

Barcaldine
One of the earliest settlers, Donald Cameron, called the locality Barcaldine Downs, because he had stayed with his uncle at a place of the same name in Scotland just before coming to Australia.

Beaudesert
In some old chronicles referred to as a station, Beau Desert, owned by J. P. Robinson.

OUR TRANSFER

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ahead and below. His heart leapt in sadness as he watched the now tiny figures of the sailor and his girl walking away arm-in-arm in the moonlight, with all their life before them.

Ignoring the hotness behind his lids, he urged himself to perform the final rites of his sacrificial ritual. He brought up his camera to his eye and let the viewfinder centre on the angle of the moonlit pediment.

"One for you, Isobel," he murmured. He clicked the shutter once more. "And one for you, David. Look after each other."

He put the camera back in the case and meticulously did

Continued from page 56

SECOND OPINION

up the strap. He eased himself forward until his feet were on the edge of the cornice. He prayed no coughing attack would thwart him this time. The best way would be to think of something neutral, unemotional. A view from the classical sixth-form window at Meresbury, where the Severn curved round the long avenue of limes on the towpath, flicked up before his mind's eye; the same river he had always feared he might drown in, but which now could never claim him. He began counting down from ten . . .

With the impact of a blow, the blinding glare of the flood-lighting suddenly struck him. He reeled backward instinctively, putting his arm up to shade his eyes, bracing himself against the pediment. In the distance he heard excited voices, and through the columns of the Propylaea small foreshortened figures of the uniformed gate attendant, the sailor, and his girl came running toward the Parthenon. Jump, man, jump, he urged his paralysed legs, but his spirit, too, had lost its power of decision.

Dazed, and drained of all initiative, he watched them hurrying, arguing, and gesticulating, getting nearer with every second. The girl had already spotted him, obvious as he must be, exposed in the brilliant blaze of the illumination. Now they had coalesced into a compact group below him. The attendant added the weak beam of his torch to the flood-lighting and vehemently shouted up in an unintelligible torrent of Greek. It was too late. The chance had gone. He couldn't jump in front of three staring witnesses. And if he could have faked a slip he knew he had gone beyond the point where he could summon the necessary will and co-ordination to carry it out.

"All right," he sobbed. "All right."

Abject, defeated, he stepped back over the pediment and began laboriously to make his descent, the shaft of the attendant's torch lighting him safely to the ground.

. . . .

"I am impressed, very impressed," said the Professore Dottore Ambrosio Baldini. "We shall of course take the kind offer of your firm."

"Thank you," replied Stretton. "I'll see that you get the necessary supplies." He began putting the Pan X-3 films back in the envelope. Among the ones taken by Bridwell, recognisable by their guillotined corners, was his own film, which he had carried like a death-warrant across Europe, to Paris, to Athens, and now to Rome. He rubbed the smooth, green surface of it between his fingers and thumb. All his efforts to cheat its malignant prophecy had been met with singular failure; failure too repetitive, too circumstantial to be the quirk of chance alone.

Ever since his photographic escapade on the Acropolis, the suspicion had grown that he had somehow always contrived at the last minute to stave off the planned destruction.

He had allowed Walley to notice his fiddling with the doorstrap in the Auster. He had conveniently forgotten to take down the notice from the shutter in Paris, thereby removing himself from his prepared trap at the operative moment. He had paused just long enough before his heroic leap from the Parthenon to let himself be discovered.

Could the reason be that subconsciously he had not given up hope? That, in spite of Bridwell and Rawton, he believed they might be wrong, unwarrantedly pessimistic? On impulse he picked out the X-ray of his chest, and put it on the screen.

"I wonder, Professor," he said, "if I could ask you a . . . a question? It is just that two other radiologists had pronounced on the film . . . and I wondered if you agreed with them . . . just as a matter of interest."

FROM THE BIBLE

● ***"If you forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father also will forgive you."***
— Matthew 6:14.

"I see. But I can't agree or disagree unless I know what they say."

"Well . . ." began Stretton, and knew he couldn't go on with the sentence. He didn't want to hear what this linen-suited old medico might have to say. He didn't want to know the answer. He wanted to preserve his new-found doubt. People should never be told. If they didn't know they could always hope. An opinion could be wrong. Two could be wrong. But not three. He didn't want a third.

He pulled the film out from under the clips and put it back in the envelope.

"It doesn't matter," he said. "It's of no importance. I'm sorry to have taken up so much of your time."

"That is what time is for," replied the professor, and followed Stretton to the door. "Did the other two opinions agree?"

"Yes, they were in complete agreement. Goodbye, Professor."

"Goodbye, Signor Stretton."

The old man opened the door on to the landing and sighed.

"Is it a film of someone you knew . . . er . . . know?"

The slip of the tongue, the past tense, hit Stretton like a punch in the chest, making the pain swell up into his neck. He tried to reply, but the sound in his throat turned into a cough, and all he wanted was to get away, to the outside, to the air, where he could see and touch and hear people who

To page 60

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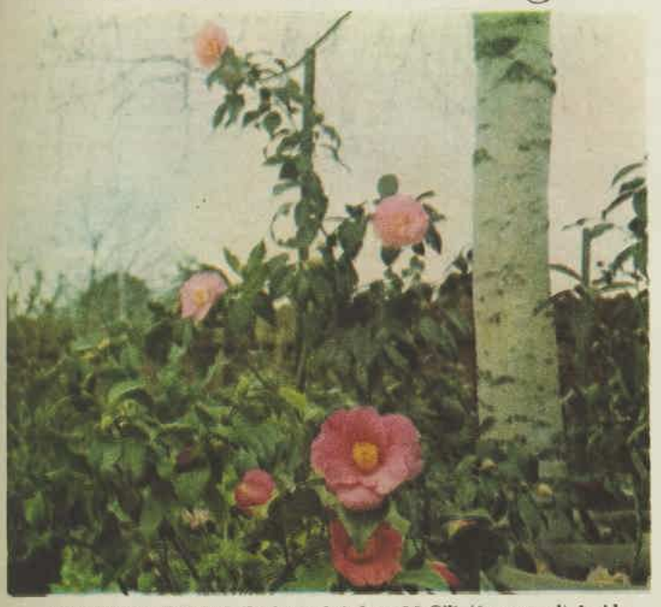

ROSEMARY ELSOM (back) and Aubrey McGill (foreground) beside a silver birch. Rosemary Elsom was raised by the late Mr. Charles Coles by crossing Spencer's Pink and Elegans. Aubrey McGill, found at Rookwood Cemetery, Sydney, was named by Prof. E. G. Waterhouse.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

By R. H. ANDERSON

● Camellias can be grown not only as garden subjects, but in tubs, as informal hedges, or espaliered on walls. They prefer a climate with a fairly humid summer and mildly cool winter, but will stand quite heavy frosts, although these may affect the flowers.

THREE species of camellias are commonly grown; Camellia japonica, Camellia sasanqua, and Camellia reticulata. Most of the many hundred garden varieties belong to Camellia japonica.

Camellias will grow in full sunlight, but are one of the few shrubs to do well in shade. Partial shade helps preserve the more delicate flower colors.

In cold climates, growing them under trees protects them from frost damage.

Protection from hot dry winds is necessary, and in inland districts a cool situation with regular evening watering is required.

The ideal soil is a friable loam with plenty of humus, free of lime, and, above all, with good drainage.

Camellias produce finely matted surface roots and need careful watering, especially when coming into bud and in the period of early flowering.

Failure in bud development is often due to dryness during late summer and autumn. A mulch of well-rotted animal manure and the addition of a balanced fertiliser every two or three months keeps the plant in good trim.

Little planning is needed for the first few years except to shape the plant, but most gardeners prefer to keep their camellias down to a height of 6 to 8 feet by giving a light trimming all over the plants just after flowering.

Old camellias can reach up to 30 feet in some localities and live for well over a century. Mature plants with too much dead wood can be cut back very hard in early spring, leaving only the main stems.

Camellias are very satisfactory as tub plants in partial or even full shade. Good drainage must be provided — 3in. of crocks and ½in. of ashes or fine gravel or metal being satisfactory.

The soil should finish not less than 2 inches below the top of the tub, and regular fertilising is necessary. A good idea is to remove the top two inches of soil and replace with new soil to which well-rotted animal manure has been added.

Camellia sasanqua has smaller leaves, an upright habit of growth, and is usually single-flowered, although double and semi-double varieties are available. It is fast-growing and hardier than Camellia japonica.

It flowers early, usually Feb.-March, and will continue for months.

GIULIO NUCCIO (left) is classed by many experts as the world's finest Japonica-type camellia to date. It has magnificent flowers of excellent form, coloring, and heavy texture. It flowers in mid-season.

These two camellias photographed at Camellia Grove, St. Ives, N.S.W.

DR. TINSLEY (right), a japonica, is shaped rather like a wild rose. This exquisite camellia is excellent for cold climates. It is attractive as a tub specimen. Flowers mid-season.

The blooms, rather more fragile than the japonica's, are not so useful for cutting. But some varieties, like kogyoku and lucinda, last 6 to 10 days.

For those interested in growing standards, Camellia sasanqua is the best choice. The plants are allowed to grow for several years, then the main leader is selected and trained to a stake. When the required height is reached the tip is taken out and the head formed.

Camellia reticulata has magnificent flowers, mainly pinks and reds up to 9 inches across.

The flowering season is short and the foliage and growth habit not so attractive, but the opulence of the flowers makes compensation.

Camellias are comparatively free of disease, the worst enemies being root rot, scales, aphis, and mites.

Root rot is mainly due to poor drainage; scale can be controlled with white oil emulsion, and aphis with nicotine sulphate.

● The Rosemary Elsom, Aubrey McGill, and Nancy Bird shown here were photographed in the garden of Mr. T. A. Savige, Canterbury, Vic., a member of the Australian Camellia Research Society.

NANCY BIRD, a variegated pink, named after the well-known Australian aviator. Like the Edith Lynton, this is a sport of the Jean Lyne, one of the famous Lynton group of camellias grown on the Lynton property at Somersby, N.S.W.

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SECOND OPINION

Continued from page 58

didn't have lumps of growing, suffocating lead inside them. Grasping the brass hand-rail, he half stumbled half ran down the curved marble staircase.

Round the corner, fifty yards away, he slumped into a chair at one of the tables of a small pavement cafe. The white-aproned padrone bowed and smiled.

"Cognac," gasped Stretton. "Cognac."

Gradually the coughing ceased and shortly afterwards his breathing became freer. The proprietor returned and set the brandy before him.

A young priest came along the street, and when he reached the cafe sat down two tables away. He took off his flat Don Basilio, fanned himself a few times, and then replaced it. He ordered a coffee, and, while waiting, drew a slim, well-worn New Testament from beneath his robe. He opened it slowly, choosing his text without hurry. Time for him was eternal, but, if the Professore was to be believed, it should have run out for Stretton already. At any moment he would be the victim, not the victor over the last enemy. With a shudder he gulped on his brandy.

But Stretton could see no help from any faith and decided to revert to his original plan, return to the initial creed of his journey — temporal riches for his wife and son. The decision paradoxically brought relief of tension. In spite of his alarming attack as he was leaving Ambrosio he could not, at the moment, honestly say he felt much wrong with himself. There might still be time enough. His mission for Dolex was concluded. He could now concentrate entirely on the object of the exercise.

At the hotel he put through a call to London.

"I'm just reporting, for anyone who's interested, Miss Angers," he said, "that everything is sewn up here. I'll be sending a full dossier in due course."

"When will you be back, Mr. Stretton?"

"That's a difficult question," he replied. "Tell Mr. Barford I'm following his suggestion. I'm leaving at this moment for a few days on the Riviera."

"I see. Well, I shall be carrying on normally, of course. I hope you have a good time."

He picked up the resentment in her voice.

"Thanks, Miss Angers."

"I suppose I'm to expect you when I see you, then?"

"That's right. Goodbye, Miss Angers."

"Goodbye, Mr. Stretton."

He heard the phone click a thousand miles away before he put the receiver down. He packed his bag, paid his bill, and checked out of the hotel. Another cab-driver had enough English to take him to a garage which dealt in self-drive car-hire. The formalities took some time, but eventually all that remained to be done was to fill the tank of the Lancia.

As he stood waiting for the pump-attendant, a white sports Alfa Romeo pulled in. At the wheel was a tousled-haired, side-boarded youth and behind him a somewhat older boy wearing sunglasses. The girl, who could have been anything between fifteen and twenty, was dark-haired and pretty, he thought.

She opened the car door and got out, scattering several newspapers on to the ground. She paid no attention to them and ran on her high heels into the garage. Stretton stooped and began picking up the papers. To his surprise they were continental copies of London dailies of the same day's date. The girl came back with six bottles of soft drink. Stretton handed her the newspapers. She smiled and tried to take them, but her hands were full and he had to tuck them under her arm.

The boy at the wheel shouted at her.

"Come on, Shirl. We haven't got all day."

The papers slid from under her arm to the floor again. Stretton apologised.

"What's with you? Get in, can't you?" the voice ordered.

The smile died and the girl obeyed like a frightened animal.

"Here you are," said Stretton, holding out the papers. "Don't you want them?"

The youth turned to him.

"No. And you know what you can do with them, dad," he sneered.

"Stan!" said the girl.

FOR answer he let in the clutch and the Alfa Romeo shot forward, narrowly missing an oncoming car, and with a crackle of exhaust tore away into the distance.

Stretton threw the papers into his own car, paid for the petrol, and drove off in the same direction. He was soon out of Rome, and bowling along the Via Aurelia through rolling country. He glanced idly at the front page of a paper on the seat beside him. The news was uninteresting — all about money, the world's money, some of which he was going to make a last effort to redistribute. The 'Spurs had paid a large sum for a new half-back. Twelve hundred pounds had been stolen from a record shop. Kelvin Dukes, the international financier, had died suddenly in New York.

. . . .

"Kelvin Dukes, yes . . . I have the newspaper in front of me."

Irritably Bridwell changed the receiver over to his other ear.

"Doctor Weinberg. I should hardly make two transatlantic calls if I wasn't certain . . ."

Helen Woodhouse put a tray of tea on the desk in front of him.

"I tell you I X-rayed Kelvin Duke's chest eight days ago, and there was no mediastinal shadow, nothing . . . yes, Doctor, I would like a copy . . . Thank you. Goodbye."

He slammed the receiver down.

"Tea, Norman."

He ignored the cup she held out for him and examined once more the radiograph on the screen.

"Look at it. Absolutely normal. And that Yankee medico tries to tell me Dukes had a fatal hemorrhage from a bronchial carcinoma."

To page 61

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words, articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

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"They must have mixed up the autopsy reports," said Helen. "You know what the Americans are with their multiple filing systems . . ."

Bridwell put three more films on the screen and took a hand-lens to them.

". . . I have a friend who worked in New York. She told me that . . ."

Bridwell's eyes darted from one plate to another.

"She told me that, if a fool of a clerk makes a wrong entry, the most appalling mistakes occur . . ."

"Shut up!" Bridwell blazed.

His vehemence made her spill some tea into her saucer. He glared at her, then at the screen, and then back at her.

"Look at these films," he commanded. "This one was taken a week ago. This a year, this two years, this three years."

Helen went over to the screen.

"Do you see that?"

He pointed to a small opaque white spot half the size of a pea in the middle of the film at the end of the row.

"Surely that's only an old calcified gland?"

"Exactly. Quite harmless. Half the population's got one. But can you see it on these three?"

She looked in turn at the other films.

"No!"

"No!"

"Then where's it come from?"

"Where it's always been. Where it is now. In somebody else's lung. This isn't Kelvin Dukes' chest."

"But . . ."

She took down the nearest X-ray and examined the white lettering in the corner.

"But his name's on it."

"I'll quote you," said Bridwell icily. "If a fool of a clerk makes a wrong entry, the most appalling mistakes occur."

HE pulled the films off viciously, opened a drawer of his desk, and took out another plate and rammed it on the screen.

"There's Dukes' carcinoma. And it's labelled 'Stretton.'"

She checked the name on the film.

"You mean I . . ."

"Yes, and you not only gave Stretton his own film but you gave him the wrong one."

"Well, it's not entirely my fault," she said.

Bridwell's eyebrows shot up.

"Whose is it then?"

"You took both sets of X-rays before I got here, remember?"

"I remember you were an hour late," he tried to keep his anger at the level of sarcasm.

"That doesn't excuse your not marking the cassettes. How was I to know which was which?"

"I told you precisely. Dukes' on the right. Stretton's on the left."

"What use was that? It depends which side of the hatch you're looking from."

"If you weren't sure you should have queried them to me, you damn little idiot!"

Her face reddened.

"How dare you speak to me like that?" she flared.

"How do you expect me to speak? Don't you realise what you've done?

Continued from page 60

SECOND OPINION

You let me tell Kelvin Dukes he had a normal X-ray a week before he drops dead from something a myopic student wouldn't have missed!"

"Nothing could have been done to save him, could it?"

"No."

"Then you wouldn't have told him, anyway."

"I should have told his wife."

"Probably a kindness not to. He's dead. I expect that's all that matters to her, poor soul."

"Don't you believe it. She'll get the facts and spread it all over the place. What will my reputation be worth then?"

Bridwell took a cigarette and snapped his lighter at it.

"Oh, I see," she said slowly. "That's what's really worrying you, Dr. Bridwell. Not the patient; not his widow. Just your reputation?"

He went on as if he hadn't heard her.

"If it were Tom, Dick or Harry, it wouldn't matter so much, but Kelvin Dukes . . . She's an influential woman, big talker . . ."

Helen shrugged.

"Why worry? You can blame it all on to me, can't you? Let my reputation suffer."

"You don't count," he let out.

She moved away towards the office.

"Helen . . . ! Come back here . . ."

She turned at the door, staring at him.

"Why do you imagine I should obey your orders?"

"I haven't given you the sack, have I?"

"I don't think you understand, Norman," she said. "I'm giving you the sack. A minute's notice in fact."

"Don't be absurd."

"I'm quite serious."

"You can't make an important decision like that on the spur of the moment . . ."

"It's not on the spur of the moment."

"Helen, I . . . I assure you I value very highly your skill as a radiographer . . ."

"It isn't important any longer."

"So just because in a moment of anger, I said something I didn't mean—"

"No. Because almost from the beginning I discovered you were not something I thought you were."

"What's that?"

"A man I could respect."

"Now listen, Helen, I . . ."

He put out his hand in a gesture of conciliation, but she disappeared into the office and closed the door. He stood a moment and then picked up the newspaper with the picture of Dukes smiling sardonically at him, crumpled it in his hands and flung it into the waste-basket.

When she came back into the room, wearing her coat and carrying her holdall, he tried to reinstate his chastened pride. He put out his hand. "I shall of course be

To page 65

HAZEL . . .

. . . by Ted Key

"Not that we don't like you personally . . ."

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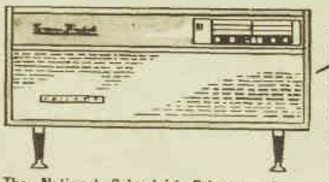

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AT HOME
with Margaret Sydney

● I loved the outburst of Australian indignation over the American hosier's statement that women's legs were getting skinnier, their feet longer and wider.

OUT came the tape-measures in thousands of households, followed by loud cries of "nuts to him" from all those who discovered that their legs exactly equalled his ideal standard of ankle 8½in., calf 12½in., thigh 18½in.

Various "experts" immediately jumped into the fray, announcing that this sort of criticism might apply in America, where everyone went everywhere by car, but it couldn't apply here because of lots of exercise and an outdoor life.

U.S. hosiery expert Willy de Mond believes the only way to preserve leg-appeal is to ban tight, muscle-constricting pants and low-heeled, sloppy, bare sandals.

"The best pair of legs ever to walk down Hollywood Boulevard belonged to comedienne Martha Raye," he says.

"But this year's search for leggy perfection has turned up some shocking revelations in the steady retrogression of the figure."

Mr. De Mond would get no support from an elderly neighbor of ours who's devoted a lifetime to keeping a friendly eye on women.

"They're the most extraordinary creatures in the universe," he says, with the confidence of an expert, "because they can make themselves any shape they choose.

"In my mother's day, legs were neither discussed nor shown, but beauties all had round, plump faces, long necks, and a sort of tightly corseted tipped-forward look made up of a very flat stomach and hips topped by a very large bosom.

"Then the fashions changed and skirts got shorter and shorter, and, oh dear me, what terrible legs they revealed!

"Sixty per cent. of women, when short skirts first came in, had legs that might be unkindly described as being beef to the ankles, 30 per cent. had scrawny legs like sticks, and 10 per cent. had legs that were nice to look at.

"Now, if fashion had revealed these imperfections in men," our neighbor says, "they would immediately have altered the fashions to conceal them. But women set to work and altered the shape of their legs."

He refuses to listen to our arguments that alteration to the shape of the female can only be achieved over a long period.

"You're wrong. Is just not so," he says firmly. "Look at faces. Once, rosy dimpled faces with dear little double chins were all the rage, and everybody had them. Then bones came into fashion, and every female face you see has recognisable cheek and jaw bones."

"All done with mirrors," Hugh says. "Mirrors and make-up."

"Nonsense," our neighbor says. "You can't hide dimples and chins with powder."

"So how did they do it?" Hugh asked.

"They wished them away. They decide what shape they're going to be and think themselves into it. It's a sort of magic."

I left them to their argument and went out to the kitchen where Di, having found her calves half an inch bigger than Mr. de Mond thinks they ought to be, had moved the tape-measure up and found her hips three inches larger than she liked.

"Wish them away," I said cheerfully. "You can if you try."

She gave me an unusually savage look and walked out of the kitchen, absent-mindedly picking up a large banana as she went. Obviously Di has decided the shape she wants to be, but hasn't yet conjured up sufficient magic to think herself into it.

A lament for the age of romance and sweetness

TALKING of the old round-faced beauties of former years, the World's Sweetheart, Mary Pickford, is to make her first picture for 30 years.

Her very first picture, made 55 years ago, was "The Violin Maker of Cremona."

Mary Pickford has set her face against TV and says that she won't allow any of her pictures to be shown on it — "not for a million dollars, not if I was starving. They have no regard for what was **meant**, and they want to gobble up everything that was ever produced."

She doesn't feel much better about modern pictures: "Too many people are delving into the garbage pail and making dirty movies for money. The romance and sweetness have gone."

I was interested to read that her first husband (second, Douglas Fairbanks; third, Buddy Rogers) was actor Owen Moore.

Could he have been the original of that silly little verse that used to be written in autograph books in my school days? Remember?

Owen Moore went away
Owen Moore than he could pay.
Owen Moore came back one day,
Owen Moore.

I wonder just when the autograph-book craze faded out. Kids who keep them now keep a different sort — just for the signatures of famous people.

We used to pursue people round (especially people who could draw well or paint in water colors) and bully them into producing a minor work of art on one of the pale blue, yellow, pink, or green pages.

And was there ever an autograph book in those days that didn't have "By hook or by crook I'll be last in this book" on the last page, followed by: "By the help of this quill, I'll be darned if you will."

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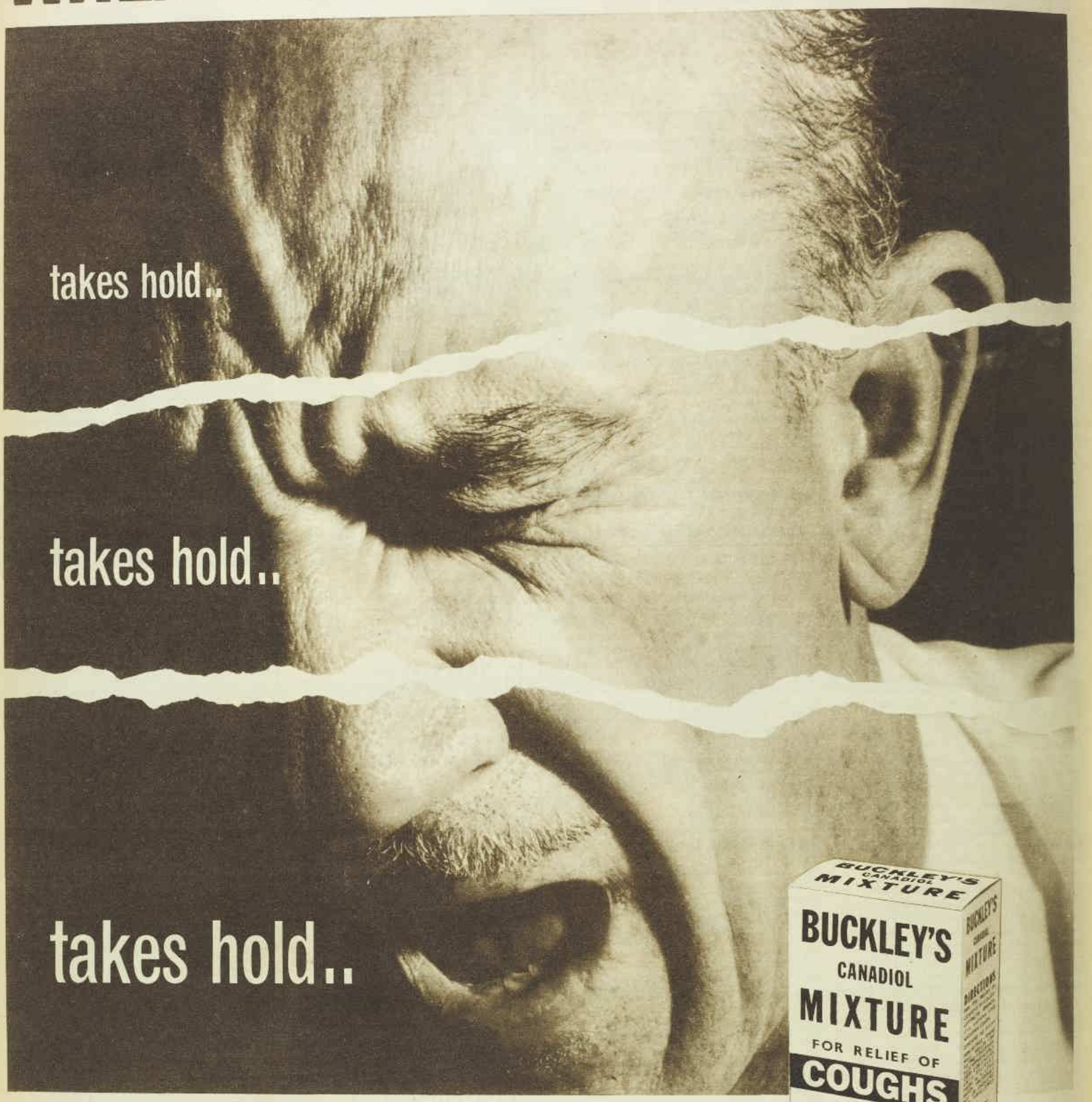

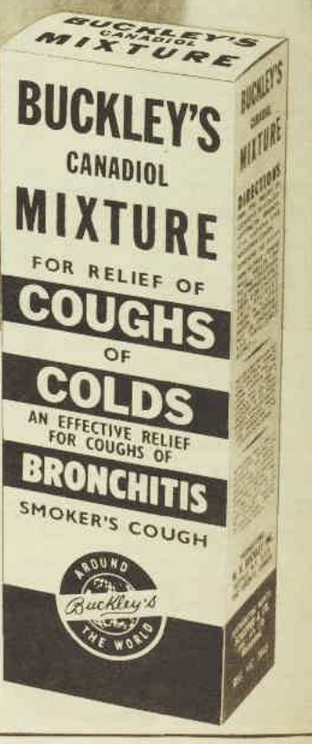

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SECOND OPINION

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glad to give you a glowing reference."

"For my reputation's sake, I shan't trouble you for one," she replied.

She shook his hand formally and went to the door.

"And, talking of reputations, however yours stands in regard to Mr. Dukes, I hate to think what it's likely to be with Mr. Stretton. Goodbye, Norman."

He watched the door close on the perfect legs. Then he ran a hand over his scalp, said: "Hell!" to the empty room and tried not to notice the smell of perfumed woodsmoke which she had left behind her.

He looked again at the X-ray plate on the screen. Little Miss Woodhouse had certainly let him in for something with that. The full meaning of her parting remark came at him with the shock of delayed action. Stretton's component of the double mistake was far worse than Duke's.

The fellow was wandering about thinking he had an inoperable carcinoma. Yet it was his own fault. If he'd allowed some more films to be taken, there'd have been no confusion at all. Wayward, stubborn sort of cuss. Even harbored a grudge about a trivial incident in the baths all those years ago at Meresbury. Nevertheless, one had a professional conscience, if not the other sort. It was his duty to put Stretton's mind at rest without delay. He looked up a number and put through the call.

"Mr. Stretton's secretary speaking. Mr. Stretton's still abroad. Can I deal with the query for you?"

BRIDWELL hesitated. He couldn't speak about this to the man's secretary. Apart from breaking the confidence between doctor and patient, the humiliation of confessing to such a stupid mistake made him proceed with caution. In spite of Helen Woodhouse's sarcasm, the facts of life remained uncomfortably true. A reputation took a long time to build up and no time at all to destroy.

"It's a personal matter," he said. "Would it be bothering you too much, my dear, to tell me where I could contact him?"

He injected the charm into his voice like a shot from a hypodermic. Miss Angers responded.

"No . . . not at all, but I'm afraid I can't tell you, Dr. Bridwell."

"Why not?"

"I don't know where he is."

"But you're his secretary aren't you?"

"Yes, I am, only you see . . ."

Bridwell's irritation broke through.

"But this is fantastic! He's on a business trip, isn't he? Surely you must know where he's staying—who he's seeing?"

"He spoke to me on the phone from Rome two hours ago."

"Then give me the number."

"That wouldn't be any use. He was just leaving to take a few days off on the Riviera."

"He left no address, nothing."

"I'm afraid Mr. Stretton doesn't tell me his private affairs," she said resentfully. "Why don't you try his wife? He may have told her. Would you like her number?"

"I have it," he said.

Stretton's wife. He wanted to avoid that avenue if possible. It would be difficult not to worry or even frighten her without exposing his own deficiency.

"I couldn't get any reply," he lied.

"There's a Mr. Dufour from our Paris branch in the office. Mr. Stretton saw him last week. Perhaps he'd know. Hold on, please, I'll see if I can connect you."

"How very good of you." Bridwell listened to the call going back to the switchboard. It wasn't likely to lead anywhere, but eventually a voice said in his ear: "'Allo. I am Monsieur Dufour. Can I be of service?"

Bridwell explained his problem.

"I am afraid not. Monsieur Stretton said nothing to me about the Riviera."

"Thank you. I'm sorry to have troubled you."

"It is no trouble. Mr. Stretton is a friend of yours?"

"Er . . . yes . . . yes, he is," said Bridwell.

"A friend of mine also. In one way my best friend. Did you know last week in Paris he saved my life when the balcony at his hotel collapsed?"

"Is that so?" said Bridwell without interest. "Well, thank you, monsieur . . ."

"But it is true! But for Mr. Stretton I would not be alive. When you find him please give him my deepest regards."

"I will. Thank you. Goodbye."

"Au revoir, monsieur."

Bridwell put the receiver down with annoyance. As usual the French were charming, talkative, extravagantly histrionic, but quite unhelpful. Thoughtfully he regarded the X-ray with its malign, easily readable message. It looked as if he'd have to speak to the man's wife after all. He dialled the number and waited for a full minute before accepting the fact that there was no reply.

Well, he'd tried everything—done what he could. Professional ethics had been satisfied. Stretton had lived with the knowledge for over a week now. A few more days wouldn't make much difference.

. . . . .

Stretton switched on the radio in the Lancia, but, as he couldn't find any music, he soon turned it off again. It wasn't any use trying to distract himself from the leaden mood of despair which had been with him since he had crossed from Italy into France at Grimaldi two hours before.

The previous day he had found refuge from his mental torment in the sheer exhaustion of the gruelling drive up the thigh of the Italian leg. He had turned west at La Spezia, with the setting sun full in his eyes, and forged on into the darkness through Genoa and Varazze.

Finally he had crawled out of the car, limbs stiff, eyes red-rimmed, and fallen into a lumpy bed in a cheap hotel at an hour he didn't record, at a place the name of which he didn't inquire. But he was awake again by six, restless, irritable, and off once more, until now he was still whipping the engine mercilessly round the hairpin bends, the steep dips and fierce gradients of the Corniche 'Esterel.

He drove as if he were in a hurry to get somewhere, or to get away from somewhere else. But he couldn't leave himself behind, and he

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting June 10.

ARIES
MARCH 21-APRIL 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, lilac. Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.
★ There's still a hangover of confusion and strife from last week, and I regret to say things get worse this week. The best policy is to sit tight and take no risks.

TAURUS
APRIL 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, blk. Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.
★ Normally this should be a period of happy social events when the lighter side of life should prevail. However, the week is adverse throughout for all departments of your life.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.
★ Your ruling star makes a spectacular entry into its own sign and proceeds to a chain reaction of unhappy events. Losses, upsets, possible partings are shown.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, green, grey. Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.
★ The best that can be said of an unpropitious week is that matters, matrimonial are favored. Watch out that erratic thinking does not lead you into accidents and strife.

LEO
JULY 23-AUGUST 22
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.
★ As was said, postpone important new ventures for a while. Last week's breakdown applies even more this week. Romance and marriage are under heavy, hostile pressure.

VIRGO
AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, yellow, blue. Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.
★ You'll find it hard going, even with your coolness and aplomb, to maintain an even mental keel. Start no new thing. It could have an unexpected and dismaying demise.

LIBRA
SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, tan, yellow. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
★ Balance is certainly needed this week to cope with a barrage of unfriendly influences. You'll have to watch what you say and write. Guard against rash and muddled thinking.

SCORPIO
OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, cerise. Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.
★ There could be lovers' tiffs and unhappy intrigues. Romance finds it tough going, as do most affairs of your life. Friends could play an important, but unfortunate, role.

SAGITTARIUS
NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, red. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
★ Examine closely the ladder of success. Someone could have cut through one of the rungs. It could prove a trying week that could have you clambering up the wall.

CAPRICORN
DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, blk. Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.
★ In your steady climb up the mountain of achievement, you'll have to watch warily for falling rocks and earth tremors. Stick to safe routine, and refuse to be jounced out of it.

AQUARIUS
JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, blue. Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.
★ You could work prodigiously—and wonder why, seeing you got so little out of it. Friends could get in your hair, and you could get in theirs. Follow a policy of caution this week.

PISCES
FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, green, red. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
★ Last week was tough, this week is tougher—and next week is the climax to what could be your worst month of '64. Just as well you have a fund of philosophy.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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couldn't catch up with himself ahead, at the unknown point in time and space when he had to make the grim transition from this life into the next.

His eyes kept wandering to where the azure sea shone and lapped against the red, precipitous rocks, at times a hundred, two hundred feet below, at others, close, a few yards away, its puny waves struggling up narrow sandy beaches towards the meagre shadow of pines and the color splashes of bougainvillea.

It was there all the time; it had been there all the way from Rome: the sea, beautiful, beckoning, mocking, terrifying; the simple answer; the easy solution; yet for him the supremely avoidable, the dread impossibility.

A train-whistle somewhere to his right and behind him brought his attention back to the road. But the heat on the hot metalled surface gave a mirage of water ahead, too. He could turn inland and break away from the sea, but it seemed as if all the failed attempts of the last week had been practice games of courage for the acid test which had been waiting for him all along; the test he had never measured up to right back through the years to that afternoon at Meresbury; the test which could liberate him; the final ordeal by water.

On topping a rise, he pressed with his right foot and accelerated down the other side. The rear wheels bucked as he changed down for the bend at the bottom, but he got round safely and speeded ahead. A sudden blast of sound on his right made him jump. Then he was braking hard as the crossing-gates rushed toward him. The locomotive, freed from its tunnel prison, whistle piercing the rhythmic pounding of the wheels, thundered across the road ahead of him.

Stretton came to a stop ten yards from the horizontal red and white poles with their changing metal lattices. Breathing hard, he watched the carriages clatter past, windows open, children leaning out waving, a woman in a white-spotted blouse, the guard smoking a pipe. Then the train was gone, and abruptly the noise with it, save for a parting whistle. Quietly the poles rose into the blue sky, and the road was clear again.

He sat in the car waiting for the oppression in his chest to build to its peak. A horn sounded behind him. He signalled the car on. After a minute, his breathing easier, he drove slowly over the level-crossing. A quarter of a mile on, he pulled in and switched off the ignition. Out of the silence an early cicada rasped in the grass at the roadside.

If a few minutes ago he had been able to reverse the instinct of self-preservation, the car would have torn through the frail resistance of the gate-lattice, and the railway engine would have instantly and painlessly consigned him to a mangled wreck of metal as it was tumbled relentlessly a hundred yards or more up the line. An accident so dependent on split-second chance would brook no suspicion, let alone inquiry.

Failure to see the warning road-sign — as indeed he had failed to see it — inattention, preoccupation, careless but not necessarily dangerous driving, would have been the unfortunate but not uncommon causes assigned to the calamity. No one else involved, it would have all been over now, the reward as good as signed, sealed, and delivered by the insurance company. Instead of which it wasn't over, the chance had gone, and the sea, somewhere out of sight, was still waiting for him.

He put his hands on the steering-wheel and looked at the heat-shimmer from the road, but it didn't remind him of water any longer. His mind had jumped back to the red and white poles, exploring the implications. With some preliminary observation, careful timing and the courage necessary only to keep his foot on the accelerator, it was well within the bounds of probability, that he could transpose the near-miss at the level-crossing into a direct hit.

He pressed the starter and drove carefully for about three miles before he came to the station of Agay. After a little difficulty he obtained from the booking-clerk the local timetable, which gave him all the trains from Nice and Cannes to St. Raphael and Frejus. Then he drove back the way he had come, traversed the level-crossing in the opposite direction, and stopped at the first hotel, which was about a mile beyond it. As he parked and went toward the entrance he noticed the only other car in the drive was a white Alfa Romeo.

THOUGH the Hotel St. Martin was not yet officially open for the season, M. Lardier, the owner-manager, was glad to show Stretton a room. Recognising him as unmistakably English, M. Lardier fixed a price a little under what he would charge an American or German, but almost double what he was asking the elderly French couple—at the moment his only other guests. He hoped the three English beatniks who were making noisy use of the swimming-pool on the terrace would go after lunch. They would be far happier at St. Tropez, and, if they went there, so would Monsieur Lardier.

Stretton opened the shutters of his room and went out on to the balcony, this time too low to furnish any temptation. The Cote d'Azur glittered away towards St. Raphael. Beyond the distant point of St. Tropez you came to Le Rayol, Cavalaire, and Aiguebelle. Aiguebelle and Isobel. Was that where he had been trying to get to? Fifty miles on and ten years back. Both were beyond reach now. A puff of smoke and a train-whistle reminded him of the calculated risk ahead. This time it was to be a hundred per cent.

Continuing the routine he had practised so often, he loaded his camera and slung it round his neck. Taking one of the free hotel post-cards from the bedroom writing-desk, he slipped it in his pocket and strolled down to the terrace.

He sat at a table and ordered a drink from the white-jacketed waiter. On the side of the terrace was the swimming-pool. The two youths were shouting uncouth, unintelligible derision at the girl called Shirley. Swinging her by the arms and legs they threw her into the pool. When she climbed out they caught her again and repeated the process. But the third time she kicked and struggled so hard that she succeeded in toppling Stan into the water. Breaking free, she ran to the top of the diving-stand.

The sight of her, poised for the dive, radiant, young, beautiful, made Stretton on impulse decide to take a picture. He set the exposure for a 200th at f 5.6 and put the camera up to his eye ready to catch her in mid-air. She waited defiantly as the two boys climbed up the stand from each side to reach her. She let them get their hands on the top stage and then she sprang out gracefully, eloquently, and Stretton trapped her expertly in the rectangle

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of the viewfinder. She clove the water without a splash and surfaced several seconds later at the other end of the pool.

A hand-slap on the table made Stretton swing round. The two youths were standing on the other side of it.

"What did I tell you? It's the geezer what spoke to Shirl at the filling-station," said one.

"What are you taking pictures for, mister," asked the shorter of the two, aggressively.

"It happens to be my hobby," Stretton replied. "But it's none of your business."

"It is, dad, if it's pictures of my girl," said Stan. "Give me that camera."

"Certainly not," replied Stretton.

"Get his camera, Duke," ordered his companion.

Duke went round the other side of the table. Stretton stood up holding his camera with one hand to his chest.

"You try to touch it . . ." he warned them.

Something about Stretton's size must have made Duke have second thoughts, for he hesitated.

"Why don't we just push him in, Stan, camera and all?"

"Yeah," said Stan reflectively, "he'd make a nice cool splash, man."

The girl had climbed out of the pool. The boys moved towards him. Stretton looked at the water, and panic struck at his chest.

"If you succeed," he managed to say, "you'll only have to get me out again."

"Why should we?" asked Duke.

"Because I can't swim."

They laughed.

"All the better, dad. All the better. We'll teach you how, won't we, Duke?"

"That's right, man. We'll teach him."

They put their hands on Stretton's arms. He pushed them off roughly and Stan stumbled against the table, crying out as he caught his bare foot against the iron leg.

"Messieurs. Attention! What are you doing?"

THE waiter put down the tray with the drink on it and took hold of Duke's arm.

"Thank you, messieurs," said the waiter. "I will show you the way back to the hotel." He turned to Shirley. "Mademoiselle."

Now that the numbers were even, the boys sulkily complied. The girl smiled at Stretton.

"I'm sorry," she said, "Stan doesn't mean any harm, really."

Stan glared at her viciously.

"No?" he said.

He picked up a glass and flung the contents at the waiter. Sniggering, he ran off toward the hotel, followed by Duke and the girl. The waiter wiped the front of his clothes with his serviette.

"What disgusting behaviour," said Stretton.

"Do not worry, monsieur," the waiter replied, with professional dignity. "They will not be allowed to stay at the hotel."

"The girl's not too bad. I was rather sorry for her. They were treating her pretty roughly."

"Some girls like to be treated roughly, monsieur," observed the waiter. "I shall bring you another drink."

Stretton reflected on the recent scene. He should have cracked their two skulls together. He would have done so but for the pool, which was now a rippleless blue mirror for the sky. Thrusting away his shame, he tried to put the incident out of his mind. After lunch he had a more important project to prepare. He took out the hotel postcard. It was a view of the swimming-pool. He turned the picture over, and with his pen addressed it to David.

. . . .

David stood in the line of boys at the end of the swimming-bath. Some of them were shivering from the cold. It was the beginning of May, and it was England. The hairy torso of Walker, the Sports-master, ploughed about in the water. He climbed out, breathing heavily.

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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SECOND OPINION

"Now then," he said, "you all know about pirates, don't you? Well, we're going to play pirates. The diving-board is the plank. You're all going to walk it."

A mumbled acquiescence came from the boys.

"Now, one by one. Don't go till I tell you. Marchant."

The first boy walked to the end of the diving-board, jumped in, came up and swam easily to the side.

"Good," said Walker. "Next."

The boys followed each other into the cold, choppy water. David moved up, waiting his turn. He couldn't do it. He knew he couldn't do it. His shivering had taken on the proportions of an exaggerated trembling which shook his whole body. The boy behind pushed him forward. He found himself at the near end of the board.

"Go on, Stretton! What are you waiting for?"

David took a step along the board. And then a second one, and then a third. But something had happened to one of his legs. His foot was dragging along the matting and there didn't seem to be any feeling in it.

"What's the matter with your leg?" the master called out.

"I . . . I don't know, sir," said David. "It just won't go properly."

"If you're shamming, Stretton, I'll . . .

"I'm not, sir. I can't feel it. I can't feel it at all."

It was true. He couldn't feel the ridges on the matting which were digging into the sole of his other foot almost painfully. He couldn't help it. It simply didn't seem to be there. Perhaps it was polio. Polio was supposed to do that sort of thing. They couldn't expect him to swim with polio.

"All right, Stretton," Walker said. "Go back, put your things on and see Matron."

"Yes, sir," said David, and made his peculiar crab-like progress back along the board.

"Funk," said the next boy as he pushed past him and ran down the board.

But it couldn't be funk. His leg was just the same when he'd dressed, and had dragged it all along the corridor to Matron's room. It might just as well belong to someone else.

"What's happened to you?" asked the homely grey-haired woman.

"I don't know, Matron. It just came on."

"What did?"

"My leg."

"I see. Well, climb on the couch and let Matron have a look at you."

"Thank you," Matron," said David, and did as he was told.

The boy's leg failed to fit into any of the categories of sprains, twists, bruises, boils, or bites of her experience. But you could never be sure with children. The leg was no

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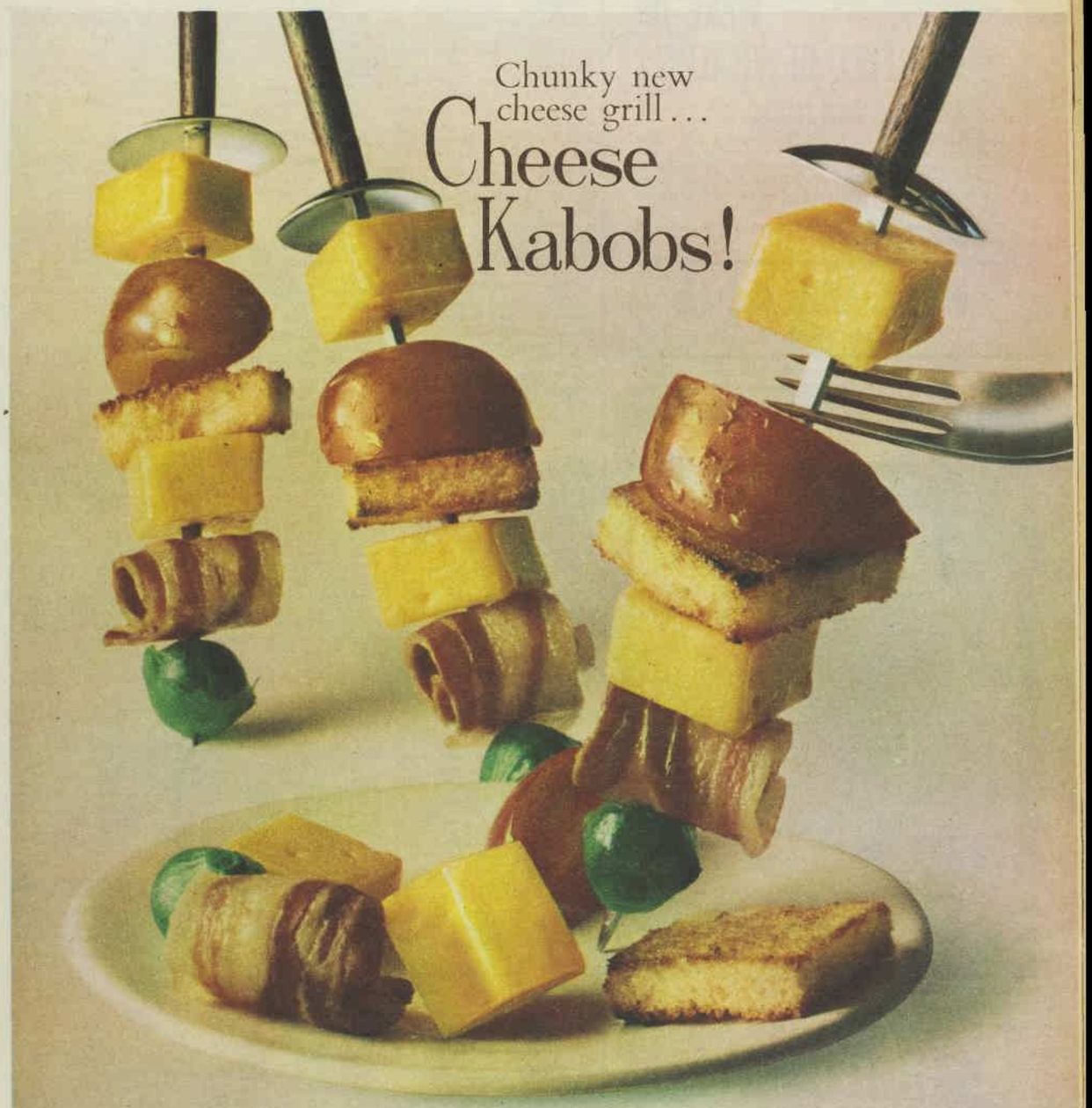

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Ever wonder whether the family are "eating right" on weekends and holidays? Make sure with sizzling-hot Cheese Kabobs. Because KRAFT Cheddar Cheese provides the protein, vitamins and minerals they need, you know you're giving them more goodness this way. Alternate cubes of KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, pieces of tomato; small squares of buttered bread; bacon and pickled onions on skewers. Cover wire rack on grill pan with foil. Place Kabobs on foil and grill approximately 3 minutes, turning once.

THE GALLON OF GOODNESS

KRAFT Cheddar is rich in protein, vitamins and minerals because it takes a whole gallon of creamy milk to make every pound of this fine cheese. KRAFT Cheddar is a bargain in nutrition. Available in 8oz., 1lb. and 2lb. packs.

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DO YOU WAKE UP FULL OF VITALITY?

Are you fit and well when you wake up, sparkling with energy all through the day?

In the improved formula Bile Beans there are eleven active ingredients which together combine to help you keep regular and free from digestive discomfort due to constipation, which often tends to slow you down. Enjoy new health, which is reflected in clear skin and sparkling eyes.

For healthy regularity take new formula Bile Beans at bedtime with a glass of water.

BILE BEANS

The Gentle Family Laxative

3/- and 6/- from all chemists BB1

Hovis Bread is made from special Hovis Flour. Ask your baker to write "Hovis, Box 626, G.P.O., Sydney," for details.

RHEUMATISM in the BACK

When faulty kidney elimination is a contributory cause of your rheumatism in the back, De Witt's Pills are recognised as a helpful treatment.

World famous De Witt's Pills are an effective diuretic and mild antiseptic for the kidneys and bladder. Start a course today. Within 24 hours you will have visual evidence that De Witt's Pills have commenced their beneficial action. 9/6 and 5/9.

De Witt's Pills

better the next day and the school doctor was sent for.

He got David to walk about to observe his strange shuffling, scraping ambulation. He put him on the bed and tested his reflexes. Then he took a pin and, telling the boy to shut his eyes, went up and down his leg with it asking him to say: "Blunt or sharp." But David couldn't feel the pin at all.

When the doctor had finished, he advised Matron to keep David in the sick-room for the time being, and went down to see the Head.

"Is he malingering?" asked the Head.

"No," said Dr. White.

"Then what is it?"

"Something much more difficult to deal with."

. . . .

Irritably Bridwell lit a cigarette and gazed out of the window.

He had had a pretty ghastly week. Down the street they were demolishing one of the older houses, to be replaced no doubt by some fancifully priced block of matchbox flats. Helen walking out on him like that was unforgivable. Two of the top men were precariously pushing on an iron balcony with their mattocks. He hadn't had a hysterical call from Mrs. Dukes yet, but he would. The balcony began to hinge forward. Damn dangerous method of working.

Then there was that stupid Stretton and his Pan X-3s. Little sneak, writing home to his father and making a fuss all this time about a ducking. The balcony toppled forward and crashed down amidst a pother of dust and rubble. One of the men pulled his mate back in time. Clots. Could easily have been a fatal accident. Not that it mattered to the employers, he supposed. They'd be fully insured . . .

Bridwell's thoughts jerked to a stop. Something Stretton had said when he had walked out of this very room the previous week came back to him. What was it? "I can always insure against accident." Why had he thought of that? The balcony. That fellow from Paris had prattled about a balcony collapsing.

"Insure against accident . . ." Stretton was involved in some way in an accident. Stretton thought he had cancer. Was there any causal relation between the three facts or was his own mistake about Stretton's X-rays responsible for the notion? More than likely. If there was a relation, something must have gone wrong. Stretton was still alive in Rome yesterday. Yet that didn't stop his trying to get himself killed today. Bridwell shrugged the idea off. It was too fantastic.

He'd done what he could to track him down, anyway. Unless his wife were at home. Just because there was no reply yesterday . . .

He stubbed out his cigarette. If he once gave way to

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SECOND OPINION

this, he'd be ringing Stretton's secretary again, and making calls all over Europe. Madness. To hell with Stretton.

But when he had grabbed a quick lunch in Wigmore Street and returned to his rooms, he raised the phone and rotated the dial aggressively.

. . . .

It was a quarter to three, but the clock on the chimney-piece had stopped at 7.15. The sound of the phone ploughed into the stillness of the flat like coupled bursts of automatic fire, then, as abruptly as it had begun, the attack on the silence was called off as a car drew up in the mews outside. Isobel got out, followed by Evie. Les went to the rear and lifted Isobel's case out of the boot.

"It's been great having you with us, honey," said Evie. "Hasn't it, Les?"

"Great, just great."

"That old Stratford on Avon was certainly something."

"I've enjoyed it, too," said Isobel.

It was a lie. After the first day she'd been bored, after the second, irritated, and now she felt she would scream if she had to spend another minute in their company. Yet, these were her old cherished friends. Either she had changed, or Les and Evie had, or they all had, but she guessed it was mostly herself.

To her consternation she had been maddened by their remarks about England; the cuteness of this, and the quaintness of that; the interminable comparisons with "back home"; the senseless yardstick of size, numbers, and dollars. She had been thrown increasingly on the defensive almost against her will until eventually she had given up the struggle and retreated into an aloofness which was more British than the British.

In her week's tour with Les and Evie, her understanding of the people and the country she had adopted had deepened more than in the eleven previous years she had lived there.

Subtly England, London, had changed her, and now she realised it had woven a spell about her, too. She listened with surprise to the reserve in her voice and the words she made with it.

"You'll understand if I don't ask you in, but Paul won't be back, the place'll be covered in dust, and ice-cold." Smiling, she added with paradoxical pride: "No central heating."

"Too bad," said Evie sympathetically, and kissed her on the cheek. "Never mind. We'll warm you up, honey, when you pay us that visit next year. Goodbye now."

"Goodbye. Good luck. Enjoy Europe" she called out, but the farewell blare on the horn smothered out the remark, and, with a hand waving from each side-window, the car rolled over the cobbled stones up the mews and slid out of view at the far end. Isobel found her key, opened the door, and carried her case into the loneliness of the flat.

She picked up the letters which had fallen through the box and quickly shuffled through the obvious circulars, bills, and receipts. There was nothing else. Nothing from David, but she'd spoken to him three days ago. Nothing from Paul. She carried her case to the bedroom, and then went into the kitchen to make herself a cup of tea.

There was no reason why he should have written. What was there for him to say? She'd told him it was over, finished, washed-up. But now she wasn't sure.

She went out into the hall and opened the glove-box, but it was empty; empty like the flat; like her soul empty, like her life without him. There was David, but he would grow up and another woman would take him from her. She began to weep and the whistle of the kettle from the kitchen sounded like a wail of departure instead of an invitation.

Before she could go to silence it, the front bell rang. She wiped her eyes and opened the door. The boy grinned and put the telegram in her hand. She opened it and skimmed over the message.

"Any reply?" he asked.

Isobel shook her head and closed the door. She stood still a moment, leaning against it, looking at the telegram, and then hurried back to the kitchen, and rummaged in her handbag. When she found the piece of paper with the number on it, she left the kettle still screaming and ran into the living-room.

"I want Winfield two-O-one. This is Knightsbridge seven-three-one-three. Yes, I'll hold on . . ."

As she sat impatiently waiting for the call to go through, she noticed the clock had stopped.

. . . .

Cacoulides kept the receiver to his ear by hunching his shoulder and so freeing his hands to light a thin black cheroot.

A voice said: "I have London Welbeck for you. Go ahead, caller."

"Hello? Mr. Cacoulides?"

"Yes. Is me."

"You don't know who I am, but my name's Bridwell. Dr. Bridwell."

"How do you do, Doctor Bridwell? I am very happy," said Cacoulides, and smiled as if his unknown caller were in the empty chair opposite, instead of 1500 miles away.

"I'm inquiring about a friend of mine, a Mr. Stretton. I believe he was with you a few days ago?"

"Stretton? Yes. He was here."

"He didn't have any sort of accident while he was in Athens, did he?"

"No. No. Why?"

Cacoulides frowned.

"Nothing unusual happened to him?"

Cacoulides' smile returned.

"Oh, yes. He was arrested, but I got him free in no time."

"Arrested? What for?"

"Nothing serious. Nothing at all. Very funny. He climb to the top of the Parthenon . . ."

"What . . . !"

"The Parthenon. Acropolis. To take pictures, click, click, you know . . . hallo? . . . hallo? are you there, Doctor? . . ."

But his caller had rung off. Cacoulides shrugged and replaced the receiver. The English were incomprehensible. He drew on his cigar and then stretched out a pudgy finger toward his desk-buzzer.

To be concluded

Bethal Tablets *clear away* **STUFFY HEAD COLDS!**

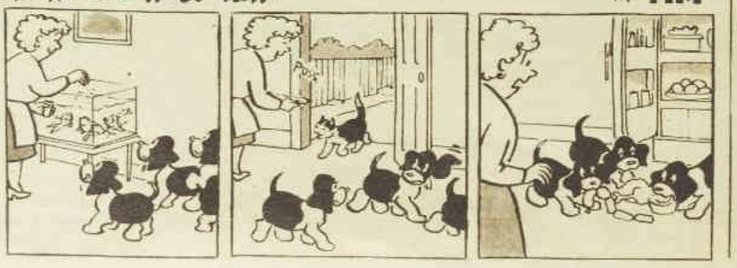
Winter time can be very miserable when you suffer from Head Colds. If you do, take Bethal Tablets. Then you'll get the same fast relief Bethal has given thousands of others. Bethal Tablets act through the blood-stream, break up congestion and dry out messy sniffles and sneezes. Chemists have recommended Bethal Tablets for years. You ask them.

Bethal Tablets

2/9, 6/3 or 19/6

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff by TIM



KEEP FEET SNUG

WARM IN WINTER—COOL IN SUMMER

Get Dr. Scholl's Air-Pillo Insoles. Millions of tiny air cells cushion feet in blissful comfort, insulate shoes against winter cold, summer heat. Made of Schotex, air-ventilated foam. 5/9 pr., men's and women's. When you visit your chemist or store . . .

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Dr. Scholl's AIR-PILLO INSOLES

Like walking on pillows

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IT'S NEW!

IT'S CREATED BY A CHEF

...from whole tomatoes, crisp onion chunks and meaty, tangy bacon

ROSELLA TOMATO SNACK

Try it as a quick tasty snack (four good helpings in every can) – a perfect partner in a meal – a touch of magic in a casserole. **You'll love it!**

Rosella *Rosella's got the flavour ...the flavour of natural goodness!*

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terrified by RHEUMATISM

"For years I was terrified by rheumatism ... steadily getting worse and in danger of becoming a permanent invalid. A friend recommended I try Mackenzie's Mentholds and my chemist confirmed his tremendous sales of Mentholds were recommendation enough. I tried Mentholds as a last hope. Recently I met my doctor socially and he remarked how well I looked. I told him I was taking Mentholds and he replied, 'They certainly seem to be doing you good.' "

(Original letter in Head Office.)

That woman's success story could be yours, if you suffer rheumatism, fibrositis, backache or muscular aches and pains.

Don't suffer needlessly!

Get a flask of Mentholds from your Chemist or Store for 9/- (a month's supply), the economy size for 15/- (containing twice the quantity), or a trial size flask for 5/-.

MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLDS

M25A

All the beauty of the Polynesian landscape, so often described, but so different and new when you see it at last with your own eyes, overwhelmed me with the first footstep I took upon the beach.

It was all there: the dizzying white cascades of Gauguin, the strangely shaped mountains, their heads perpetually buried in mist, and the calm peace of a lagoon protected by the dazzling reefs, the little village of straw huts, whose very airiness seemed to suggest the absence of all care, out of which, already running toward me, arms outstretched, came men and women from whom, as I felt at once, one could obtain anything by kindness and friendship.

For, as is always the case with me, it is, above all, the quality of human beings to which I am most sensitive.

I found a community several hundred strong to whom the very notion of profit-making seemed totally alien:

Continued from page 23

A CRAVING FOR INNOCENCE

in fact, I was soon able to settle in the best hut in the village and to savor a life almost unthinkable for a true artist in Europe.

I had a cook, a fisherman, a gardener, all without any base bargaining, on the sole basis of the simplest and most touching hospitality, friendship, and mutual respect. The word "money" was never uttered between us, and whenever I tried to make them a little gift they shook their heads and laughed and explained to me in broken French that it was all taken care of by Taratonga.

Taratonga was a woman in her fifties, the daughter of a famous chief whose authority had once extended over more than a hundred islands of the archipelago. Though she herself held no official power whatsoever, she was treated with filial devotion by the entire island, and upon my arrival I did all in my power to win her friendship.

I did so quite naturally, without trying to seem different from what I was, but, on the contrary, by disclosing myself to the depth of my soul.

I explained to her the reasons that had brought me to her island, my horror of low commerce and sordid materialism, my desperate need to rediscover those qualities of unselfishness and innocence without which there is no survival for humanity, and I confided to her my joy and gratitude at having found all this at last among her people.

Taratonga replied that she understood me perfectly and that she herself had only one goal in life: to keep money from corrupting the souls of her people. I understood the allusion and solemnly assured her that not a penny would leave my pocket during the whole of my stay in Taratora.

I returned to my hut, and during the weeks that followed I did my best to observe the instructions that had so discreetly been given to me. I even took all the money I had and buried it in a corner of my hut.

I had been on the island three months when one day a boy brought me a gift from the woman I could henceforth call my friend, Taratonga.

It was a coconut cake she had prepared for me with her own hands, but what immediately struck me about it was not the cake: it was the wrapping.

It was a heavy piece of canvas sacking, but painted in strange colors that vaguely reminded me of something; at first glance I wasn't sure what.

I examined the canvas more closely, and my heart began pounding in my breast.

I had to sit down.

I took the canvas on my knee and unrolled it carefully. It was a rectangle about fifty by thirty centimetres, and the paint was cracked and in places half-effaced.

I sat there a moment, staring at the canvas with incredulous eyes.

But it was impossible to doubt the evidence: I had in front of me a painting by Gauguin.

I am no great connoisseur in matters of painting, but there are certain names whose style everyone can recognise today without a moment's hesitation. I unfolded the canvas once again with trembling hands and bent over it.

It represented a Tahitian mountain landscape with some women bathing in a spring, and the colors, the figures, the subject itself were so recognisable that despite the bad condition of the canvas it was impossible to be mistaken about it.

In my right side, near the liver, I felt that agonizing throb which always accompanies the great impulses of my heart.

A work by Gauguin on this forsaken little island! And Taratonga had used it to wrap her cake! A painting that would bring about five million francs at a Paris sale! How many other canvases had she used to wrap packages or stop leaks? What an enormous loss for mankind!

I leaped up and rushed to Taratonga to thank her for the cake.

I found her smoking her pipe in front of her house, facing the lagoon. She was a powerful woman, with greying hair, and an admirable dignity.

"Taratonga," I said, "I've eaten your cake. It was superb. Thank you."

She seemed pleased. "I'll make you another one today."

I opened my mouth—but said nothing. This was the moment to prove my discretion! I had no right to give this majestic woman the impression that she was a savage using the works of one of the world's greatest geniuses to wrap her packages. I must confess that I suffer from an excessive sensitivity, but I struggled to avoid it at any cost.

Even if I received another cake wrapped in a Gauguin, I had to say nothing. The only thing that is priceless is friendship.

So I returned to my hut and waited.

That afternoon, the cake arrived, wrapped in another

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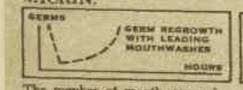
Special Anouncement From Johnson-Johnson

New MICRIN mouthwash and gargle guarantees you a Clinically Clean mouth-protection against harmful mouth and throat germs hour after hour after hour.

fast relief from sore throats due to winter colds

Every human mouth is an open door to infection. MICRIN with its unique formula, offers dramatic protection against mouth and throat germs, the germs that come with colds, sore throats, and flu, as well as the germs that cause bad breath.

Dramatic evidence of long-lasting germ-fighting action. Laboratory tests (conducted by a leading U.S. university) proved the long-lasting effectiveness of MICRIN.



The number of mouth germs is reduced by almost any mouthwash — at the time you use it. But almost immediately germs multiply. The number of mouth germs rises.

MICRIN not only kills 13 kinds of common mouth and throat germs on contact, but keeps the number of germs much lower for a longer time. The mouth stays "Clinically Clean".

Fast relief from sore throats due to winter colds.

Clean-tasting mint-blue MICRIN soothes and relieves sore throats that come with colds — leaves your mouth with a cool, clean, healthy taste. Gargle full strength for immediate relief and long protection.

The newly-developed MICRIN formula has two kinds of superior anti-bacterial action: quick killing of germs — and long-lasting protection. The fast-acting germ fighter is CETYL PYRIDINIUM CHLORIDE. Then the remarkable British-discovered antiseptic ingredient DEQUALINIUM takes over, lining the throat and mouth — protecting against new germ growth hour after hour.

Give your throat and mouth this new, continuous protection, with pleasant tasting mint-blue MICRIN.

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SUIT:

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Postage and dispatch 6/- extra.

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Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £1/14/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £1/15/6.

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Postage and dispatch 3/- extra.

If purchasing both articles, postage is only 6/- for both.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 60. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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canvas—by Gauguin. It was in a still more deplorable state than its predecessor. Someone even seemed to have scratched the canvas with a knife. I almost ran to Taratonga, but managed to restrain myself. It was essential to proceed cautiously. The next day I went to see her and said quite simply that her cake was the best thing I had ever eaten in my life.

She smiled indulgently and filled her pipe.

In the course of the next eight days, I received from Taratonga three cakes wrapped in three Gauguin canvases. Those were extraordinary hours. My soul was singing—there is no other word to describe the period of intense artistic emotion I was living through.

Then the cakes continued to arrive, but without wrapping.

I found myself unable to sleep. Were there no other canvases, or had Taratonga simply forgotten to wrap the cakes? I felt annoyed, even a little indignant. It must be admitted that, despite all their virtues, the natives of Taratora also have certain grave defects, including a certain frivolity, which means that one can never count on them absolutely.

I took a few pills to calm myself, and tried to devise a way of speaking to Taratonga without drawing her attention to her ignorance. Finally I decided on frankness: it is always the best policy. I returned to my friend.

"Taratonga," I said to her, "you have sent me cakes on several occasions. They were superb. Besides, they were wrapped in painted canvas sacking that interested me a great deal. I like bright colors. Where did you get them? Have you any others?"

"Oh, that! . . ." Taratonga said indifferently. "My grandfather had a whole pile of them."

"A whole . . . pile?" I stammered.

"Yes, he got them from a Frenchman who lived here on the island and who amused himself that way, covering sacking with colors. He was a little crazy, I think. I must have some of them left."

"Many?" I murmured.

"Oh, I don't know. I've never really looked. Come, I'll show you."

SHE led me into a barn full of dried fish and copra. On the ground, covered with sand, there were some dozen canvases by Gauguin. All were painted on sacking and a few had suffered badly, but there were several in quite good condition. I was sweating, and found it difficult to keep on my feet.

"My heavens," I thought again, "what an irreparable loss for mankind if I hadn't come along!" There was at least thirty million francs' worth of immortal art there.

"You can take them all, if you want," Taratonga said.

A terrible battle broke out in my soul at that moment. It was a dreadful dilemma and one that no true lover of innocence could easily solve. I knew the unspoiled, beautiful life of these marvellous people; I had shared in it and I did not want to destroy it.

The last thing I wished was to ruin this one remaining paradise by spreading the germ of our fatal disease, money, materialism, profit . . . which I could unleash on them with one word. There could be no greater crime than to imbue their minds, oh, those innocent minds, with notions of price and value.

They had, so far, been spared everything which had already spelled the doom of so many pure and happy souls. I felt like a snake holding in my mouth the apple of fatal temptation. One word, and there would be no more paradise.

And yet all the deep-rooted conventions and prejudices of our twisted civilisation were whispering into my ear that to accept such a gift without offering anything in exchange would be exploiting their innocence. Impulsively, I pulled the superb gold watch from my pocket and handed it to Taratonga.

"Let me give you a little something, too," I begged.

"We have no need for such things to tell time here," she said. "We merely look at the sun."

Then I made a painful decision.

Continued from page 70

A CRAVING FOR INNOCENCE

"Taratonga," I said to her, "unfortunately I am compelled to return to France. Only the strongest of motives, as you can imagine, compel me to go. The next copra schooner is due in eight days, and I shall be leaving you. I accept your gift. Because it comes from you, it is to me immensely valuable. Allow me to do something for you and your people. I have a little money. Oh, very little. Please accept it. After all, you will need tools and medicines."

"As you wish," she said indifferently.

I gave my friend all I had with me, seven hundred thousand francs. Then I took the canvases and ran to my hut. I spent a week of anxiety, waiting for the boat. I don't know what it was I feared, really. But I was in a tremendous hurry to get away from the place.

I suppose a selfish contemplation of Gauguin's masterpieces was not enough for me. I was eager to return to Paris, to visit the dealers, to offer my treasures to the greatest museums of the world.

Back in Papeete at last, I had to wait two weeks for a boat to France. I spoke as little as possible of my friendly atoll and of Taratonga. I didn't want the shadow of some greedy hand to be cast across my paradise. But the owner of the hotel where I was staying knew both the island and Taratonga well.

"She's quite a remarkable girl," he said one evening.

I said nothing, but I regarded the word "girl," applied to one of the noblest beings I knew, as quite outrageous.

"Of course she showed you her paintings?" my host inquired.

"I beg your pardon?"

"She paints quite well, you know. She spent three years at the Ecole des Arts Decoratifs in Paris, maybe twenty years back. But then the copra market collapsed because of synthetics and she returned to her native island. She makes a brand of fake Gauguins that are quite remarkable. She has a regular contract with Australia. They pay big prices for her canvases. That's what she lives on . . . What's the matter, my friend? Is something wrong?"

"It's nothing," I stammered.

I don't know how I found the strength to stand, walk upstairs to my room, and throw myself down on the bed. I lay there prostrate, seized by a profound and unconquerable disgust. Once again the world had betrayed me. In the great capitals, as on the tiniest atoll of the Pacific, the most sordid calculations corrupt the human soul.

There was not a place left anywhere for an idealist to hide his dreamy head. Friendship, kindness, generosity—they were turning into lost words of a dead language of the soul. If I was ever to fulfil my fierce craving for purity, I would have to retire to some desert island and live there alone with myself.

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Question: **Which is the soup that overflows with flavour?**

Answer: **Rosella Tomato – yes – Rosella's got the flavour.**

Rosella pick only the best tomatoes, then spice and cook them with imagination to make Rosella Tomato Soup. That's why Rosella Tomato Soup overflows with flavour. (Like every Rosella soup.)

Rosella *Rosella's got the flavour*
...the flavour of natural goodness!

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THE TV STAR

THE TV STAR croaked loud and long,
"It's just no good, I can't go on!
My voice is gone, my features pale,
And when I sing, I only wail!"
"O cheer up, do", cried producer Joe,
"This'll fix you in half-a-mo!"

Woods'
GREAT PEPPERMINT COMPOUND
Quickly relieves distressing sore throats

SOOTHE irritating Nappy Rash with **balmex** BABY CREAM FOR DIAPER RASH

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Prevents irritation, promotes healing, anti-inflammatory.

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Continued from page 21

LOVE STORY

It was a snapshot of the two of us, taken that weekend in San Francisco. I gazed at two girls standing on a street corner and smiling into the sunlight; they wore sweaters and skirts of a peculiarly long length, and their hair was done in styles as out of date now as a 1952 hat.

"Didn't we have a good time that day?" Barbara asked. "We went to Chinatown and then Jack Rieger took us to dinner. You remember Jack, don't you? I saw him the other day and mentioned your visit, and he said he wanted to say hello. He'll be here this afternoon."

The name was a jolt. I hadn't thought of Jack Rieger in years, but I had never forgotten him, either.

"I had no idea he was living in Indianapolis, too," I said. "Do you and Stan see much of him?"

"Not really. It's just that we grew up together, you know." There was a faint note of patronage in her voice; Barbara was still the small-town banker's daughter. The first time I heard Jack Rieger's name she had said in exactly that same tone: "I know him the way you know everybody in Bismark. His parents have a little farm. He's really very nice."

Poor Jack. I thought of him as I had seen him so often, so long ago — blond and smiling, all spit-and-polish in his Air Force uniform, sitting on that uncomfortable bench by the elevator, waiting for Dolly.

"Is he married?' I asked.

"I should say so. Five children, the last I heard."

"What's his wife like?"

"Jenny? Sweet. You'd like her. And she's always adored Jack. Even in high school in Bismark, she thought he hung the moon. I think she would have died if he hadn't married her."

"Well," I said, "she had a narrow escape from death."

Barbara tilted her head with a look of interest. "What do you mean? Was there a girl out in San Francisco?"

"There certainly was," I said. "You asked me to get a date for Jack Rieger, and I did. Her name was Dolly Hamilton."

. . . She was a pretty girl, small-boned and graceful, with light brown hair, dark eyes and a very pale complexion. That afternoon she came into my apartment to borrow a blouse; we wore the same size and half my wardrobe was usually in Dolly Hamilton's closet. She stretched out on the studio couch, lighted a cigarette, and sang: "How much is that doggy in the window . . ."

"I'm trying to write a letter," I said from my chair at the desk.

"Old Faithful," Dolly said. "You know what's going to happen to you, staying home and writing letters? He'll come back and say thanks but no thanks, and it'll turn out he's already married to some nurse he met in Tokyo."

"Want to bet?"

"I never bet. I like a sure thing," Dolly said. "Where's your nail polish?"

"Window sill."

SHE painted her fingernails, blew on them, and held out her hands for a critical inspection. "This shade has too much orange in it."

"Better luck next time."

"Every little economy helps," she said with a disarming smile. She was good-natured, often amusing, good company. I wasn't sure whether I liked her or not.

"Are you doing anything Saturday night?" I asked, giving up on the letter to David. "Interested in a blind date?"

"I don't know. Who?"

"His name is Jack Rieger. He's stationed near here, and Barbara asked me to introduce him to somebody. You met Barbara, didn't you? Well, he's from her home town, and she thinks he's lonesome out here."

"What's his rank?"

"Captain."

"A captain and he's lonesome? What's wrong with him?"

"Nothing that I could see. He's tall, blond, nice-looking, rather quiet."

"Well, all right," Dolly said. "Make it early, so we can go out for dinner."

Does this arrangement sound odd now? Life was different then, as it always is during a war, but even this war was different. There was no general surge of patriotic feeling; instead of fervor and flag-raising there was bitterness and confusion and a national debate as acrimonious as a bad family quarrel. Being involved in the Korean War was, in the eyes of many adults, just something else we were doing wrong.

Anyway, Jack Rieger came the next Saturday night. I went down to the shabby front hall we called a lobby and found him waiting by a large abstract painting done chiefly in purple and orange. He stood very straight, and he looked magnificently scrubbed and polished and shined.

"Hello," he said. "Am I early?"

"Oh, no. Dolly's late. She'll be down in a moment."

Barbara had told him that I was engaged to a Navy pilot based in Tokyo, and he asked about David. "I'll be out in his neck of the woods before long," he said. "Maybe I can give him a message for you."

"The message is always the same," I said. "Come home."

Familiar squeaks and thumps indicated that the elevator was in motion. A final thump, the doors wheezed open and there was Dolly. She had no obvious mannerisms, but she presented herself like an actress, smiling, tilting her head, and pushing at her hair with one hand.

"Hello, Captain," she said. "You've been rooked, do you realise?"

"I guess not. What's up?"

"You have to take this unknown girl out to dinner."

Dinner? He looked ready to take her up in a balloon, if that was what she wanted.

"Okay, but let's have a drink first," he said. "I don't like to eat with strangers."

They laughed, pleased with each other and themselves and the evening that lay ahead. It was obvious from the beginning that the lights were on and the curtain was going up. I felt very successful in my role as stage manager. I went with them for a drink, refused dinner, and walked back home.

Suddenly, a few days later, I had to go home to Kansas City. My sister announced her marriage to a soldier she had met two months before, and my parents were being very happy about it in public and very upset in private. There was a terrible row. With one thing and another, it was three weeks before I got back to San Francisco.

Dolly Hamilton came in while I was unpacking. "What happened to you? I was beginning to wonder if you'd quit your job."

"Nothing like that," I said, and told her about my sister's wedding. I thought it was wonderfully romantic — Love against Caution, with the boom of war in the background.

Dolly surprised me. "Of course your parents are right," she said. "These war marriages are crazy. What's the advantage?"

"I don't see what love has to do with advantages."

"You don't? You honestly think you prefer handicaps?"

I suppose there was something in what she said, but I didn't want to think about it. I was in San Francisco and David was in Tokyo and everything had to turn out all right because we loved each other.

"These came from home," I said, opening a box. "Brownies. Try some."

Dolly took a brownie and smiled at me in a confiding

To page 73

"I never wanted that woman in my house again!"

At my birthday party, my son Billy said, "You know Mum, Aunty Joyce looks younger than you!" She is my older sister — but she was younger looking! I could have died.

But Joyce was such a dear! She knew how I felt, and gave me her secret. "Easy," she said. "Palmolive soap facials can help almost any girl be younger looking."

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Continued from page 72

LOVE STORY

way that meant she wanted to borrow something. "You know that little sequin purse of yours? It would be perfect with my black silk, and tonight's a big evening. We're going to start at the Beachcomber and go all over."

"Jack Rieger?"

"The boy from Bismark, no less," Dolly said. "We've been going everywhere together. You don't know any more blind dates like him, do you?"

"It sounds as though he's enough," I said, beginning to enjoy the conversation. "Do you like him?"

"How could I not like him? He's such a darling," Dolly said. "He's so—well, you know—nice."

HE was, too, no matter how she meant it. "Nice" is a word you throw around indiscriminately in your twenties: in your thirties you realise how few people really deserve it.

Jack Rieger was there in the lobby every weekend on that rickety wicker-backed bench. The girl at the switchboard would ask if he wanted her to ring Dolly's apartment, but he always shook his head.

"She knows I'm here," he would say. "I'll wait."

I remember one evening when I came in just as Jack and Dolly were going out. They stopped at the steps and Jack helped Dolly with her jacket. "Listen, I have a surprise for you," he murmured, his hands on her shoulders. She smiled up at him, looking delighted, and they walked down the steep incline of the street as though they were disappearing together over the rim of the world.

Those days I didn't see much of Dolly, and when I did she was always in a hurry, with a what's-going-to-happen-next look.

"Because there isn't much time," she told me, "and we want to have fun while we can. Jack thinks he'll be going to Korea before long."

"Oh? I suppose you'll miss him."

"Miss him? What do you think!"

I knew what I thought. They would be married before he left, that's what I thought. After the announcement I would allow myself only one reference to what she had said earlier about war marriages being crazy. She would look horrified and refuse to believe that she'd ever said such a thing, and all this would prove a point. That's what I thought.

But the next Friday, Dolly came into my room and said. "Will you do me a favor, Betty?"

"Of course," I said promptly, a faithful ally in the cause of true love.

"Jack's coming tonight," she said. "I tried to get him at the air base, but I couldn't, and he'll be here at seven." She pushed at her hair with a gesture of haste. "Will you tell him how sorry I am that I can't make it? And give him some sort of story?"

I couldn't believe she meant what she was saying. Dolly waited and then, when I said nothing, she went on: "Of course, it won't do to tell Jack any of this, but I met Julian Farrell and he just now called up and invited me to a party tonight. You know, Julian Farrell." He was a Hollywood actor, one who usually got shot by the hero in the spy thrillers the movies were making that year. "It's a fabulous party and I'm dying to go. Won't you help me out with Jack?"

"No," I said. "Why should I?"

"Because it would be so much better for Jack," she said patiently. "I can leave a note with the switchboard girl, if I have to. But you know how he is — he might wait around for hours."

"Okay," I said. "But it's a heck of a thing. I thought Jack Rieger meant more to you than this."

"Jack?" Dolly echoed. She looked genuinely astonished. "He's wonderful and we've had a marvellous time and all that, but he's nobody I'd ever take seriously."

"He's serious."

"I can't help that. All I know is, I'm not going to wind up on an Indiana farm."

It wasn't very pleasant, the role of the Judas goat, but I met Jack Rieger with a set speech. A call from home . . . Dolly's father feeling ill . . . home to Stockton in a hurry . . . she felt terrible about it, but what could she do?

In a way I hoped that Jack would listen to all this and then turn on his heel and walk out, but it was far too late for him to use any calculated judgment about Dolly Hamilton. Instead he apologised for his immediate, obvious disappointment and insisted that we go out for dinner together.

"My orders can come any day now," he explained. "So . . . well, I don't have to tell you. You know how it is when there's not much time left."

"Yes," I said. "I know."

"I hope it's nothing serious — about Dolly's father."

"I don't really think so," I said, hoping that my face would turn blue from such outrageous lying. "But Dolly worries about him."

Jack nodded. "She takes things hard," he said. "She gives the impression of being so easygoing, but she's really . . . I mean, she has so much . . ."

No wonder he couldn't describe her. It was a vision he was seeing.

"She's a great girl," he said finally. "I've never known anyone like her."

"I don't believe I have either," I said.

We went to a Mexican restaurant and had dinner. If Jack couldn't be with Dolly, he could talk about her; it was impossible to stop him, and I didn't try.

"She's changed my whole life," he said. "I never had much ambition before—always figured I was lucky to be getting by. But now the sky's the limit. Does that sound stupid? It's true. I'm going to give her everything in the world she wants. We'll have a wonderful life."

He was only twenty-four years old, full of hope and happiness, and he didn't know he had officially been declared negligible. I could hear Dolly's voice: "He's nobody I'd ever take seriously."

"I'm sorry," he said. "Here I've been talking about myself all night . . ."

"I had the impression you were talking about Dolly Hamilton."

"Well," he said, "I can't help it." His eyes shone with a look of love. I'd never seen a look like that before; I still haven't, and David and I have been happily married for ten years.

Back in my apartment, I couldn't sleep. There were only two small rooms, and they felt stuffy and depressing. I wrote David a long letter and then I went into Dolly's room and read a magazine and waited.

She came in very late, looking pale and tired.

"Did you have a good time?"

"Terrific," she answered, in a tone that indicated the evening had not really worked out as she had hoped. "I'll tell you about everything tomorrow. I'm dead. How was Jack, by the way? He wasn't mad or anything?"

"Why should he be? I said your father was sick, and he didn't doubt it for a minute. He thinks you love him. He thinks you're going to marry him. It's a crime. Somebody ought to shoot you."

Dolly sat down on the daybed.

"Oh, let's skip it," she said. "I told you, I'm tired. And this talk about getting married doesn't mean anything. The boys get marriage fever when they're due to ship out, that's all. There's no harm in playing along. It makes them feel better."

"Wonderful. What a philanthropist you are!" I said. "Don't you know what you're doing to Jack Rieger? He thinks you're going to marry him now."

Dolly sat down before the dressing-table and slapped cold cream on her face. "Does he?" she asked. "Well, it's not my fault. I don't know where he got that idea."

"I can guess."

Dolly glanced up and then went on rubbing the cold cream on her cheeks.

"Little girl, little girl," she murmured, "why don't you go back to your apartment and read some fairy tales or something? You'll feel better tomorrow."

It was an impressive demonstration of the control that lay beneath her graceful, easy manner. She looked like a pretty kitten, but she was tough-minded and determined, and she didn't have much feeling for people, except as sources of supply.

"I mean," she said, "it's none of your business, really."

I only saw Jack Rieger once more. It was a gloomy afternoon, grey and chilly with fog; I had worked late and I was tired and eager to see if there was a letter from David waiting. I hurried into the lobby and Jack stopped me.

"Slow down," he said. "Come have a drink with me."

I KNEW what had happened the moment I saw him. The expression on his face was like a bruise. "Oh, Jack," I said with a coward's panic, "I'd love to, honestly, but I can't now . . ."

"Yes, you can," he said. "You sat in for her once, you can do it again."

We went to a dingy bar around the corner and sat down in one of the back booths. Jack ordered two drinks. He was already very drunk, but he held himself erect and he was as neat as ever — his uniform immaculate, his hair brushed, his shoes shined.

"I wanted to say goodbye," he said. "I'm going home tonight."

"Oh . . . How long will you have?"

"Nearly two weeks. Long enough."

"You'll be seeing Barbara, then," I said, nervous and chirping away like a bird. "I wish you'd tell her —"

"Hell with Barbara. I don't mean anything to her. Come to find out, I don't mean anything to anybody."

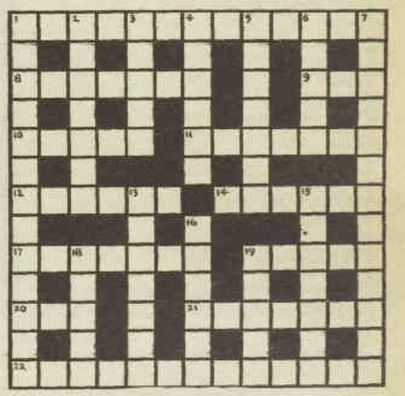
I stared down at the table; it was chipped and scarred and damp with spilled beer.

To page 74

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

THE RUNAWAY asteroid is estimated to be 200 miles in diameter, and is still hurtling toward Earth. Meanwhile, the giant castaway continues his search in space for water. NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Come lean naiad for this man of old Greece (13).
8. This is for your electric torch (3, 4).
9. Insect flying with a loud humming sound (3).
10. Glutted (5).
11. Place apart (7).
12. Not fixed (6).
14. Make certain as safe (6).
17. Hers are listeners (7).
19. These are boxes (5).
20. Sash worn by Japanese women (3).
21. Produce an effect (7).
22. Where pin-drops are to be heard (7-6).

DOWN

1. Plants of the mossy saxifrage, and not things for a gentlewoman to rest on (5, 8).
2. Last cry (anagr., 7).
3. Be in great fear concerning inside father (5).
4. Cream cake, the end of which is only appearance (6).
5. Burdensome (7).
6. Country in Asia (5).
7. Destitution of energy is a sensation-bringing fibre minus a promontory (13).
13. Round the shores in Arctic regions (3-4).
15. Part use (anagr., 7).
16. You can hear so on the land of the seaside (6).
18. The plea of having been elsewhere (5).
19. Large wicker basket for fish (5).

Solution will be published next week.

S	I	N	G	L	E	M	I	N	D	E	D			
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Solution of last week's crossword.

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LOVE STORY

Continued from page 73

... to get it over with, I asked, "Where's Dolly?"

"How should I know? Lining up the next date, I guess. It won't be hard. Town is lousy with soldiers. You girls have it made. You're all a bunch of—"

It was the language of the barracks, bleak and brutal. I looked at Jack, at that nice face and that clear, scrubbed-looking skin. "You don't mean that."

"No," he said. His shoulders shook. He put his head down on the table and covered his face with his arms.

"I'm sorry, Jack," I said, and then I left him there in that dim, dirty bar with the jukebox going and a group of soldiers standing around a slot machine. There was nothing else I could do.

About a week later I had a letter from Barbara. "Jack Rieger is home on leave," she wrote, "and getting married Saturday. It's news in a way, because everybody thought he and Jenny would wait till he was through with the service, but no real surprise. They went together all through high school. I asked Jack about you and he said you were fine last time he saw you . . ."

The girl from the back apartment rapped on my door. "Do you happen to know where Dolly Hamilton is?"

"A beach party somewhere. Why?"

"Her phone has been ringing. I finally answered and it was long distance from somewhere in Indiana. They said they'd call back."

I looked at Barbara's letter again. Today was Saturday.

"All right," I said. "Next time I'll answer. I think I know who it is."

In half an hour the phone rang. I thought of Jack Rieger, dressed for his wedding and waiting. Was it a church wedding? Was the bride feeling nervous? Were his parents pleased? I felt sure that nobody knew about the call. I felt equally sure that if Dolly were in her apartment to take the call, if she said, "Come back," he would come.

A voice chanted, "Long distance calling Miss Dorothy Hamilton . . ."

"She isn't here. She's not expected back until this evening." Then I said deliberately, "Late. Very late."

The wire buzzed. "Hold on," the voice said. I thought I could hear Jack's voice talking to the operator, but I couldn't make out the words. Then: "Thank you," the operator announced. "The party has cancelled the call."

. . . Barbara Johnson frowned and looked around for her cigarettes. "Something else I want to know," she demanded. "What happened to Dolly Hamilton?"

"She's married," I said. "A man named Porter Keyes from a very rich and distinguished Santa Barbara family. That is, they used to be rich and distinguished, but not now. Porter's a handsome, charming drunk. They live with his parents. It's a mess."

"I'm delighted to hear it," Barbara said frankly, and I laughed. A pretty pair, the two of us. Barbara was motivated by patriotism, I suppose—nobody ought to treat a boy from Bismark that way. But I felt something deeper, remembering Jack Rieger sobbing with his face against that damp and dirty table; hearing again the shrill peal of the telephone—the last, despairing call the day of his wedding.

Dolly Hamilton had taken everything she wanted that Jack Rieger could give her, and then she had dispatched him as neatly as though she had put a bullet through his heart.

Barbara moved to a window. "I thought I heard a car," she said. "My heavens, he's got another new car—and so big it looks like a florist's truck."

"Who? What new car?"

"Jack Rieger."

She turned around with a look of glee. "See, you're as bad as that Hamilton girl. You never thought he'd amount to anything either."

It was true; I hadn't.

"Let me tell you!" Barbara said with dramatic emphasis. "There's a man named B. J. Connolly—I don't suppose that means anything to you, but he's about the biggest contractor in Indiana. Jack went to work for him after he got back from Korea, and now—why, B.J. thinks of Jack as a son. They're practically partners. B.J. tells everybody he's leaving the business to Jack. Successful? Jack Rieger can't begin to spend the money as fast as it rolls in, that's all."

The doorbell rang. Barbara made a silent gesture of clapping. "Wouldn't that girl be sick if she knew? Life is wonderful sometimes, the way things work out."

Jack had changed. At first it was hard to feel that I had once known him. He had gained a lot of weight; his face was ruddy; his manner was slow and full of assurance and he smoked a cigar.

"Well, Betty," he said, "it's great to see you again."

HE looked at me. "So that Navy pilot finally got back from Tokyo?"

"Indeed he did. It seems like a long time ago now, doesn't it?"

"Some ways it does," Jack said.

I asked him about his children, he asked me about mine, and we listed names and ages and accomplishments. Jack lighted another cigar, and then he asked the question he came to ask.

"How's that friend of yours? You know — Dolly Hamilton?"

"Dolly Keyes, it is now. Her husband is — sort of an investment counsellor. They live in Santa Barbara."

Jack nodded as if it was what he had expected to hear. He was probably thinking of the cypress trees and the clipped yew hedges and the Spanish castles of the estates he had once seen with a tourist's eyes in Santa Barbara — the sort of life that Dolly had always wanted.

"Any children?"

"Oh, yes. A boy and a girl."

"I was wondering," Jack said. He cleared his throat. There was obviously something else. "Is she still as pretty as she used to be?"

He looked up when he spoke. The years evaporated and I saw again the thin young Air Force captain with the eager smile and the look of love.

"She's lovely," I said, "Really lovely."

"I'm glad to hear it," Jack said. "I was hoping she hadn't changed."

Barbara thought he was being sarcastic, but I knew better. He said goodbye soon afterwards, and the door had hardly closed behind him when Barbara said furiously, "Why didn't you tell him?"

"Because he loved her," I said. "He wants her to be happy. He hopes she has everything. He truly wishes her well."

Standing at the window, I watched Jack Rieger walk down the driveway to his flashy new car. A big man, expensively tailored, puffing on a cigar. Big butter-and-egg man from the Middle West. You wouldn't think to look at him that you were seeing one of the pure in heart.

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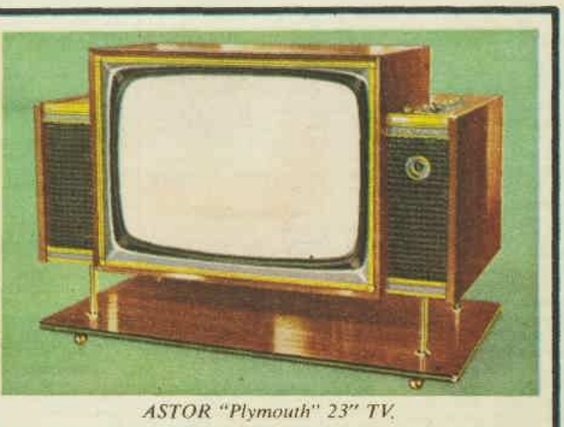

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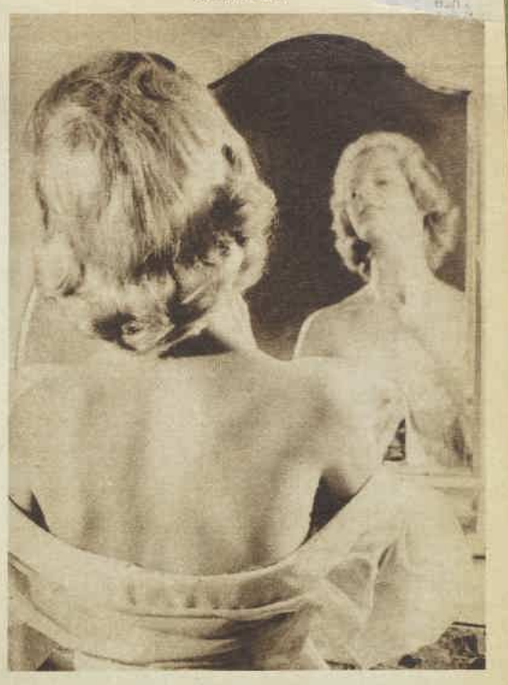

Use Winter To Grow More Beautiful

THIS winter can mean more beauty for you, for cold weather is acknowledged to provide wonderful conditions beneficial to the human skin, bracing and refining it, bringing it a fresh peaches-and-cream bloom.

"Why then have I not had this beauty treatment from winter before?" you ask. The answer is that whilst winter coldness refines and beautifies, harsh winter weather causes the surface skin to shrink, which is Nature's way of keeping out the cold. When the surface skin shrinks it has the effect of blocking the tiny oil ducts and the skin is starved of its natural protective oils. This results in wrinkle dryness and loss of complexion youth.

Today, modern science has discovered a solution—a way to make the cold, bracing winter weather bring extreme beauty to the complexion. This discovery takes the form of a tropical moist oil that makes it possible for women of every age to enjoy and utilise the natural beauty benefits provided by the cold weather.

Scientists, assisted by Nature, perfected a balanced fluid oil with astonishing properties. This resulted in a "peeled" beauty oil without the sealing elements common to other ordinary oils, so that it is readily absorbed by the skin's tiny openings to provide maximum nourishment to parched, thirsty cells. This remarkable oil also leaves an invisible film on the skin surface to provide a defence against the oil-and-moisture-draining outside elements.

Further, because this balanced moist oil is "isotonic" (meaning of a pressure-consistency that enables it to sink in to the skin rather than ride ineffectually on the surface) it penetrates to the plasma colloids and assists them in giving the complexion a youthful bloom. Also, as this moist oil is hygroscopic, it attracts and absorbs moisture from the surrounding atmosphere, and when used as you would a powder base, it not only promotes a petal-soft, flawless skin texture that holds make-up beautifully, but keeps the complexion nourished and moisturised all day long at the same time.

In England this moist tropical oil is known as Oil of Ulay, in other parts as Oil of Olay. In Australia it is available from chemists as Oil of Ulan. The modern woman who conscientiously cares for her skin no longer has qualms about cold weather hazards—instead, with the aid of Oil of Ulan, winter weather can now give your complexion a younger-than-ever beauty as well as the dewy look of the traditional English mists.

BEAUTY SKIN CARE CONSULTANTS RECOMMEND:

Beauty-care consultants are now recommending that, to take full advantage of the benefits of this moist ulan oil, it should be smoothed over the face and neck daily before making-up. In this way it helps the plasma colloids to check lines and give the skin a youthful bloom.

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It is so easy to maintain a smooth youthful neck if you treat it with the same care as your complexion. Massage the neck nightly with the moist oil of ulan (or ulan vitalising night cream) to encourage skin moisture around this important part. When you apply the ulan oil to your face before making-up, continue the application to your neck.

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